



D. S. Sears. sculp. & del.

Published by Wm. Thompson. North Shields 1787.





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A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
OF THE MOST ESTEEMED  
F A R C E S  
A N D  
E N T E R T A I N M E N T S  
PERFORMED ON THE  
B R I T I S H S T A G E.  
(PRINTED VERBATIM FROM THE LAST EDITIONS)  
WITH THE  
C O R R E C T I O N S  
OF THEIR  
R E S P E C T I V E A U T H O R S.

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V O L. III.

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NORTH-SHIELDS:

Printed by and for W. THOMPSON. 1787.

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C O N T E N T S  
O F T H E  
T H I R D V O L U M E.

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- I. The Orators. *By Samuel Foote, Esq.*  
II. The Romp. *A Musical Entertainment.*  
III. Catharine and Petruchio. *By David Garrick, Esq.*  
IV. Cymon. *Altered from David Garrick, Esq.*  
V. The Brave Irishman. *By Mr Thomas Sheridan.*  
VI. The Guardian. *By David Garrick, Esq.*  
VII. The Intriguing Chambermaid. *By Henry Fielding, Esq.*  
VIII. Polly Honeycombe. *By George Coleman, Esq.*  
IX. The Patron. *By Samuel Foote, Esq.*  
X. The Contrivances. *By Harry Carey, Esq.*  
XI. The Musical Lady. *By George Coleman, Esq.*  
XII. The Mock Doctor. *By Henry Fielding, Esq.*  
XIII. The Englishman in Paris. *By Samuel Foote, Esq.*  
XIV. The Englishman Return'd from Paris. *By Ditto.*

COLORED PEOPLE

THEIR HISTORY

1. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
2. The Negroes. A Medical Treatise. By David Carr.  
3. The Negroes and the World. By David Carr.  
4. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
5. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
6. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
7. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
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9. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
10. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
11. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
12. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
13. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
14. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
15. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
16. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
17. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
18. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
19. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.  
20. The Negroes. By Samuel Fells, Esq.



# THE ORATORS.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Hay-market, 1762.</i>	<i>1767.</i>
<i>Lecturer,</i>	Mr Foote. Mr Weston. Mr M'George. Mr Quin. Mr Bannister. Mr Williams. Mr Young. Mr Booth.	Mr Foote. Mr Weston. Mr Pynn. Mr Quick. Mr Bannister. Mr Davis. Mr Loveman. Mr Castle.
<i>Pupils,</i>	Mr Palmer. Mr Kickill. Mr Somers. Mr Pearce.	Mr Palmer. Mr Strange. Mr Smith. Mr Pearce. Mr Keen. Mr Gardiner. Mr Newton. Mr Shuter.

## ACT I.

*Enter WILL TIREHACK and HARRY SCAMPER, booted, with whips in their hands, into a side-box.*

SCAMPER.

**P**SHA! zounds! prithee, Will, let us go; what signifies our staying here?

*Tire.* Nay, but tarry a little; besides, you know we promised to give Poll Bayliss and Bet Skinner the meeting.

*Scam.* No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakespeare.

*Tire.* But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what 'tis about?

*Scam.* About! Why lectures, you fool! Have not you read the bills; and we have plenty of them at Oxford, you know?

*Tire.* Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

*Scam.* Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin and my horse. We shall see you at three? [*Rising.*]

*Tire.* Nay, but, prithee, stay.

*Scam.* Not me if I do. [*Going out of the box.*]

*Tire.* Halloo, Harry, Harry—

*Scam.* Well, what's the matter now? [*Returning.*]

*Tire.* Here's Poll Baylifs just come into the gallery.

*Scam.* No—

*Tire.* She is, by—

*Scam.* [*Looking.*] Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough—How goes it, Poll?

*Tire.* Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

*Scam.* Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

*Tire.* I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers!

*Candle-snuffer.* Your pleasure, Sir?

*Tire.* What is all this business about here?

*Snuf.* Can't say, Sir.

*Scam.* Well, but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

*Snuf.* Not I, upon my honour!

*Tire.* Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither; we want to ask him a question.

*Snuf.* I will—

[*Exit.*]

*Tire.* Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

*Scam.* Let me alone to him.

*Enter Foote.*

*Tire.* O! here he is.

*Foote.* Your commands with me, gentlemen?

*Scam.* Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

*Tire.* Three-and-twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

*Scam.* And I eighteen. Now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engag'd?

*Tire.*

*Tire.* Why at three, with Bet and Poll, there, at the Shakespeare; after that to the coronation—for you know we have seen it but nine times.

*Scam.* And then back to the Shakespeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

*Tire.* So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of your's is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

*Foote.* Have you not seen the bills?

*Scam.* What, about the lectures! ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

*Foote.* If I was in want of comedians, you, gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but, upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are serious.

*Tire.* Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come, Will.

[*Going.*

*Foote.* Hold, gentlemen, I would detain you, if possible. What is it you expect?

*Scam.* To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

*Foote.* At what?

*Tire.* At what—damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolics and fancies—

*Foote.* If that is all you desire; why, perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

*Scam.* Shan't you?—why, that is an honest fellow—come, begin—

*Foote.* But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

*Scam.* Never fear—

*Foote.* Ladies and gentlemen—

[*Suds from the opposite box calls to Foote, and stops him short.*

*Suds.* Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

*Foote.* Doubtless, Sir—

*Suds.* Why, the affair is this. My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am soap-boiler in the city—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn but that I must be a common-councilman this year; for, says Alice, says she, it is the onliest way to rise in the world.

*Foote.* A just observation—you succeeded?

*Suds.* Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got

it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why, now, says Alice, says she, thee must learn to make speeches; why dost not see what purfement neighbour Grogham has got? why man, 'tis all brought about by his speechifying. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thou canst but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'it rise—"

*Foote.* Your lady had reason.

*Suds.* Why, I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterer's Hall.

*Foote.* You improv'd, I hope?

*Suds.* O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got! We can read—Oh! we never stop to spell a word now—And then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heav'n bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

*Foote.* And have you speechify'd yet?

*Suds.* Soft, soft, and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town that will make thee a speechifier at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool; why, I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture!—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well 'tis but seeing, says she; so, wolens, nolens, she would have me come hither; now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestow'd; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

*Foote.* Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you, I knew but what would content you?

*Suds.* Why, I want to be made an orator on; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politics, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all them kind of things.

*Foote.* Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

[*Suds.*



*Suds.* I am proud to hear you say so, indeed I am. I did speechify once at a vestry concerning new-lettering the church-buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provok'd me to go to Pewterer's Hall. [*Sits down again.*]

*Foote.* Well, Sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design; and I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

*Mr Foote then proceeds in his lecture.*

My plan, gentlemen, is to be consider'd as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end, the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language. The English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage: With the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere; and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

*Scam.* Psha! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talk'd about pupils. Could not we see them?

*Foote.* Rather too precipitate, Sir; but, however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme, give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encourag'd by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amaz'd at his progress. Donald—

*Enter Donald.*

*Dol.* What's yer wull, Sir?

*Foote.* Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?



*Dol.* Ah, ye wad ha' a speecimen of my oratorical art?

*Foot.* If you please.

*Dol.* In gude troth on ye sal; wol ye gi me a topic?

*Foot.* O, choose for yourself.

*Dol.* It's aw one to Donald.

*Foot.* What think you of a short panegyric on the science we are treating of?

*Don.* On oratory? Wi' aw my heart.

*Foot.* Mind your action; let that accompany your words—

*Don.* Dunna heed, man—The topic I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, leads men, women, and bairns as he lists—

*Scam.* And who?

*Don.* [*tartly.*] Men, women, and bairns.

*Scam.* Bairns! who are they?

*Foot.* Oh, children—his meaning is obvious enough.

*Don.* Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns, wherever he lists. And first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator?—Mayhap, ye think it was 'Tully the Latinist? ye are wide o' the mark: Or Demosthenes the Greek? in gude troth, ye're as far aff as before—Wha was it, then? It was e'en that arch chiel, the Deevil himsel—

*Scam.* [*hassily.*] The devil it was; how do you prove that?

*Don.* Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang; an ye'll but had your tongue, I'fe prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

*Tire.* Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

*Don.* I say it was that arch chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi' plenty o' bannocks and kail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins—

*Scam.* Apples—

*Don.* Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

*Foot.* Nay, pray, gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins.—

*Don.* Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which, what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a fast speech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—[*Addresses himself to the Oxonians*]

# THE ORATORS.

7

*Oxonians.*] Ken ye, lads, wha was the first orator, now?

*Tire.* [*to Scamper.*] What say you to that?

*Scam.* By my soul, the fellow's right—

*Don.* Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience—ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

*Tire.* Hold your jaw, and go on—

*Don.* Now, we come to the definition of an orator: And it is from the Latin words, *oro, orare*, to intreat, or perswad; and how? by the means o' elocution or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters join'd mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combin'd mak sentences or periods, or which aw together mak an orator; so the first gift of an orator is words—

*Scam.* Here, Donald, you are out.

*Don.* How so?

*Scam.* Words the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learn'd better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action; the second, action; the third, action.

*Tire.* Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

*Don.* An ye stay me i' the midst o' my argument—

*Scam.* Why don't you stick to truth?

*Don.* I tell ye, I can logically—

*Tire.* Damn your logic.

*Don.* Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this sage?

*Foote.* Oh, never mind them—proceed.

*Don.* In gude troth, I'll not say ane word mare.

*Foote.* Finish, finish, Donald.—

*Don.* Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they wull enter into a fair argumentation, I'll convince them that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.—

*Scam.* You be——

*Don.* Very weel——

*Foote.* Nay, but my dear Donald—

*Don.* Hands aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finish'd my tale, the De'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Foote.* You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

*Scam.* Rot him, let him go. But is this fellow one of your pupils? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns—

*Foote.*

*Foots.* His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice: Why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the Pantheon and Lyceum; and in a month or two we shan't be ashamed to start him in a more respectable place.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must for this end employ the aid of our pupils; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

## ACT II.

SCENE, *a Hall of Justice.*

*Enter FOOTE.*

THE first species of oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnish'd with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phenomenon that has much puzzled the brains and terrified the minds of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observed, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assign'd, tho' a pleasant, is not the true one. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs. But, were that the disease, the remedy would be easy enough; they need only have recourse to the artifice successfully practis'd by

some

some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[Calls to his pupils, who enter dress'd as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at-law, and a counsellor.]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: Now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justices to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness. [Exit.]

Jus. Clerk, read the indictment.

Cler. [reads.] Middlesex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on or before the first day of January, 1762, you the said Fanny did, in a certain house, in a certain street call'd *Cock-lane*, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scatchings, and flutterings, against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bed-posts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near, or about the said *Cock-lane*, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county.—How say you? guilty, or—

Coun. [Stops the clerk short.] May it please your worship—hem—I am counsel in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make; that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all—hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been so allow'd, deem'd, and practis'd, that—hem—all criminals should be try'd *per pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now if this be the case, as the case it is, I—hem—should be glad to know how my client can be tried in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment called a phantom, a ghost. What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be tried by people of an inferior rank to herself; certainly no—[therefore humbly move to quash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtain'd.] [Sits down.]

Serj. I am in this cause counsel against Fanny Phantom the



the ghost ;—eh,—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by Mr Prosequi be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts : But—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scatch, knock, and flutter—eh—which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operation, she has waved her privilege as a ghost, and may be tried in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.——Your worship's opinion?

*Tire.* Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

*Scam.* I fancy he has touch'd the tankard too much this morning ; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

*Just.* [*is waked by the clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr Prosequi, is [*whispers the clerk*] doubtless provisionally a valid objection ; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr Serjeant's replication,—we conceive she may be legally tried—oh—besides—oh—besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impanel a jury of ghosts ; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath, as requir'd by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be tried on their honour.

*Coun.* Your worship's distinction is just ; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr Serjeant——

*Serj.* Asserted——Sir, do you doubt my instructions ?

*Coun.* No interruptions, if you please, Mr Serjeant ; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs ? certainly no——

*Serj.* Our evidence is ready——

*Coun.* To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship——

*Serj.* Your worship——

*Just.* Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

*Serj.* Call Shadrach Bodkin.

*Clerk.*



*Clerk.* Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

*Enter Bodkin.*

*Serj.* Pray, Mr Bodkin, where do you live?

*Bod.* I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

*Serj.* What is your profession?

*Bod.* I am a teacher of the word, and a taylor.

*Scam.* Zounds, Will, it is a Methodist.

*Tire.* No, sure?

*Scam.* By the lord Harry, it is.

*Clerk.* Silence!

*Serj.* Do you know any thing of Fanny the phantom?

*Bod.* Yea—I do.

*Serj.* Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

*Bod.* Yea—manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

*Serj.* Name the times.

*Bod.* I have attended the spirit Fanny from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch that she gave.

*Serj.* How long may that be?

*Bod.* Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

*Scam.* Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

*Clerk.* Silence!

*Serj.* I hope the court is convinced.

*Coun.* Hold, Master Bobkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

*Bod.* No—

*Coun.* Look upon me, look upon the court—Then your present trade is your teaching?

*Bod.* It is no trade.

*Coun.* What is it then, a calling?

*Bod.* No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a forcing—a compelling—

*Coun.* By whom?

*Bod.* By the spirit that is within me—

*Scam.* It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

*Tire.* Right, Harry—

*Coun.* When did you first feel these spiritual motions?

*Bod.* In the town of Norwich, where I was born—One day

*Clerk.*

day, as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new-seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr Alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling——  
At first I thought it was the colic——

*Coun.* And how are you certain it was not?

*Bod.* At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast a way the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

*Coun.* And you did?

*Bod.* Yea, verily,

*Coun.* I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

*Bod.* I did.

*Coun.* You did—But then you communed with other men's wives?

*Bod.* Yea, and with widows and with maidens.

*Coun.* How came that about, Shadrach?

*Bod.* I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

*Coun.* I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

*Bod.* Thou art deceived—they were barely but nine.

*Coun.* Why, this was an active spirit.

*Serj.* But to the point, Mr Prosequi.

*Coun.* Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

*Bod.* Yea—

*Coun.* But why did you think they came from a spirit?

*Bod.* Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me.

*Coun.* And these noises you are sure you heard on the first day of January?

*Bod.* Certain.

*Serj.* But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

*Coun.* To a most material purpose. Your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the phantom; now if we can prove an alibi, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering anywhere else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of the witness.—Call Peter Paragraph.

*Clerk.* Peter Paragraph, come into court.

*Coun.* This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

*Clerk.* Peter Paragraph, come into court.

*Enter Paragraph.*

*Coun.* Pray, Mr Paragraph, where was you born?

*Par.* Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

*Coun.* When did you arrive in the city of London?

*Par.* About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my journal makes mention of my departure for England, in the Bessborough packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or new style.

*Coun.* Oh, then the journal is yours?

*Par.* Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers* know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr Paragraph, with respect to your journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty retort, he, he, he, he—

*Just.* Pray, Mr Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

*Par.* Hem—a little love-affair, please your worship.

*Coun.* A wife, I suppose—

*Par.* Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us: She is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

*Coun.* She is now dead?

*Par.* Three years and three quarters, please your worship: We were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

*Coun.* No wonder—

*Par.* Yes: They can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my journal.

Coun. And how proceeds the present affare?

Par. Just now, we are quite at a stand—

Coun. How so?

Par. The old scoundrel her father has play'd me a slip-  
pery trick.

Coun. Indeed!

Par. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to  
take her fortune in copies. I was to have *The Wits Vade  
Mecum* entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible  
World, in sheets; all that remained of *Glantz* upon  
Witches; *Hill's Bees*, *Bardana*, *Brewing*, and *Balsam* of  
Honey; and three-eighths of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Coun. A pretty fortune!

Par. Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but  
you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the  
phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hir'd  
to ask questions, at nine shillings a-night, were taking notes  
of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that  
old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eigh-  
teen-penny scratchings, purchased of two Methodist prea-  
chers, at the public-house over the way—

Coun. Now we come to the point—look upon this evi-  
dence; was he present at Mr. Parsons' knockings?

Par. Never; this is one of the rascally Methodists—  
Harker, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell  
forgeriously your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

Harker. My scratchings were the true scratchings—

Par. Why, you dying son of a whore, did not I buy all  
my materials from the girl's father himself?

Bod. What the spirit commanded, that did I; and that

Par. What spirit?

Bod. The spirit within me—

Par. If I could but get at you, I would soon make a  
sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain!—[Exit Bodkin.]

The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him to find  
out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratch-  
ings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his ta-  
bernacle into a pigstye. [Exit Paragon]

Coun. I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently  
established our alibi—

Just. You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

Coun. Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list?

Serj. Let us see—you have no objection to Sir George  
Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo  
Mrs. Veal.



*Soun.* We object to a woman—your worship—

*Just.* Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be owned, is an extraordinary case. But however, if, on conviction, the phanton should plead pregnancy, Mrs Veal will be admitted on the jury of matrons.

*Serj.* I thank your worship: Then the court is adjourned.

[Terence and Dermot in an upper box.]

*Ter.* By my shoul, but I will spake.

*Der.* Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

*Ter.* Dibble burn me; but I will: Hut, hut, not spake! What should ail me? Hark you, Mr Justice—

*Scam.* Hollo, what's the matter now, Will?

*Der.* Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

*Ter.* Dermot, be aisy.

*Scam.* Hear him!

*Ter.* Hear him!

*Ter.* Ay, hear him, hear him! Why the matter is this, Mr Justice; that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin man, is as great a liar as ever was born.

*Scam.* How so?

*Ter.* Ay, prithee don't bodder me; whaty d'ye learn more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a jon man in the midst of his speech before he begins? oh, for the sake of yourself—Why, the matter is this, Mr Justice: that there, what the dibble d'ye ye call him, Pragraf? by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the phanton, long life to the poor jontlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother who bore her.

*Suds.* Indeed! good Lord, you surprise me!

*Ter.* Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are at home; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul, you are a little too fat for a ghost.

*Scam.* Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on: Let's hear a little what he would be at.

*Ter.* I say, he knows nothing about the case that is sitting here, d'ye see, at all, at all; because why, I haunt the streets from Dublin above four weeks or a month, and I see him in his shop every day; so that how could he be here there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards forwards; and that, you see, is impossible; because why he got a wooden leg.

*Scam.* What the devil is the fellow about?



*Tire.* I smoke him—Harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

*Ter.* Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name.

*Scam.* Why, it is Foote, you fool.

*Ter.* Arrah, who?

*Tire.* Foote.

*Ter.* Fot, what the lecture man, Pa—

*Tire.* Yes.

*Ter.* Arrah, be aisy, honey.

*Scam.* Nay, enquire of Sude.

*Sude.* Truly I am minded 'twas he.

*Ter.* Your humble servant yourself, Mr Sude; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

*Scam.* Done—and be judg'd by the compazy.

*Ter.* Done—I'll ask the orator himself—here he comes.

[Enter Foote.] *Harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happening about here but now?*

*Foote.* I have heard your debate, and must give judgement against you.

*Ter.* What, yourself, yourself?

*Foote.* It was.

*Ter.* Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens—Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest jonleeman into company where he is nat— But what, is this selling of lectures a thriving profession?

*Foote.* I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long open'd.

*Ter.* By my shoul if it answers, will you be my pupil and learn me the trade?

*Foote.* Willingly.

*Ter.* That's an honest fellow, long life to you, Jadd.

[Sits down]

*Foote.* Having thus completed our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have at one view the chaotic, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and, as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are

supp

# THE ORATORS.

11

Suppose assembled at the Robin-hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe, but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother-country.

## ACT II.

SCENE, *The Robin Hood.*

*The PRESIDENT.*

*Dermot O'Droheda, a chairman; Tom Twist, a taylor; Strap, a shoemaker; Anvil, a smith; Sam Slaughter, a butcher; Catchpole, a bailiff. All with pewter pots before them.*

*PRESIDENT.*

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

*All.* Full, Mr President.

*Pres.* We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, reserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly.

[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*]

Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, That, for the future, instead of that vulgar potation called porter, the honourable members may be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish usquebaugh.

"Dermot O'Droheda † his mark."

*O'Dro.* [*gets up.*] That's I myself.

*Pres.* Mr O'Droheda.

*O'Dro.* Mr President, the case is this. It is not because I am any grate lover of that same usquebaugh that I have my mark to the motion; but because I did not think it is decent for a number of gentlemen that were, d'ye see, set to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot porter. To be sure, the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor though when a man is hot with trotting between a couple poles; but this is another-guess matter, because why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the hops, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebaugh; ah,

long life to the liquor—it is an exhilarator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short, it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.]

Pres. Mr Timothy Twist.

T. Twist. Mr President, I second Mr O'Droheda's motion; and, Sir, give me leave—I say, Mr President, [looks in his hat] give me leave to observe, that, Sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my Honourable friend in the straps; yet, Sir, [looks into his hat again] it may, Sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion. And first, it may be thought—I say, Sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—[looks in his hat] and the duty, doubtless, it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but Mr President—Sir—[looks in to his hat, is confused, and sits down.]

Pres. Mr Twist, O pray finish, Mr Twist.

Twist. [gets up.] I say, Mr President, that, Sir, if Sir, it be considered that—as—I say—[looks in his hat] I have nothing farther to say. [Sits down, and Strap gets up.]

Pres. Mr Strap.

Strap. Mr President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion; but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, Sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, Sir, at the very root, Sir, of your constitution; for, Sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, Sir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, Sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, Sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, Sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here; fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprised, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion

motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[*A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down, and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacob.*]

Pres. Mr Anvil.

Anvil. Mr President, Sir—

[*The members all blow their noses, and cough; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.*]

Pres. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.—A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say, Mr President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[*all the members cough, and blow their noses again*] I say, Sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh: Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter goes up.*]

Pres. Mr Samuel Slaughter.

Sla. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat. For my part, I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; it does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me, I like him the better for it; it's right; I am pleas'd; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel-night-cap over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, Sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh; with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, Sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his mouth. Now, Sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question: Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman than porter? I declare, Mr President, I think it the most wholesome liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome, palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall



shall leave to the consideration of the learned; and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

*[He sits down, Catchpole gets up.]*

*Pres.* Mr Catchpole.

*Catch.* I get up to the point of law. And though, Sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebaugh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be consider'd, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dried goods. But I move that another day this point be debated.

*Ala.* I second the motion.

*[Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.]*

*Pres.* Hear your motion.

"That it be debated next Thursday, Whether the dram  
"usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty; or, as the  
"case of horses, to be considered under the article of dried  
"goods?"

*All.* Agreed, agreed.

*Foots.* And now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory; having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for the public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates for the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stock'd.



# R O M P.

## MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

### IN TWO ACTS.

(As altered from *Love in the City*, by Mr. BICKNASTAIL.)

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

##### M E N.

Young Cockney	— — —	Mr. Dodd
Barnacle	— — —	Mr. South
Old Cockney	— — —	Mr. Fawcett
Captain Signally	— — —	Mr. Barrymore

##### W O M E N.

Priscilla Tomboy	— — —	Mrs. Jordan
Penelope	— — —	Mrs. Stogeldoir
Miss La Blond	— — —	Mrs. Barnes

*A Negro Girl, and other Attendants.*

#### A C T I.

SCENE, a Grocer's shop, with a compting-house, to which there is an ascent by steps; a glass-door with curtains, which opens to a back parlour. When the curtain rises, Young Cockney is discovered in the compting-house writing, and men behind the counter weighing tea, &c. Near the front Priscilla and Penelope are seated at work.

##### C H O R U S.

**H**AIL, London! noblest mart on earth,  
Unrival'd still in commerce reign;  
Whence riches, honours, arts, have birth,  
And industry ne'er toils in vain.

T. Cock.

*T. Cock.* [*comes forward.*] Come, pray ladies, go some where else with your work? Is not there the parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop?—Who do you think can come into the shop, when you take up the room in this way?

*Pen.* I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

*Pris.* As I mind your figs, and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, will you?—Now, Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work-basket, we will take out the canvass, and begin the flowers immediately.

*T. Cock.* Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool—I want to put it behind the counter.

*Pris.* I won't give it you.

*T. Cock.* If you won't, Miss, I'll call my papa, and see what he'll say to you.

*Pris.* There, take your stool, you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured——

[*Throws it at him.*]

*T. Cock.* Look there now, did you ever see any thing so unmannerly? Miss Prissy, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations—You know you was turn'd out of *Hacking* boarding-school, for beating the governess, and knocking down the dancing-master—I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors; but you are not got among your blackamoors now, Miss.

*Pris.* Indeed, Miss Penny, it is very hard he should invent such stories of me: If you believe me, I never touch'd the governess in all my life.

*Pen.* Upon my word, I wish you two would never come together: you are always fighting and squabbling.

*T. Cock.* Then why does she play such tricks?

*Pris.* Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you nor like you; nor never shall, that's more: I have told you so a hundred times.

*Pen.* I swear one would think you husband and wife already.

*Pris.* I his wife! I would as lief be married to the old-cloaths-man; indeed I should not like to be call'd Mrs Cockney.

*T. Cock.* Why not? Mrs Cockney is as good a name as Miss Tomboy, I hope.

*Pris.* No, it is not as good a name.

*T. Cock.* Yes, it is; but that's not as you please—that's as my uncle Barnacle pleases; He is to be in town to-day,

*Pris.* I will blow all his business and money to the winds.

# THE ROMP.

Can tell you that, for your comfort, and see what he'll  
do to you about the boarding-school.

*Pris.* I don't care for him, nor you, nor the board,  
school neither.

*Y. Cock.* There, by Gog and Magog, she says she'd  
care for my uncle Barnacle. By Jove, there's a rod  
pickle for you, Miss!

*Pris.* I tell you what, Master Watty, if you say much  
more, o' God I'll throw something at you.

*Pen.* Nay, nay, kifs and friends.

*Pris.* I won't kifs him—I would spit in his face first.

*Pen.* Prithee, Prithee—

*Pris.* I will not, Miss Penny; he never lets me alone;

I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he's not  
all thump'd for his impudence, I won't stay in the house,  
that's what I won't.

*Cock.* Look there again now—Well, 'tis all over  
now; I won't say nothing no more—See how she frowns—  
there's no such thing as jesting with you—I was not  
earnest—I was not, upon my honour and credit.

Come, Miss Prissy, deal sincerely,  
Faith and troth, I love you dearly:

I sha' say, never look so queerly.

But at once let's kifs and friends.

For the future we'll endeavour

To deserve each other's favour,

Zooks, shake hands; why now that's clevery.

And here all our quarrel ends.

[*Exeunt Y. Cockney and Penelope.*]

*Pris.* Quasheba, Quasheba! bring down my work.

[*Enter Quasheba.*—Why don't you make haste?

*Quas.* Yes, Missy; here, Missy.

[*Lets the work-bag fall.*]

*Pris.* See how she lets it fall—Take it up again—

thread my needle—Where are you going now?

and behind my back.

*PRISCILLA sits down to work, and sings.*

O maidens all, come listen to my ditty,

And ponder well the words which I shall say;

I daniel once there dwelt in London city,

Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her guardian cross, would fain have had her marry

A grocer's prentice living in Cheapside;

But he with her his point could never carry,

For sooner than consent she would have died.

Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,  
And never fickle nor false-hearted prove;  
Nor let old folks on your affections trample.

For what's the world, compar'd to one's true love?

*Enter Penelope.*

*Pen.* I observe you are always singing that song. Pray thee, where could you pick up such stuff? It seems to be a great favourite of yours.

*Pris.* Why so it is; for what do you think? I made myself; I did upon my—

*Pen.* Oh, fie, Miss! don't swear.

*Pris.* Lord, you are mighty perrize—Quasheba, get out—I want to talk with Miss Penny alone—no, stay come back, I will speak before her—But if ever I hear, hush, that you mention a word of what I am going to say, or any one else in the house, I will have you horse-whip till there is not a bit of flesh left on your bones.

*Pen.* Oh, poor creature!

*Pris.* Psha! what, she is but a nigger:—If she was home in our plantations, she would find the difference; I make no account of them there at all. If I had a fancy for one of their skins, I should not think much of taking it.

*Pen.* I suppose then you imagine they have no feeling.

*Pris.* Oh, we never consider that there.—But I fear Miss Penny, I have a secret to tell you—I hate your brother worse than poison. I know very well your uncle Barnacle has a mind to marry me to him; but if he is left guardian, and I am sent over to London for my education, I don't see any right he has to chuse me a husband though.

*Pen.* And pray, what is it you dislike in my brother?

*Pris.* Why, I don't know; I don't like him at all. There's nothing gay or agreeable in him; besides you know he will be but a grocer, and why should I marry a tradesman, when I can have a gentleman?

*Pen.* Can you?

*Pris.* Yes, faith, can I; and one of the sweetest, prettiest gentlemen you ever set your two good looking eyes on. Quite another thing from your brother;—with a fine sword.—I dare swear the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of two guineas.

*Pen.* And pray, what is this gentleman?

*Pris.* You saw him once; yes, you did. Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miss La Blon's shop the other day, when you were buying your pampas?



# THE ROMP.

3

and green ribbons; and I ask'd you if you did not think him a handsome man, and you said you did? Don't you remember?

*Pen.* I believe I remember something of it.

*Pris.* Well, I got acquainted with him there; and now the whole affair is settled between us, and we are to be married immediately.

*Pen.* This is a secret indeed.

*Pris.* Ay, and I can tell you a secret about you too—You are to be married to some very great lord your cousin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town. But shall I tell you now, who I hate as bad as your mother?—I hate your cousin Molly Cockney, with her conceit and her hoarse voice—She's always at me, "Miss, hold up your head—Miss, that is not polite—Miss, don't lollop."—Ecod, last Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a slap in the face.

*Pen.* Well, but my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman?—You don't design to run away with him?

*Pris.* No, I don't; I have written a letter to him to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day; and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

*Pen.* I am sure my uncle will not consent.

*Pris.* Why then, I will run away with him—I don't think, Miss Penny, but if he was to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two air of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit—Besides, I would not marry your brother on another account—There is poor Miss La Blond, the milliner, over the way; he has been courting her a matter of a twelve-month, and though she's come of French distraction, there is not a more friendlier girl this day in all England.

*Pen.* Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

*Pris.* Miss Penny, it does not signify talking to me;—I am neither in leading-strings nor hanging-sleeves; and I don't want him to leave me any thing; and why should not I please myself? and, what's more, I will too.

Perhaps he may take it in dudgeon;

So let him—the peevish curmudgeon:

Egad, if you mind me,

As stout you shall find me,

As he is bluff.

The Captain has won my heart,  
And who shall my humour thwart?

I like him, and love him ;  
 And since I approve him,  
 I'll have him, and that's enough.  
 I'm sick when I think of your brother !  
 And was there on earth ne'er another,  
 He should not my mind subdue :  
 To wed him they may force me,  
 But then he'll soon divorce me,  
 For faith he shall sing cuckoo.

Perhaps he may, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Young Cockney and Barnacle, meeting Old Cockney.*

*Y. Cock.* O la, papa ! here's my uncle Barnacle.

*O. Cock.* Odso !—is he indeed ?—Brother, you are welcome to town. Son Walter, run in, and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

*Barn.* Stay, hold, young man—Who do you belong to ?

*Y. Cock.* La ! why, don't you know me uncle ? I am your nephew.

*O. Cock.* Ay—don't you know Watty—my son Walter ?

*Barn.* Why, this is not your son Walter ?

*Y. Cock.* Yes, but I am, upon my honour and credit, uncle.

*Barn.* Upon your honour, firrah !—And who told you you had any honour ?—What has a shopkeeper to do with honour ?—I had no honour when I was a shopkeeper.—I knew you were always a conceited, idle young rascal.—But who taught you to swear, and put all that flour and suet on your head ?

*Y. Cock.* O Lord, uncle, don't spoil my hair.

*O. Cock.* Don't, brother, don't—he's going among young ladies.

*Barn.* He's going to the devil—but you had better not provoke me, brother Nic Cockney, you had better not provoke me—I desire he may go and take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

*O. Cock.* Well, well, he shall—don't be in a passion—Step in, child, and take off your things, do—there's a good boy.

*Y. Cock.* La, papa ! upon my honour—

*Barn.* Again, firrah !—Bring his every day clothes and his fustian sleeves here into the shop—I will have him strip before my face !

*O. Cock.* Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

[*Exit Young Cockney.*]

*Barn.*

# THE ROMP.

*Barn.* Upon his honour, indeed!—Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set up your coach, and marry your daughter to I don't know who.—Trades-people are out of their senses now-a-days:—no sooner are they a little above the world, but they must have town-house and country-house; every night running junketing to gardens and play-houses; and, in a year or two, there is eighteen-pence in the pound for their creditors.

*Enter Young Cockney, with an apron on.*

*Y. Cock.* Well, now, uncle.

*Barn.* Ay, now you are something like—but why a ruffled shirt?—I never wore a ruffled shirt but on a Sunday—and, come here—what's that I see at your knees, a pair of paste-buckles? Why, firrah, you must rob the till, or go upon the high-way, for all this—Give them me out direct.—I will have them. [*Young Cockney delivers them up.*]

*Y. Cock.* But you'll let me have them again, I hope.

*Barn.* No, I won't—and now let his frippery be sold at a fair—I should like to see it swinging under an old-baths-man's penthouse. [*Exit Old Cockney.*]

*Y. Cock.* Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

*Barn.* I will not, firrah!—and look at yonder door—how can you expect to have customers come into the shop, while you keep your door in such condition?—When I was 'prentice, the first thing I did every morning was to scrape the door—Here, Richard, have you never a shovel in the house?—Give him a shovel.—[*Servant brings a shovel.*]—There, firrah, take this shovel, go to work—and, when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

You silly old ass,

To come to this pass:

At fifty your follies begin you!

Art mad, or in drink?

For my part, I think

The devil himself is get in you!

And you, master fop,

Go stick to your shop,

And shew yourself handy and willing:

Or else, do you see,

Take this much from me,

I'll cut you both off with a shilling.

[*Exit.*]

*Y. Cock.*

*Y. Cock.* I won't scrape the door; I wish I may be burn'd if I do—Here, Richard, give that shovel to the porter, and let him do it—To be fet out in this trim before every body!—But I will get my coat and waistcoat again, that I will, and put them on in spite of him.—My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him: But he shall not make a fool of me; no, no, I am too wise for that. [Exit]

SCENE, *A room in Cockney's house. Penelope enters before Miss La Blond, who carries a hand-box as taking her leave.*

*Pen.* Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have those things in a couple of hours; for we expect our company early in the evening—And prithee, let me see you sometimes. Where was you on Sunday? We were in expectation all that day, that you would have step'd over to us.

*La Blond.* And, upon my word, so I intended—but in the morning I went to the gallery at St James's, to see the court go to chapel; for we were obliged to get a pattern of one of her Majesty's caps for Mrs Iscariot, a Jew gentlewoman, that lives upon Fish-street-hill—In the evening, Ensign Scald, of the Middlesex militia, took sister Sukey and I to the Dog and Duck, and coming home, we called for a little fun in at the Quaker's meeting.

*Pen.* But, pray, my dear, let me ask you—Is there not some coldness between you and my brother of late?

*La Blond.* O la, Miss Penny! as if you did not know; Master Watty has not put his foot into our shop these six weeks.

*Pen.* Upon my word, this is the first I have heard of it.

*La Blond.* However, Miss Penny, it is not that vexes me, but his rudeness when he meets one in a public place—The other night at Mile-end assembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog—I don't know that he had any reason to be ashamed of my company—I was there with Miss Flyblow, a great butcher's daughter, in Newgate market; I'm sure she will have a matter of six thousand pounds to her fortune, and we came in Mr Deputy Dumps's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

*Enter Young Cockney.*

*Y. Cock.* Sister, they want the key of the beaufet, to get the spoons and the silver candlesticks.

*Pen.* Oh! brother! come here. How is it, you have affronted Miss La Blond? She tells me, you have behaved very ill to her.

*T. Cock.*



*T. Cock.* Who, I behaved ill to her! Lord, Miss La Blond, I wonder how you can lib on a body so! I'll be judged by any body in the world: I am sure I have not spoke a civil word to her, I don't know the day when.

*Pen.* Well, and more shame for you.

*La. Blond.* Oh! pray don't scold him, Miss Penny; Master Watty may speak or let it alone, just as he pleases. But perhaps, Sir, you think I don't know the reason of all this—There's a West-Indian fortune in the house—I am below your notice now—but, believe me, you are every bit as much below mine. *[Exit.]*

*T. Cock.* Do you know, sister Penny, that she has given out all over the town, that I am sworn to her on a book; and, if I am, it won't hold good in law, for it was only Robinson Crusoe.

*Enter Old Cockney and a Maid Servant, and afterwards Priscilla, in a boydening manner.*

*O. Cock.* Come, Margery, let us see how you have settled the things for the company—have you dusted well and swept—no cobwebs, nor slut's corners—Have you put candles in all the sconces? Come, Penny, child, go into the next room, and help the maid to set out the silver coffee-pot, and best set of burnt china on the tea-table.

*[Exeunt Penny and Maid.]*

*T. Cock.* When we begin to dance, papa, who shall I take out for a partner?

*O. Cock.* Let me consider—

*Pris.* Miss La Blond, to be sure.

*O. Cock.* Miss Muzzy, Deputy Muzzy's daughter, child; she is a very great fortune. But I must go and order card-tables in the next room. *[Exit.]*

*Pris.* O Lord, Watty, see here if I have not tore my gown.

*T. Cock.* I am glad of it.

*Pris.* And why are you glad of it?

*T. Cock.* Because I am. Who sent for you up stairs?

*Pris.* Why, your uncle Barnacle desired me to come up.

*T. Cock.* My uncle Barnacle! I do not believe it.

*Pris.* I am sure but he did though; he called a bit ago at the shop, and said he'd be here presently.

*T. Cock.* Well, if you dine with us, you shall not stay in the evening to dance.

*Pris.* I will, if I like it.

*T. Cock.* You shan't, Miss.

*Pris.* Master Watty, why don't you go to see poor Miss La Blond? The folks say, she is going mad for love of you; I am sure, you ought to marry her.

*T. Cock.* I am sure, I won't, though—I would let her go to Bedlam first.

*Pris.* Ecod I believe she is only making game.

*T. Cock.* I'm determin'd she shall not dance to-night for her assurance; I will go this moment, and tell my papa of her, that I will.

*Enter Barnack and Sightly.*

*Barn.* Business with me, Sir! Well, Sir, come this way, and let me hear it; I don't know that ever I saw your face before.

*Sight.* I don't believe you ever did, Sir; but if you will have patience—

*Barn.* And suppose I don't chuse to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own house? No dragooning here, good Captain; you are in the city of London, Sir; we are not to be put under military execution here.

*Sight.* Sir, I don't understand you.

*Barn.* None of your rudeness to me, Sir—I have been understood by your betters; but I suppose you are dishanded, and went to raise money upon your half-pay—Well, I won't deal with you—I have lost money enough already by the army—I have a note of hand by me from one of your captains, for four pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

*Sight.* But, Sir, my business is of a very different nature—There is a young lady, who, I understand is under your care; and, if you please to read that letter—

*Barn.* Ha! ha! ha! a letter from the young lady herself, to you, I suppose, Sir; desiring you to come and ask my consent to marry her?—So then you are a fortune-hunter—What servant-maid in the neighbourhood now have you been getting intelligence from about this girl and her money? And, if you succeed, how much commission, how much brokerage?

*Sight.* Sir, I am a gentleman.

*Barn.* Well, Sir, and what then, Sir?—Have you got any money in the funds, Captain? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thousand pounds there.

*Sight.*

*Sight.* Sir, I must tell you—

*Barn.* And, Sir, I must tell you—What, I suppose, because fighting is your trade, you come *à l'arme* to cut my throat. If that's the case, I must call for assistance. Here, John! Thomas! Richard!

*Sight.* Upon my word, Mr Barnacle—

*Barn.* Well, and upon my word too—Sir, I believe, my word will go as far as yours, if you go to that. What do you come to affront me in my own house?—Do you know, Sir, that you have treated me with great ill manners? Damn it, if ever I was so abused in my life.—The first people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me—And shall a puppy—

*Sight.* Puppy! Sir—

Look you, Sir, your years protect you,

No vain terrors need affect you,

Scorn alone from me you'll meet:

But in pity I advise you,

Least another should chastise you,

Learn with gentlemen to treat.

For the lady, free she chose me;

Neither brib'd, nor forc'd her voice;

And, however you oppose me,

Know, I dare maintain her choice. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Young Cockney.*

*Barn.* This is an incendiary; we shall have an ill-spelt letter to-morrow, or next day, thrown into the air, threatening to burn the house. Here, Walter, call that fellow back.

*T. Cock.* Call that fellow back.

*Barn.* Call him back yourself.

*T. Cock.* Captain, Captain! come back, come back!

*Re-enter Sightly.*

*Sight.* Well, what do you want?

*T. Cock.* My uncle wants to speak to you.

*Barn.* Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

*T. Cock.* Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

*Enter Priscilla and Penelope.*

*Barn.* I'll put an end to this affair directly.—Captains,

on please, I want to speak with you again one moment.

Here, Miss Prissy, did you ever see this young gentle-

man before?

*Prif.*

*Sight.*

*Pris.* Yes, to be sure I did.

*Barn.* Well, but you never wrote to him, did you?

*Pris.* Yes, but I did though.

*Barn.* And where did you get acquainted with him, mistress?

*Pris.* Why, if you must know, I got acquainted with him at a friend's house.

*Barn.* A friend's house! A friend of yours indeed!

*Pris.* Yes, a friend of mine—and he is my choice; and if you do not give your consent, why I will marry him without it.

*Barn.* Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

*Pris.* I know what you are going to do; you are going to lock me up; but I don't care. [Cries]

*Sight.* Pray, Sir, do not use the young lady ill on my account.

*Barn.* Sirrah, leave the house this minute,  
Or I'll send to my Lord Mayor.

*Sight.* Sir, I want not to stay in it;

Wherefore do you rave and stare?

*Pris.* You may lock me up in prison;

But I mind not that a straw;

*Y. Cock.* Her'n the fault is more than his'n,

*Pen.* Uncle, brother, pray withdraw,

*Barn.* To bring up a romp's the devil.

*Sight.* }

*Pris.* } Did you ever see the like?

*Barn.* Captain, pray, Sir, be so civil:

*Y. Cock.* Hold, Sir, hold, you must not strike.

*Barn.* Life and death, I'm out of patience,

And I will at nothing stick;

So, niece, nephew, ward, relations,

'Gad, I'll play you all a trick.

*Y. Cock.* } Stick at nothing! pray, Sir, tarry;

*Pen.* } What is it you mean to do?

*Barn.* 'Sblood, you dog, you slut, I'll marry;

*Pen.* Marry!

*Y. Cock.* Marry!

*Pris.* You, Sir!

*Sightly.* You!

*Barn.* Yes, I'll take a wife and sling you,

Take a wife, and get an heir;

*All.* } Heaven to your senses bring you:

! Ah, dear uncle! have a care.



## ACT II.

*SCENE, A little yard and garden behind Cockney's house. Priscilla enters through a door in the flat scene, taking a letter from her pocket; Miss La Blond following.*

PRISCILLA.

HERE, this way—come into the yard here—I am afraid to speak or move in the house, I am so watched—Here is a letter for the Captain—you will make apologies about my writing, because the lines are a little crooked—excuse my spelling too, and if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

*La Blond.* Never fear, I shall take it to his lodgings myself; but it seems your guardian did not behave well to him this morning; Master Watty too was unmannerly, and he swears vengeance against him.

*Prif.* With all my heart—Let him beat him while he is able to stand over him; but there is a rare battle within. The old man swears that Watty shall not have me now, and he is going to send me back to the West-Indies directly—He is, faith—He is gone to Deptford to speak to a captain of a ship; but I will not go back to the West-Indies for him: And what do you think I have done—I have persuaded Watty that my love for the Captain, and my writing to him, was all only a sham.

*La Blond.* A sham! How could you do that?

*Prif.* O, very easily, by flattering him up;—by telling him he is a pretty young man, and has handsome legs, you may make him believe any thing.

*La Blond.* Well, Miss Prissy, I am sure I wish to see you happy with all my heart; but I am not unacquainted with the family of the Cockneys; and, believe me, if they did not know you to be a young lady of a very large fortune, they would not make such a fuss about you as they do.

*Prif.* O, I know that well enough—They are as frightened as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, because they think they shall lose my money. So I have told Watty, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to Scotland to-night, where they say folks may be married in secret of any one.

*La Blond.* Go off with him to Scotland!

*Prif.* There, now she is jealous—Hush! speak softly—  
it

it is agreed between us, that we are to go out together soon as it is dark. Don't you think that the Captain could hit upon some contrivance to meet us in the street, and take me from Watty? He shall not have much trouble, for good, I will be willing enough to go; and if he does but bluster and swear a little, poor Watty will be afraid to say a word.

*La Blond.* Take you from him!

*Pris.* Why 'tis the only way to get me; if it is not done to-night, it's odds but the old man will send me off to-morrow.

*La Blond.* Let me consider a little.

*Pris.* What are you thinking of, Miss La Blond?

*La Blond.* Why, look you, Miss Prissy, this is a very serious affair, and should be well weighed before any thing is done in it. But I will go with your letter to the Captain.

*Pris.* Ay, do, my dear, and when I am married to the Captain, you may have Watty yourself, if you like it; and I dare say, one day or other he will be an alderman.— But, stay, let me go this way, and do you go that; for they see us together, they may suspect. Miss La Blond desire the Captain to bring his servant along with him; and tell him, if he is a good fellow, he shall, when I am married to his master, have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing.

[*Exit Miss La Blond.*]

*Enter Young Cockney.*

*Y. Cock.* Miss Prissy, Miss Prissy, I want to speak to you.

*Pris.* Well, what do you want?

*Y. Cock.* Why, Miss Prissy, I have been thinking of what you were saying to me; and, if I was sure you would not return to any of your old tricks—

*Pris.* Why, to be sure, Master Watty, I have been a very fine girl, and I do not deserve that you should have any kindness for me.

*Y. Cock.* Perhaps, Miss Prissy, you think I cannot get a wife. There is a widow gentlewoman, worth a matter of forty thousand pounds; her husband was a great sugar-baker in Ratchiff-Highway; and, if I would marry her, she would settle every farthing she is worth upon me.

*Pris.* Indeed, I do not doubt it.

*Y. Cock.* But you are for an officer, it seems, and I don't

see that they are a bit cleverer than other people. I believe, I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them; besides, what is a little outside shew. If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here Captain, now it's odds if he could find money to pay for a post-chay.

*Pris.* I don't care for the Captain; I wish you would not mention him at all—I am ashamed when ever I think of him.

*Cock.* So you ought, Miss.

*Pris.* I know I ought, but I was bewitched, I am sure I have been crying about it like any thing; only see, Watty, how red my eyes are.

*Cock.* Ah! fudge! that is no crying, you have been putting an innion to them.—But, I say, if you get yourself ready, I will go along with you as soon as it is dusk—Don't you think these cloaths become me, Miss Prissy? I have a mind to take them along with us.

*Pris.* You look very jemmy in them, I am sure.

*Cock.* Why I think they shew the fall of my shoulders—have a very fine fall in my shoulders; have not I, Miss Prissy?

*Pris.* Yes, indeed have you.

*Cock.* Well, but there's one thing as perhaps you did not know, if you marry without my uncle's consent, you are not to have no fortune; so that I am taking you hap at a hard; and if he should not forgive us afterwards, I shall have you to maintain; which will be very hard upon me.

*Pris.* Oh! but he will forgive us; besides, if you go with me to Jamaica, I'll raise the negers for us—it's only beating them well, giving them a few yams, and they'll do any thing you bid them.

*Cock.* Well, we cannot go yet; but you may prepare yourself, while I step in. Miss Prissy, don't you think our going off will be in the news-papers?—We hear that a great West-Indian fortune has lately eloped with the son of an eminent grocer in the city—and when we come back, Lord! I warrant there will be noise enough made about us.

[Exit.

A negro girl appears at the window, and throws out the things her mistress calls for; which she puts on as fast as she gets them.

*Pris.* Quasheba! Quasheba! Quasheba!

*Quasheba.* What, Missy?

*Pris.*

*Pri/*, Throw out my hat and my shawl: I will be ready in a minute; he shall not wait for me, I warrant him—Happily I have managed it: If the Captain does but meet me now—Watty thinks, as sure as any thing, I will go with him—He is the greatest fool that I ever knew—I suppose the Captain does not meet us, must I go off without Watty?—Ecod, I will not—I will bawl out in the street and say he is running away with me—Let me see what have I got all my things? have I forgot nothing?

Dear me, how I long to be married,  
And in my own coach to be carried;

Beside me to see,  
How charming 'twill be!  
My husband, and, may be,  
A sweet little baby,  
As pretty as he.  
Already I hear  
Its tongue in my ear:  
Papa, papa!  
Mama, mama!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Oh, gracious! what calling,  
What stamping, what bawling,  
When first I am miss'd by the clan!  
Miss Molly will chatter,  
Old Square Toes will clatter,  
But catch me again if they can.

Dear me, how I long, &c.

SCENE, Ludgate-Hill, with a view of St Paul's church.

*Enter Sightly and Miss La Blond.*

*La Blond.* Captain Sightly! Mercy on us, how frighten'd me!

*Sight.* Well, you see I am a true soldier, at my post ready to engage. Her letter mentions the Bell-Savoy Inn—If so, we cannot be better stationed than here.

*L. Blond.* But I say, Captain, when you have got Tomboy, where do you think to take her?

*Sight.* To Scotland directly, my girl.

*La Blond.* No, no, that will never do—She shall go to lie at my aunt's to-night; and in the morning I am certain we will hit upon a plan to get Mr Barnacle's consent to my marriage.

*Sight.* Well, my dear, I will leave every thing to you, am sure I cannot be in more trusty hands.



*La Blond.* Hush, hush, I hear them coming! Hide yourself for a few minutes. *[They retire.]*

*Enter Young Cockney and Priscilla.*

*Pris.* La, Master Watty—you hurry so fast—I vow I must stop and rest myself, so I must; I am as tired as any thing.

*T. Cock.* Why would you not let me call a hackney coach then? But I tell you it will be dark presently, and we shall meet some highway-men on the road near London.

*Pris.* Well, stay a moment then, till I tie my swash.

*T. Cock.* Well then, tie your swash.

*Pris.* It was you that was so long before you came out—Oh, la! there are two great big men standing at yonder corner—I won't go any farther, Master Watty.

*T. Cock.* What's the matter with you, Miss Prissy? La, you frighten me out of my wits.

*Pris.* Master Watty, just step to that corner, and see if they are gone. Never fear, I won't leave you.

*[Priscilla gives Young Cockney the end of her shawl to hold, and while he is looking another way, she runs off with Captain Sightly.]*

*T. Cock.* If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger; come along.

*[Discovers the trick, and runs after them.]*

SCENE, A room at Miss La Blond's Aunt's house. *Enter Captain Sightly, Priscilla, and Miss La Blond. The Captain fastens the door.*

*[T. Cock. [at the outside of the door.]* Miss Prissy, I know you well you are here; I saw you with your Captain—I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Miss La Blond, to encourage a young lady to run away from her friends.

*Sight.* What the devil shall we do now?

*Pris.* *[to the Captain.]* Say I am not here.

*Sight.* I tell you, Sir, she is not here.

*Pris.* I tell you, Sir, she is not—

*T. Cock.* Ah, ah! I see you, Miss, through the key-

*Sight.* What shall we do?

*Pris.* Let him in, who's afraid?—Come in, Master Watty, who cares for you? *[She lets him in.]*

*T. Cock.* And who cares for you—Will you come home, Miss Prissy?

*Pris.* No I won't—I wish, Master Watty, you would let yourself scarce.

*T. Cock.* Well, Miss, you will be made to repent of this.

*Pris.* Get you gone, you nasty thing, you!

Do you think I care for you?

*T. Cock.* I'll go, and shortly bring you

Those shall make you dearly rue.

And to you, Sir, I'll bring two, Sir.

*Sight.*

*Pris.*

} Who, Sir? who, Sir? who?

*T. Cock.* Never mind, no matter who.

*Sight.*

If that here you longer tarry,

You may chance away to carry

That you will not like to bear.

*Pris.*

You'll well be beaten.

*T. Cock.*

What! you threaten!

*Pris.*

Captain, draw your sword and swear.

*Sight.*

'Sblood and thunder! *La Bl.* Keep asunder!

*T. Cock.*

Let him touch me if he dare:

*Pris.*

Master Watt—I'll tell you what,

Home you had much better trot.

*T. Cock.*

Will you go with me, or not?

*Pris.*

Trot, Watt, I will not.

Get you gone, you nasty thing, &c.

[*Priscilla puts herself in a boxing attitude, and la*

*Young Cockney off.*

[*Exit*

SCENE, *The inside of Cockney's house. Enter Barnac*

*Young Cockney, and Penelope.*

*Barn.* I say I will not see her—let her go from where she came—I shall write her friends in Jamaica word, by next packet, that I was not strong enough to hold her, and that when I was on the eve of sending her back to them, she ran away from me, with a young fellow nobody knows.

*T. Cock.* Do so, uncle; and I wonder she has the pudence to come back, after staying out all night.

*Barn.* And, I wonder, firrah, you dare have the pudence to take her out, when I ordered her to keep her room: It is all your doings.

*Pen.* Well, pray, dear Sir, let me prevail upon you to see her, and hear what she can say for herself.

*T. Cock.* She can say nothing for herself, sister Penelope, and I believe Miss La Blond was concerned along with them, however fair she may carry it.

*Pen.* Well, uncle, will you condescend to see this girl?

*Barn.* Where is she?

*Pen.* Above, in my chamber; she is afraid to come down without your permission, she seems really sorry for what she has done, and perhaps things may not be so bad as they appear.

*T. Cock.* O, I warrant they are bad enough.

*Barn.* I'll break your bones, you dog!

*T. Cock.* For what?

*Barn.* Bid that girl come hither. [*Exit Penelope.*]

But here, take this stick; I will not trust myself near her with it, lest I should do her a mischief.

[*Gives his cane to Young Cockney.*]

*Enter Priscilla and Penelope.*

*Barn.* Oh! madam Run-a-way——

*Prif.* Don't be angry, pray don't, and I'll tell you——

*Barn.* Hussy, what made you go out last night?

*Prif.* Why, it was Master Watty made me; we were going to Scotland to be married.

*Barn.* To Scotland! Oh! you dog, Walter!

*T. Cock.* Well, it was she herself proposed it.

*Prif.* Suppose I did, you know when I was in the house I never could be at rest for you; he was always making love to me.

*T. Cock.* I make love to her! I never spoke a civil word to her in all my life.

*Barn.* Hold your tongue, firrah; but I say, where have you been all night? let me hear that.

*Prif.* You'll be angry.

*Barn.* Tell me the truth.

*Prif.* Why the gentleman that loves me, the officer that was here yesterday, met me and Master Watty in the street, so he took me away from him—And—but why did Master Watty take me out?

*Barn.* Ay, it's very true, it's all your fault, firrah; but where did he take you?

*Prif.* To his lodgings; for he said he loved me so, he could not live without me; and if I did not consent to be his wife, he said he would kill himself on the spot.

*Barn.* Kill himself, you wicked girl!

*Prif.* I knew you would be in a passion about it.

*Barn.* Hark you, hussy, I have but one question more to ask you: Are you ruined, or not?

*Prif.* Oh dear—he, he, he——

*Barn.* You impudent——

*Prisf.* Little Watty makes me laugh.

*Barn.* And so you and the gentleman passed for man and wife?

*Prisf.* Why, I'll assure you, at first I was very much against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming; and he said he would rather lie in the street than incommode me: And I seeing him so polite, said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me—

*Barn.* And so you—

*Prisf.* Why, he said he would be civil to me, and I'm sure he'll marry me, for he gave me his promise two or three times.

*Barn.* Get you gone, hussy!

*Prisf.* I knew now, this would be the way.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Captain Sightly, Sir, desires to speak to you.

*Barn.* Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Prisf.* Sir, if you please to call to Watty.

*T. Cock.* Sir, please to speak to Prisf!

*Barn.* Have done, you couple of devils.

*Enter Captain Sightly and Miss La Blond.*

*Barn.* Sir, I'm inform'd that your name is Charles Sightly, lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot, that you have seduced this girl—

*Prisf.* Well, why don't you say we are married?

*Barn.* In a word, Captain, I am inform'd my hopeful ward here has passed the night at your lodgings—Answer me upon your honour; is it so or not? for in that case I must e'en give her to you.

*Sight.* You ask me upon my honour?

*Barn.* Ay, I do, Sir.

*Sight.* Then, Sir, I will not give it in a falshood for my interest: The young lady is perfectly innocent; and this is only a scheme to incline you to consent to our marriage.

*Prisf.* Oh, you fool—

*Barn.* Hold your tongue, impudence—You are a brave young fellow, I believe, and more deserving of her than my own relation; therefore I give her to you; and let this teach you for the future, to use candour on all occasions.

*Prisf.* Oh, my dear guardian! [*Runs and kisses him.*]

*Barn.* You spoil my wig—Let me hear no more of you.

*Har.*



Hark you, child, [to Miss La Blond] Do you think, if  
a husband was thrown in your way, old enough to be your  
father, that old Nic would not tempt you—you understand  
me.

La Blond. Sir, I think I should make a good wife.

Mrs. Arn. Say't thou so, my girl? why then I will marry  
myself to-morrow morning.—Ladies and gentlemen,  
you are heartily welcome.—Pray salute the young bride  
and bridegroom: And now let us forget all past bickerings  
and misunderstandings, and be as merry as music and good  
I'n chert can make you.

Jack. Hear, city youths, this friendly rhyme,

'Tis worthy well attending;

O go not on, your precious time

In vain delights mispending:

Backs, bloods, and smarts, reform your ways,

Leave dancing, wenching, gaming, plays;

First get the cash, then cut a flash,

Nor be ashamed of mending.

I have been naughty, I confess,

But now you need not doubt it,

I mean my follies to redress,

And straight will set about it:

'Tis modest sweetness gives the grace

To birth, to fortune, and to face;

That charm secure, will long endure,

And all is vain without it.

And now our scenic task is done,

This comes of course, you know, Sirs;

We drop the mask off, every one,

And stand in *statu quo*, Sirs:

Your ancient friends and servants we,

Who humbly wait for your decree;

One gracious smile to crown our toil,

And happy let us go, Sirs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

BY DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

[illegible]

You cannot miss the line the Shakspeare's head,  
 It draws in hollow, and dilates the throat;  
 You're welcome, you're welcome, friend;  
 Not as the cant and cates of the train;  
 The poets' minutes, and the writers' way,  
 For this our pleasure is to be a day;  
 This night, for want of a better word,  
 As an ode to the sea, and the land,  
 To various things, the world, and the world's end.

# Catharine and Petruchio.

IN THREE ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Petruchio,</i>	—	—	—	—	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Baptista,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Woodward.
<i>Hortensio,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Burton.
<i>Grumio,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Mozeen.
<i>Music-Master,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Yates.
<i>Biondello,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Jefferson.
<i>Pedro,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Blakes.
<i>Taylor,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Glough.
<i>Nathaniel,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr H. Vaughan.
<i>Peter,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr W. Vaughan.
<i>Nicholas,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Ackman.
<i>Philip,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Atkins.
<i>Joseph,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Marr.
					Mr Lewis.

### W O M E N.

<i>Catharine,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Clive.
<i>Bianca,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Bennet.
<i>Curtis,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Bradshaw.

SCENE, *Padua.*

## P R O L O G U E.

TO various things the stage has been compar'd,  
 As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:  
 This night, for want of better simile;  
 Let this our theatre a tavern be;  
 The poets vintners, and the waiters we. }  
 So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,  
 "You're welcome, gem'min; kindly welcome, ladies."  
 To draw in customers, our bills are spread;  
 You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespeare's head.  
 From this same head, this fountain-head divine,  
 For different palates springs a different wine!

In

# P R O L O G U E.

In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—  
 Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—  
 Hence, for the choicest spirits, flows champagne;  
 Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,  
 Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!  
 Hence flow, for martial minds, potations strong;  
 And sweet love-potions, for the fair and young.  
 For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale, *[To the upper gallery]*  
 There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.  
 For high, luxurious souls, with lascious smack,  
 There's Sir John Falstaff, is a but of sack:  
 And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,  
 Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vita.

But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him:  
 He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.  
 Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,  
 No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come:  
 He's gone—to jest, and laugh, and give his sack at home.  
 As for the learned critics, grave and deep,  
 Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;  
 Who in the storms of passion—hum—and haw!  
 For such our master will no liquor draw—  
 So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,  
 They take Tom Durffy's for the Shakespeare's head.

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,  
 And sold much perry for the best champagne.  
 Some rakes, this precious stuff did so allure,  
 They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine is pure?  
 "Come fill a bumper, Jack—I will, my lord—  
 "Here's cream! damn'd fine!—immense! upon my word!  
 Sir William, what say you?—The best, believe me—  
 In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't deceive me.  
 Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine,  
 Cries out, with lifted hands, 'tis great!—divine!  
 Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;  
 This Shakespeare! Shakespeare!—oh, there's nothing like him!  
 In this night's various and enchanted cup,  
 Some little perry's mixt for filling up.  
 The five long acts, from which our three are taken,  
 Stretch'd out to \* sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.  
 Left then this precious liquor run to waste,  
 'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.  
 'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,  
 To lose no drop of that immortal man!

\* *The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakespeare, comprehends sixteen years. [N. B. This prologue was spoken to the dramatic pastures called the Winter's Tale, and to this comedy, both of which are altered from Shakespeare, and were performed the same night.]*



## A C T I.

SCENE, *Baptista's House.**Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO, and 'GRUMIO.'*

BAPTISTA.

THUS have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,

Repeated all the worst you are t'expect

From my shrewd daughter, Cath'rine; if you'll venture,

I'll give my plain and honest declaration,

You have my consent; win her, and wed her.

*Petr.* Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father is deceased;

You knew him well, and knowing him know me,

I am solely heir to all his lands and goods;

Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.

I have thrust myself into the world,

Only to wive and thrive as best I may:

My business asketh haste, old Signior;

I ev'ry day I cannot come to woo.

Specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That cov'nants may be kept on either hand.

*Grum.* Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

The daughter's love; for that is all in all.

*Petr.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

As peremptory as the proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

Who' little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;

I to her, and so she yields to me;

I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Grum.* Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his

Mind is; why give him gold enough, and marry him to a

Soppy, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head.

Who' she had as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses;

Why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Petr.* As I have show'd you, Sir, the coarser side,

Now let me tell you she is young and beauteous,

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;

The only fault (and that is fault enough)

Is that she is intolerably froward;

That you can away with, she is your's.

\* *Grum.*

4 CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

*Grum.* I pray you, Sir, let her see him while the humour lasts. O' my word, an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, she'll find her match. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disgrace her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat—You know him not, Sir.

*Bap.* And you will woo her, Sir?

*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt my ears? Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?

Have I not heard great ord'nance in the field,

And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?—

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fare?

Tush, tush! scare boys with bugs!

*Bap.* Then thou'rt the man;

The man of Cath'rine, and her father too:

That shall she know, and know my mind at once.

I'll portion her above her gentler sister,

New married to Hortensio:

And if with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,

She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,

I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world;

Nor henceforth shall she know her father's door.

*Pet.* Say'st thou me so? then as your daughter, Signior,

Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

Be she as curst as Socrates' Zantippe,

She moves me not a whit—'were she as rough

'As are the swelling Adriatic seas,'

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed; But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

[Catharine and the Music-master make a noise within.]

*Music-mast.* [within.] Help! help!

Cath.

# CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

5

*Cath.* [*within.*] Out of the house, you scraping fool!

*Pet.* What noise is that?

*Bap.* Oh, nothing; this is nothing—

my daughter Catharine, and her music-master;

this is the third I've had within this month:

he is an enemy to harmony.

*Enter Music-master.*

Now now, friend, why dost look so pale?

*Music-mast.* For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Music-mast.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

she may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Music-mast.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

She did but tell her she mistook her frets,

and bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

then with a most impatient, devilish spirit,

sets call you them! quoth she, I'll fret your fool's cap:

and with that word, she struck me on the head,

and through the instrument my pate made way;

and there I stood amazed for a while,

as on a pillory, looking through the lute:

while she did call me rascal-fidler,

and twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,

as she hath studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now by the world, it is a lusty wench,

love her ten times more than e'er I did:

how I long to have a grapple with her!

*Music-mast.* I wou'd not make another trial with her,

to purchase Padua: For what is past,

is paid sufficiently: If at your leisure,

you think my broken fortunes, head and lute,

deserve some reparation, you know where

to enquire for me; and so, good gentlemen,

I am your much-disorder'd, humble servant. [*Exit.*]

*Bap.* Not yet mov'd, Petruchio! do you flinch?

*Pet.* I am more and more impatient, Sir; and long

to be a partner in these favourite pleasures.

*Bap.* O, by all means, Sir—will you go with me,

shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do, I will attend her here. [*Exit Bap.*]

Grumio, retire, and wait my call within. [*Exit Grum.*]

Since that her father is so resolute,

I'll

I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell her plain  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;  
 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:  
 Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say she uttereth piercing elequence:  
 ' If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 ' As tho' she bid me stay by her a week:  
 ' If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 ' When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.'  
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter Catharine.*

*Cath.* How! turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house!  
 Reduc'd to this, or none, the maid's last prayer!  
 Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake!  
 Trim wooing like to be! and he the bear,  
 For I shall bait him—yet the man's a man.

*Pet.* Kate in a calm!—maid's must not be wooers.  
 Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

*Cath.* Well have you heard, but impudently said;  
 They call me Catharine that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
 But Kate—the prettiest Kate in Christendom.  
 'Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!  
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in ev'ry town,  
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
 Thy affability, and bashful modesty,  
 ' (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)'  
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for a wife.

*Cath.* Mov'd in good time; let him that mov'd you hither  
 Remove you hence! I knew you at the first  
 You were a moveable.

*Pet.* A moveable! why, what's that?

*Cath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

*Cath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;  
 For knowing thee to be but young and light—

*Cath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch.

[*Going*  
*Pet.*



# CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. 7

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp ; i'faith, you are too angry.

*Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy then is to pluck it out.

*Cath.* Ay, if the fool cou'd find out where it lies.

*Pet.* The fool knows where the honey is, sweet Kate.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

*Cath.* 'Tis not for drones to taste.

*Pet.* That will I try.

[*She strikes him.*]

swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again——

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

*Cath.* How can I help it, when I see that face?

But I'll be shock'd no longer with the sight. [*Going.*]

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.

*Cath.* I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle;

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

*Cath.* This is beyond all patience: Don't provoke me.

*Pet.* Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?

Oh sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazle twig,

is strait and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O let me see thee walk, thou dost not halt.

*Cath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian' so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber, with her princely gait?

O be thou Dian', and let her be Kate;

and then let Kate be chaste, and Dian' sportful.

*Cath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Cath.* A witty mother, witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Cath.* Yes, in your own conceit;

keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.

*Pet.* Or rather warm me in thy arms, my Kate!

and therefore, setting all this chat aside,

thus, in plain terms, your father hath consented

8 CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;  
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

*Cath.* Whether I will or no ?—O Fortune's spite !

*Pet.* Nay, Kate, I'm a husband for your turn ;  
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well)  
'Thou must be married to no man but me ;  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate.

*Cath.* That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

*Pet.* Here comes your father ; never make denial ;  
I must and will have Catharine for my wife.

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Now, Signior, now, how speed you with my daughter ?

*Pet.* How shou'd I speed but well, Sir ? how but well,  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Catharine,—in your dumps ?

*Cath.* Call me daughter ? Now I promise you,  
You've shew'd a tender, fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing jack,  
'That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Bap.* Better this jack than starve, and that's your portion.—

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus ; yourself and all the world  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.  
If she be curst, it is for policy ;  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;  
For patience, she will prove a second Grissel ;  
And Roman Lucrece, for her chastity ;  
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,  
We have fix'd to-morrow for the wedding-day.

*Cath.* I'll see thee hang'd to-morrow first—to-morrow.

*Bap.* Petruchio, hark ; she says she'll see thee hang'd  
first :

Is this your speeding ?

*Pet.* Oh ! be patient, Sir ;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curs'd in company.

*Cath.* A plague upon his impudence ! I'm vex'd—  
I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

# CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO. 9

*Pet.* I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe how much she loves me—Oh! the kindest Kate! she hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss she vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath, that in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh! you are novices; 'tis a world to see how tame, when men and women are alone—

Give me thy hand, Kate, I will now away to buy apparel for my gentle bride: further, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

*Bap.* What dost thou say, my Catharine? Give thy hand.

*Cath.* Never to man shall Cath'rine give her hand: here 'tis, and let him take it, an' he dare.

*Pet.* Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear, I'd shake it off; but as it is Kate's, I kiss it.

*Cath.* You'll kiss it closer e'er our moon be wain'd.

*Bap.* Heav'n send you joy, Petruchio—'tis a match.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, adieu. I must away into my country-house, and stir my grooms, scour their country rust, and make 'em fine for the reception of my Catharine.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array; to-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.

[Exit Petruchio.]

*Bap.* Well, daughter, tho' the man be somewhat wild, and thereto frantic, yet his means are great:

thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer; or, by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last.

*Cath.* My duty, Sir, hath follow'd your command.

*Bap.* Art thou in earnest? hast no trick behind?

I'll take thee at thy word, and send t'invite

My son-in-law Hortensio, and thy sister,

And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.

*Cath.* Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see

the poor abandon'd Cath'rine, as she calls me,

can hold her head as high, and be as proud,

and make her husband stoop unto her lure,

as she, or e'er a wife in Padua.

As double as my portion be my scorn;

look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you.

Cath'rine shall tame this haggard;—or, if she fails,

shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.

[Exit Catharine.]

ACT II.

*Enter Baptista, Hortensio, Catharine, Bianca, and Attendants.*

BAPTISTA.

**S**IGNIOR Hortensio, this is th' appointed day  
That Catharine and Petruchio shall be married ;  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?  
What says Hortensio to this shame of ours ?

*Cath.* No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forc'd  
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen ;  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour ;  
And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, yea, and proclaim the banns,  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd :  
Now must the world point at poor Catharine,  
And say, Lo ! there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it please him come and marry her.

*Bian.* Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

*Hor.* Patience, good Catharine, and Bianca too ;  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :  
'Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;  
'Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Cath.* Wou'd I had never seen his honesty——  
Oh ! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

[*Exit Catharine.*]

*Bap.* Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

- I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage ;
- For such an injury wou'd vex a saint,
- Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.
- *Hor.* Was ever match clapt up so suddenly !
- *Bap.* Hortensio, faith I play a merchant's part,
- And venture madly on a desp'rate mart.

• *Hor.*



*Hor.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

*Hor.* No doubt Petruchio's got a quiet catch.'

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master, news; and such news as you ne-  
er heard of.

*Bap.* Is Petruchio come?

*Bion.* Why no, Sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming; but how? why in a new hat and  
an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair  
of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another  
loos'd; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town-armory,  
with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points;  
his horse hip'd with an old moth-y saddle, the stirrups of no  
kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to  
nose in the chine; troubled with the lampasse, infected  
with the farcy, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd  
with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with  
the flaggers, be-gnawn with the bots, waid in the back,  
and shoulder-shotten, near legg'd before, and with a half  
heck'd-bit; and a head-stall of sheep-leather, which be-  
ing restrained, to keep him from stumbling, hath been of-  
ten burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times  
pierc'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which that hath  
two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here  
and there pierc'd with pack-thread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O Sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd  
like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey  
boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list,  
an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd upon  
it for a feather; a monster! a very monster in apparel, and  
not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio, fantastically habited.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? Who is at home?

*Bap.* You're welcome, Sir.

*Pet.* Well am I come then, Sir.

*Bap.* Not so well 'parelled as I wish you were.

*Pet.* Why, were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?  
 How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:  
 And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
 As if they saw some wond'rous monument,  
 Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day.  
 First we were sad, fearing you would not come;  
 Now sadder, that you come so unprovided;  
 Tie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
 And eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*Hor.* And tell us what occasion of import  
 Hath all so long detained you from your wife,  
 And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
 Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.  
 But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;  
 'The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

*Hor.* See not the bride in these unrev'rent robes:  
 Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus I trust you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good-sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with  
 words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths.

Could I repair what she could wear in me,

As I could change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

What, ho! my Kate! my Kate! [*Exit Petruchio.*]

*Hor.* He hath some meaning in this mad attire;

• We will persuade him, be it possible,

• To put on better 'ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt all but Grumio.*]

*Grum.* He's gone to church with her. I would sooner  
 have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well  
 —And if I know any thing of myself and master, no two  
 men were ever born with such qualities to tame women—  
 When madam goes home, we must look for another-guest  
 master than we have had. We shall see old coil between  
 'em—If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much  
 clatter among the moveables, and some practice for the  
 surgeons.

urgeons. By this the parson has given 'em his licence to  
all together by the ears.

*Enter Pedro.*

*Ped.* Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and  
lead you to his country-house to prepare for his reception;  
and if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to  
his directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what  
follows; this message he delivered before his bride, ev'n in  
her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his  
love.

*Grum.* I understand it, Sir; and will convey the same  
token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his  
heels in order to save my bones and his own ribs.

*[Exit Grumio.]*

*Ped.* So odd a master, and so fit a man,  
Were never seen in Padua before.

*Enter Biondello.*

Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

*Bion.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Ped.* And is the bride or bridegroom coming home?

*Bion.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed;  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Ped.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Bion.* Why, he's a devil! a devil! a very fiend!

*Ped.* Why, she's a devil! a devil! the devil's dam!

*Bion.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:

I'll tell you, brother Pedro, when the priest

Should ask if Catharine should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud,

That all amaz'd, the priest let fall his book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

*Ped.* What said the wench, when he rose up again?

*Bion.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and  
swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: A health, quoth he, as if

He'd been abroad carousing to his mates.

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having

Having no other cause, but that his beard  
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask  
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took  
The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips  
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting  
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,  
Came thence for very shame; and after me  
I know the rout is coming:

'Such a mad marriage never was before——' [Music,  
Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

*Enter Petruchio (singing), Catharine, Bianca, Hortensio,  
and Baptista.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;  
I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer:  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;  
And therefore, here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come.  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,  
You would intreat me rather go than stay;  
'And honest company, I thank you all,  
'That have beheld me give away myself  
'To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.'  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Hor.* Let me intreat you, stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Hor.* Let me intreat you, that my sister stay:

'I came on purpose to attend the wedding,

'And pass this day in mirth and festival.'

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Cath.* Let me intreat you.

*Pet.* I am content——

*Cath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content, you shall intreat my stay;  
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

*Cath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* My horses, there; what ho, my horses there——

*Cath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself:

The door is open, Sir, there lies your way;

You



ou may be jogging, while your boots are green.

or me, I'll not go till I please myself;

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

to take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Bap.* O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

*Cath.* I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

rather, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

*Hor.* Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.

see a woman may be made a fool,

if she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer;

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

She for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any-thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua: Petruchio,

Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with thieves;

Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man:

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go; a couple of quiet ones.

*Hor.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

What's your opinion of your gentle sister?

*Bian.* That being mad herself, she's madly matched.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bride-

groom want

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

Hortensio, you supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Bian.* My sister's room! were I in her's indeed,

This swaggerer shou'd repent his insolence.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to Petruchio's House.

*Enter Grumio.*

*Grum.* Fie, fie on all jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raised? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them; now, were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I with blowing the fire shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: Holloa, ho, Curtis!

*Enter Curtis.*

*Cur.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Grum.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Cur.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Grum.* Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore, fire, fire, cast on no water.

*Cur.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Grum.* She was, good Curtis, before the frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Cur.* Away, you thick-pated fool, I am no beast.

*Grum.* Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garments on? Be the Jack's fair within, the Jill's fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Cur.* All ready: And therefore, I pray thee, what news?

*Grum.* First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

*Cur.* How?

*Grum.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Cur.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Grum.* Lend thine ear.

*Cur.* Here.

*Grum.* There.

[Strikes him.

*Cur.*

*Cur.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Grum.* And therefore is call'd a sensible tale: And this was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

*Cur.* Both on one horse?

*Grum.* What's that to thee? tell thou the tale. But ad'st thou not cross me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he set her with her horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to buck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that ever pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemoir'd her garments, imp'd to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old shoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

*Cur.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Grum.* Ay, for the nonce—and that thou and the proud-est of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarlop, and the rest: Let their heads be sleek-comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Cur.* They are.

*Grum.* Call them forth.

*Cur.* Do you hear, oh! Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, &c. Where are you?

*Enter Nathaniel, Philip, &c.*

*Nat.* Welcome home, Grumio.

*Phil.* How now, Grumio?

*Pet.* What, Grumio!

*Nic.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nat.* How now, old lad?

*Grum.* Welcome you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nat.* All things are ready; how near is our master?

*Grum.*

*Grum.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion! Silence, I hear my master.

*Enter Petruchio and Catharine.*

*Pet.* Where are these knaves? What, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

*All Servants.* Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

*Pet.* Here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir; here, Sir; You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms:

What! no attendance, no regard to duty!

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Grum.* Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant-swain, you whoreson malt-horse drudge! Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Grum.* Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made; And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel: There was no link to colour Peter's hat;

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:

Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

*[Exeunt servants]*

• *[Sings.]* Where is the life late that I led?

• 'Where are those?'—Sit down, Kate, And welcome. 'Soud, soud, soud, soud.

• *Enter Servants with supper.*

• Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry. Off with my boots, you rogue; 'you, villains, when—

• *[Sings.]* It was a friar of orders grey,

• 'As he forth walked on his way.'

Out, out, you rogue: You pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

*[Strikes him]*

Be merry, Kate; some water here. What, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? 'Sirrah, get you hence,

• And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

• One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

• 'Where are my slippers?'—Shall I have some water?

*Enter a Servant with water.*

• Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.'

*[Servant lets fall the water]*

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

*Cath*



*Cath.* Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

*Cath.* Indeed I have;

and never was repast so welcome to me.

*Pet.* Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

That's this, mutton?

*Ser.* Yes.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Ser.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat—

That dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,

and serve it thus to me, that love it not?

Here; take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c. about.*]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.

That, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

[*Exeunt all the servants.*]

*Cath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, and well I could have eat,

If you were so disposed; I'm sick with fasting.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away;

and I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better it were that both of us did fast,

Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over roasted flesh—

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal-chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *Enter Nathaniel, Peter, Grumio, and Curtis.*

\* *Nat.* Peter, didst thou ever see the like?

\* *Pet.* He kills her in her own humour. I did not think so good and kind a master cou'd have put on so resolute a bearing.

\* *Grum.* Where is he?

\* *Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates; and she, poor soul, knows not which way to stand, or speak; and sits as one new risen from a dream. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Petruchio.*

' Thus have I, politically, begun my reign;  
 ' And 'tis my hope to end successfully;  
 ' My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;  
 ' And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,  
 ' For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 ' Another way I have to man my haggard,  
 ' To make her come, and keep her keeper's call:  
 ' That is, to watch her as we watch these kites,  
 ' That bite and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 ' She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat:  
 ' Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not;  
 ' As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 ' I'll find about the making of the bed;  
 ' And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster:  
 ' This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;  
 ' Ay, and amid this hurly, I'll pretend  
 ' That all is done in rev'rent care of her;  
 ' And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
 ' And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
 ' And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 ' This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.  
 ' And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour—  
 ' He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 ' Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.' [Exit.

### A C T III.

*Enter Catharine and Grumio.*

GRUMIO.  
 NO, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.  
*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:  
 What, did he marry me to famish me?  
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,  
 Upon intreaty have a present alms;  
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
 But I, who never knew how to intreat,  
 Nor ever needed that I should intreat,  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;  
 And that which spights me more than all these wants,  
 He does it under name of perfect love:

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,  
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death!—  
 I prithee go and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Grum.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Cath.* 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

*Grum.* I fear it is too slegmatic a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd?

*Cath.* I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

*Grum.* I cannot tell,—I fear 'tis cholerick:

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Cath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Grum.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Cath.* Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Grum.* Nay, that I will not; you shall have the mustard,  
 Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

*Cath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Grum.* Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me only with the name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate?

'What, sweeting, all a-mort? Mistress, what cheer?'

*Cath.* 'Faith as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me;  
 For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd—

*Cath.* Refresh'd! with what?

*Pet.* We will return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings;

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery.

Now thou hast eat, the taylor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

*Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown—What news with you, Sir?

*Tay.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;

A velvet dish : Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy :

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell ;

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

*Cath.* I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time ;  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too ;  
And not till then.

*Cath.* Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will : I am no child, no babe ;  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears :

' My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;

' Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :

' And rather than it shall, I will be free,

' Ev'n to the utmost, as I please, in words.'

*Pet.* Thou say'st true, Kate ; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard coffin, bauble, silken pie.

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Cath.* Love me or love me not, I like the cap ;  
And I will have it, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown ? why, ay ; come, taylor, let me see !  
O mercy, heav'n ! what masking stuff is here ?

What's this, a sleeve ? 'Tis like a demi-cannon ;

What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart !

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
Like a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what the devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this ?

*Grum.* I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

*Tay.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion of the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did : But if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you marr it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home ;

For you shall hop without my custom, Sir :

I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

*Cath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown ;  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me ?

*Pet.* Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tay.* She says your worship means to make a puppet  
of her.



*Pet.* Oh! most monstrous arrogance!  
 Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,  
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!  
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
 Away, thou rag! thou quantity, thou remnant!  
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:  
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

*Tay.* Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made just as my master had direction; Gramio gave orders how it should be done.

*Gram.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*Tay.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gram.* Marry, Sir, with a needle and thread.

*Tay.* But didst not thou request to have it cut?

*Gram.* Tho' thou hast fac'd many things, face not me;  
 I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

*Tay.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Tay.* *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

*Gram.* Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tay.* With a small compass cape.

*Gram.* I confess the cape.

*Tay.* With a trunk sleeve.

*Gram.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tay.* The sleeves curiously cut.

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gram.* Error i' th' bill, Sir; error i' th' bill:—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sow'd upon again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

*Tay.* This is true that I say; an' I had thee in a place, thou should'st know it.

*Gram.* I am for thee straight; come on, you parchment shred!

[*They fight.*]

*Pet.* What, chickens spar in presence of the kite?  
 I'll swoop upon you both; out, out, ye vermin—

[*Beats 'em off.*]

*Cath.* For heaven's sake, Sir, have patience!—how you fright me!

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's. Even in these honest, mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

• And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,

• So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

• What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

• Because his feathers are more beautiful?

• Or is the adder better than the eel,

• Because his painted skin contents the eye?

• Oh no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

• For this poor furniture and mean array.

• If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

• And therefore frolic: We will hence, forthwith,

• To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and bring my horses out.

*Cath.* O happy hearing! let us straight begone;

I cannot tarry here another day.

*Pet.* Cannot, my Kate! O fie! indeed you can—

Besides, on second thoughts, 'tis now too late;

For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

*Cath.* The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Cath.* I say it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself;

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or e'er I journey to your father's house:

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross, and cross; nothing but cross!

*Grum.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Cath.* I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds;

So be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Cath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

*Cath.* Just as you please, it is the blessed sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind:

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is.

And so it shall be for your Catharine.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward : 'Thus the bowl shall run,  
And not unluckily, against the bias :'  
But soft, some company is coming here,  
And stops our journey.

*Enter Baptista, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away ?  
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?  
Such war of white and red within her checks !  
What stars do spangle heav'n with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?  
Fair, lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Bap.* What's all this ?

*Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,  
Whither away, or where is thy abode ?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
Happier the man whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

*Bian.* What mummerly is this ?

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art not mad !  
This is Baptista, our old reverend father ;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Cath.* Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green ;  
Now I perceive thou art my reverend father :  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [*Kneels.*

*Bap.* Rise, rise, my child ; what strange sagary's this !  
I came to see thee with my son and daughter.  
How lik'st thou wedlock ? Art not alter'd, Kate ?

*Cath.* Indeed I am. I am transform'd to stone.

*Pet.* Chang'd for the better much ; art not, my Kate ?

*Cath.* So good a master cannot chuse but mend me.

*Hor.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

*Bap.* And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes ; and love, and life,  
And awful rule, and right supremacy ;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bian.* Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon !  
What is the matter, Kate ? hold up thy head,  
Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,  
To wish and have our will——

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Peace, brawler, peace ;  
Or I will give the meek Hortensio,  
Your husband, there, my taming recipe.

‘ *Bian.* Lord, never let me have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

‘ *Grum. [to Bap.]* Did I not promise you, Sir, my  
master’s discipline wou’d work miracles ?

‘ *Bap.* I scarce believe my eyes and ears.

‘ *Bian.* His eyes and ears had felt these fingers ’ere  
He shou’d have moap’d me so.

‘ *Cath.* Alas ! my sister——’

*Pet.* Catharine, I charge thee tell this headstrong wo-  
man,

What duty ’tis she owes her lord and husband.

‘ *Bian.* Come, come, you’re mocking ; we will have no  
telling.

‘ *Pet.* Come on, I say.

‘ *Bian.* She shall not.

‘ *Hor.* Let us hear, for both our sakes, good wife.

‘ *Pet.* Catharine, begin.’

*Cath.* Fie, fie, unknit that threatening, unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor !

‘ It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;

‘ Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;

‘ And in no sense is meet or amiable.

‘ *Pet.* Why, well said, Kate.

‘ *Cath.* A woman mov’d is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;

‘ And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

‘ Will deign to sip, or touch a drop of it.

‘ *Bian.* Sister, be quiet——

‘ *Pet.* Nay, learn thou that lesson——On, on, I say.’

*Cath.* Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee ;  
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou ly’st warm at home, secure and safe ;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, son Petruchio ;  
The battle’s won, and thou canst keep the field.



*Pet.* Oh! fear me not—

*Bap.* Then, my new gentle Catharine,  
Go home with me along, and I will add  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For thou art changed as thou hadst never been.

*Pet.* My fortune is sufficient. Here's my wealth;  
Kiss me, my Kate; and since thou art become  
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,  
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband;  
An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.  
Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,  
And be our future lives one gentle stream  
Of mutual love, compliance, and regard.

*Cath.* Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy love,  
And look with blushes on my former self.

*Pet.* Good Kate, no more—this is beyond my hopes—

*[Goes forward with Catharine in his hand.]*

\* Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
\* Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
\* And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
\* And not obedient to his honest will,  
\* What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
\* And graceless traitor to her loving lord?"  
How shameful 'tis when women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
Where bound to love, to honour, and obey!

# C Y M O N

FROM DAVING GARRICK, Esq.

My dear Sir,  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
C. Y. M. O. N.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
C. Y. M. O. N.

# C Y M O N.

tered from DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

IN TWO ACTS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Merlin,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Cymon,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Dorus,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Lince,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Dawon,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Derilas,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Shepherds, &amp;c. &amp;c.</i>					

*Drury-Lane.*

Mr Bentley.

Mr Vernon.

Mr Parsons.

Mr King.

Mr Fawcett.

Mr Fox.

### W O M E N.

<i>Urganda,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Sylvia,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Fatima,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>1 Shepherdess,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>2 Shepherdess,</i>	—	—	—	—	—
<i>Dorcas,</i>	—	—	—	—	—

Mrs Baddeley.

Mrs Arne.

Mrs Abington.

Mrs Reynolds.

Mrs Plym.

Mrs Bradshaw.

SCENE, *Arcadia.*

## A C T I.

NE, *A grand Garden belonging to the palace of Urganda.*

*Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.*

URGANDA.

UT hear me, Merlin, I beseech you, hear me.

*Mer.* Hear you! I have heard you—for years  
 heard your vows, your protestations—Have you not  
 'd my affections by every female art; and when I  
 ght that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded  
 its constancy—what have you done?—why, like mere  
 mortal

mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy, an idiot.

*Urg.* Ev'n this I can bear from Merlin.

*Mer.* You have injur'd me, and must bear more.

*Urg.* I'll repair that injury.

*Mer.* Then send back your fav'rite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

*Urg.* How can you imagine that such a poor ignorant object as Cymon is can have any charms for me?

*Mer.* Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; the success of rakes and fools is a sufficient warning to us, could we be wise enough to take it.

*Urg.* You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's state of mind, and friendship for his father, have induc'd me to endeavour at his cure.

*Mer.* False prevaricating Urganda! Love was your inducement. Have not you stolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while a hundred knights are in search after him? Does not every thing about you prove the consequence of your want of honour and faith to me? Were you not plac'd on this happy spot of Arcadia to be the guardian of its peace and innocence, and have not the Arcadians liv'd for ages the envy of less happy, because less virtuous, people?

*Urg.* Let me beseech you, Merlin, spare my shame.

*Mer.* And are they not at last, by your example, sunk from the state of happiness and tranquility to that of care, vice, and folly? Their once happy lives are now embittered with envy, passion, vanity, selfishness, and inconstancy;—and who are they to curse for this change! Urganda, the false, the lost Urganda.

*Urg.* Let us talk calmly of this matter.

*Mer.* I'll converse with you no more—because I will be no more deceiv'd; I cannot hate you, tho' I shun you—Yet, in my misery, I have this consolation, that the pang of my jealousy are at least equal'd by the torments of your fruitless passion.

Still wish and sigh, and wish again,

Love is dethron'd, Revenge shall reign!

Still shall my pow'r your arts confound,

And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[Exit Merlin]

*Urg.* “And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!” What mystery is couch'd in these words?—What can it mean?

Enter



*Enter Fatima, looking after Merlin.*

*Fat.* I'll tell you, madam, when he is out of hearing—he means mischief, and terrible mischief too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and cutting my tongue out—with we were out of his clutches.

*Urg.* Don't fear, Fatima.

*Fat.* I can't help it; he has great power, and is mischievously angry.

*Urg.* Here is your protection, [*showing her wand.*]—My power is at least equal to his.—[*Muses.*] “And Cy-mon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!”

*Fat.* Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoken in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake—Think a little to clear us from this old mischief-making conjuror—What will you do, madam?

*Urg.* What can I do, Fatima?

*Fat.* You might very easily settle matters with him, if you could as easily settle them with yourself.

*Urg.* Tell me how?

*Fat.* Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow. Urganda *shakes her head.*] I thought so—we are all alike; and that folly of ours, of preferring two-and-twenty to two-and-forty, runs thro' the whole sex of us—But, before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, madam.

*Urg.* Hold your tongue, Fatima—my passion is too serious to be jested with.

*Fat.* Far gone indeed, madam—and yonder goes the precious object of it. [*Looking out.*]

*Urg.* He seems melancholy: What's the matter with him?

*Fat.* He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us—I'll leave you to make the most of him.

*Urg.* Stay, Fatima—and help me to divert him.

*Fat.* A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant!—but I'm at your service.

*Enter Cymon, melancholy.*

*Cym.* Heigh-ho!

[*Sighing.*]

*Fat.* What's the matter, young gentleman?

*Cym.* Heigh-ho!

*Urg.* Are you not well, Cymon?

*Cym.* Yes—I am very well.

*Urg.* Why do you sigh then?

*Cym.* Eh!

[*Looks foolishly.*]

*Fat.* Do you see it in his eyes now, madam?

*Urg.* Prithce, be quiet—What is it you want? tell me,

*Cymon*—Tell me your wishes, and you shall have 'em.

*Cym.* Shall I?

*Urg.* Yes, indeed, *Cymon*.

*Fat.* Now for it.

*Cym.* I wish—heigh-ho!

*Urg.* These sighs must mean something.

[*Aside to Fatima.*]

*Fat.* I wish you joy then; find it out, madam.

*Urg.* What do you sigh for?

*Cym.* I want—

[*Sighs.*]

*Urg.* What, what, my sweet creature?

[*Eagerly.*]

*Cym.* To go away.

*Fat.* O la!—the meaning's out.

*Urg.* What, would you leave me then?

*Cym.* Yes.

*Urg.* Why would you leave me?

*Cym.* I don't know.

*Urg.* Where would you go?

*Cym.* Any where.

*Urg.* Had you rather go any where than stay with me?

*Cym.* I had rather go into the fields than stay with any body.

*Urg.* But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

*Cym.* Why, how can I tell till I try? you won't let me choose.

# A I R.

You gave me last week a young linnet,

Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

Oh, how did it flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd and he pin'd

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den:

Then so merry was he,

And because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

*Urg.* And would you return to me again?

*Cym.* Yes, I would—I have nowhere else to go.

*Fat.*

*Fat.* Let him have his humour : When he is not content'd, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and should him as you please—'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

*Urg.* I'll follow your advice—Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

*Cym.* O la, and I'll bring you a bird's nest, and some cowslips—and shall I let my linnet out too?

*Fat.* O, ay, pretty creatures ; pray, let 'em go together.

*Urg.* And take this Cymon ; wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. [*Gives Cymon a nosegay.*]—Though it won't give passion, it will increase it if he should think kindly of me, and absence may befriend me. [*Aside.*] Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

*Cym.* Then I'm out of my cage, and shall mope no longer. [*Overjoyed.*]

*Urg.* His transports distract me !—I must retire to conceal my uneasiness. [*Retires.*]

*Fat.* And I'll open the gate to the prisoners. [*Exit.*]

*Cym.* And I'll fetch my bird, and we'll fly away together.

A I R.

Oh liberty, liberty !  
Dear happy liberty !  
Nothing's like thee,  
So merry are we ;

My linnet and I,  
From prison we're free,  
Away we will fly,  
To liberty, liberty,  
Dear happy liberty,  
Nothing's like thee !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A rural Prospect.*

*Enter two Shepherdesses.*

1 *Shep.* What, to be left and forsaken ! and see the false fellow make the same vows to another, almost before my face !—I can't bear it, and I won't !

2 *Shep.* Why, look ye, sister, I am as little inclin'd to hear these things as yourself ; and if my swain had been faithless too, I should have been vex'd at it, to be sure ; but how can you help yourself ?

1 *Shep.* I have not thought of that ; I only feel I can't bear it ; and as to the *won't*, I must trust in a little mischief.

chief of my own to bring it about——O that I had the power of our enchantress yonder! I would play the devil with them all.

2 *Shep.* Why are you so angry, my dear sister?—Will your quarrelling with her bring back your sweetheart?

1 *Shep.* No matter for that—when the heart is overloaded, any vent is a relief to it; and that of the tongue is always the readiest and most natural—So, if you won't help me to find her, you may stay where you will.

*Lin.* [*singing without.*] “Care flies from the lad that is  
“merry.”

2 *Shep.* Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt sorrow.—If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, you may get some information from him.

*Enter Linco, singing.*

*Lin.* What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying Love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it—I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

A I R.

Care flies from the lad that is merry,  
Whose heart is as sound,  
And cheeks are as round,  
As round and as red as a cherry.

1 *Shep.* What, are you always thus?

*Lin.* Ay, or heav'n help me! What, would you have me do as you do—walking with your arms cross, thus—heigh-hoing by the brook-side among the willows?—Oh! fie for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and sighing after one fellow a-piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, follow you like—like—you shall have the simile another time.

2 *Shep.* No, prithee, Linco, give it us now.

*Lin.* You shall have it—or, what's better, I'll tell you what you are not like—you are not like our shepherdess Sylvia—she's so cold and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you—frost and fire, that's all.

2 *Shep.* Don't imagine that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is—I am as happy as she is miserable.

*Lin.* Good luck! I'm sorry for it.

2 *Shep.*



2 *Shep.* What, sorry that I am happy?

*Lin.* O, no; prodigious glad!

1 *Shep.* That I am miserable?

*Lin.* No, no; prodigious sorry for that—and prodigious glad of the other.

1 *Shep.* Be my friend, Linco; and I'll confess my folly to you.

*Lin.* Don't trouble yourself—'tis plain enough to be seen;—but I'll give you a receipt for it without fee or reward—there's friendship for you.

1 *Shep.* Prithee, be serious a little.

*Lin.* No, heaven forbid! If I am serious, 'tis all over with me—I should soon change my roses for your lilies.

2 *Shep.* Don't be impudent, Linco; but give us your receipt.

## A I R.

*Lin.*

I laugh and I sing,

I am blithesome and free;

The rogue's little sting

It can never reach me:

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha ha!

It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,

Or so blinking is he,

He can't pierce my buff,

Or he misses poor me.

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

He misses poor me.

O never be dull

By the sad willow-tree;

Of mirth be brimful,

And run over like me.

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

Run over like me.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 *Shep.* It won't do.

*Lin.* Then you are far gone, indeed.

1 *Shep.* And as I can't cure my love, I'll revenge it.

*Lin.* But how, how, shepherdess?

1 *Shep.* I'll tear Sylvia's eyes out.

*Lin.* That's your only way—for you'll give your

‘ nails a feast, and prevent mischief for the future—  
 ‘ Oh! tear her eyes out by all means.

‘ 2 *Shep.* How can you laugh, Linco, at my sister, in  
 ‘ her condition?

‘ *Lin.* I must laugh at something;—shall I be merry  
 ‘ with you?

‘ 2 *Shep.* Shepherd, the happy can bear to be laugh’d at

‘ *Lin.* Then Sylvia might take your shepherd without  
 ‘ a sigh, though your sister would tear her eyes out.

‘ 2 *Shep.* My shepherd! what does the fool mean?

‘ 1 *Shep.* Her shepherd! pray tell us, Linco. [*Eagerly*]

‘ *Lin.* ’Tis no secret, I suppose—I only met Damon  
 ‘ and Sylvia together.

‘ 2 *Shep.* What my Damon?

‘ *Lin.* Your Damon that was, and that would be Syl-  
 ‘ via’s Damon if she would accept of him.

‘ 2 *Shep.* Her Damon! I’ll make her to know—  
 ‘ wicked slut!—a vile fellow—Come sister, I’m ready to  
 ‘ go with you—we’ll give her her own—if our old governor  
 ‘ continues to cast a sheep’s eye at me, I’ll have her turn-  
 ‘ ed out of Arcadia, I warrant you.

‘ 1 *Shep.* This is some comfort, however; ha, ha, ha!

‘ 2 *Shep.* Very well, sister, you may laugh, if you please  
 ‘ —but perhaps it is too soon—Linco may be mistaken;  
 ‘ it may be your Dorilas that was with her.

‘ *Lin.* And your Damon too, and Strephon, and Collin,  
 ‘ and Alexis, and Egon, and Corydon, and every fool of  
 ‘ the parish but Linco, and he sticks to

‘ Fal, la, la, la!

‘ And ha, ha, ha, ha!

‘ 1 *Shep.* I can’t bear to see him so merry when I am  
 ‘ so miserable. [*Going*]

‘ 2 *Shep.* There is some satisfaction in seeing one’s sister  
 ‘ as miserable as one’s self. [*Going*]

‘ *Lin.* One word more, lassies, if you please; I see you  
 ‘ are both brimful of wrath, and will certainly scratch one  
 ‘ another, if you don’t find Sylvia—now hear but another  
 ‘ song; and if it does not cool you, I’ll shew you where  
 ‘ the enemy lies, and you shall draw your tongues upon her  
 ‘ immediately.

‘ A I R.

‘ If you make it your plan

‘ To love but one man,

‘ By one you are surely betray’d:

‘ Should

- ‘ Should he prove untrue,
- ‘ Oh! what can you do?
- ‘ Alas you must die an old maid;
- ‘ And you too must die an old maid.
- ‘ Wou’d you ne’er take a sup
- ‘ But out of one cup,
- ‘ And it proves brittle ware, you are curst:
- ‘ If down it should tip,
- ‘ Or thro’ your hands slip,
- ‘ O how would you then quench your thirst?
- ‘ O how, &c.
- ‘ If, your palate to hit,
- ‘ You choose but one bit,
- ‘ And that dainty tit-bit should not keep:
- ‘ Then restless you lie,
- ‘ Pout, whimper, and cry,
- ‘ And go without supper to sleep,
- ‘ And go, &c.
- ‘ As your shepherds have chose
- ‘ Two strings to their bows,
- ‘ Shall one for each female suffice?
- ‘ Take two, three, or four,
- ‘ Like me, take a score,
- ‘ And then you’ll be merry and wise.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to another rural prospect.

Sylvia is discovered lying upon a bank, with a basket of flowers.

*Enter Merlin.*

*Mer.* My art succeeds—which hither has convey’d,  
To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.  
Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,  
And make him warm, and sensible, and kind;  
Her yet cold heart with passion’s sighs shall move,  
Melt as he melts, and give him love for love.  
This magic touch shall to these flow’rs impart

[*Touches the basket of flowers with his wand.*]

A power, when beauty gains, to fix the heart;  
A power, the false enchantress shall confound;  
And Cymon’s cure shall be Urganda’s wound. [Exit.

*Enter Cymon with his bird.*

*Cym.* Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry.—[*Bird flies.*] Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you—much good may it do you, Bob—What a sweet place this is!

Hills

Hills and greens, and rocks and trees, and water and sun and birds!—Dear me, 'tis just as if I had never seen it before.

[*Whistles about till he sees Sylvia; then stops, and sinks his head in his hands, whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of foolish astonishment.*]

O la!—what's here!—'Tis something dropp'd from the heavens, sure; and yet 'tis like a woman too!—Bless me, is it alive? [*Sighs.*—It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it—I begin to feel something strange here.—[*Lays his hand on his heart, and sighs.*—I don't know what's the matter with me—I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes—If it should look gentle, and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it—Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of—It feels oddly to me—and yet I don't dislike it. I am glad I came abroad—I have not been so pleas'd ever since I can remember—But perhaps it may be angry with me—I can't help it, if it is—I had rather see her angry with me, than Urganda smile upon me—Stay, stay.—[*Sylvia starts.*—La, what a pretty foot it has!

[*Cymon retires.*]

[*Sylvia, raising herself from the bank, sees Cymon with emotion, while he gazes strongly on her, and retires gently, pulling off his cap.*]

Syl. [*confused.*] Who's that?

Cym. 'Tis I.

[*Bowing and hesitating.*]

Syl. What's your name?

Cym. Cymon.

Syl. What do you want, young man?

Cym. Nothing, young woman.

Syl. What are you doing there?

Cym. Looking at you there.

Syl. What a pretty creature it is!

[*Aside.*]

Cym. What eyes it has!

[*Aside.*]

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cym. Not I, indeed!—I wish you don't do me some.

Are you a fairy, pray?

Syl. No—I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cym. I don't know that—You have bewitched me, I believe.

Syl. Indeed, I have not; and if it was in my power to harm you, I'm sure it is not in my inclination.

Cym. I'm sure, I would trust you to do any thing with me.

Syl.



Syl. Would you?

[Sighs.

Cym. Yes, indeed, I would.

[Sighs.

Syl. Why do you look so at me?

Cym. Why do you look so at me?

Syl. I can't help it—

[Sighs.

Cym. Nor I neither—[Sighs.] I wish you'd speak to  
me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What, the enchantress! Do you belong to her?

Cym. I had rather belong to you—I would not desire to  
go abroad, if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cym. So she says.

Syl. I'm sorry for it,

Cym. Why are you sorry, pray?

Syl. I shall never see you again—I wish I had not seen  
you now.

Cym. If you did but wish as I do, all the enchantresses  
in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another.

Syl. Do you love Urganda?

Cym. Do you love the shepherds?

Syl. I did not know what love was this morning.

Cym. Nor I till this afternoon—Who taught you,  
say?

Syl. Who taught you?

Cym. [blushing.] You.

Syl. [blushing.] You.

Cym. You could teach me any thing, if I was to live with  
you—I should not be call'd Simple Cymon any more.

Syl. Nor I hard-hearted Sylvia.

Cym. Sylvia—what a sweet name!—I could speak it for  
ever! [Transported.] Sylvia!

Syl. I can never forget that of Cymon, tho' Cymon may  
forget me.

[Sighs.

Cym. Never, never, my sweet Sylvia!

[Falls on his knees, and kisses her hand.

Syl. We shall be seen and separated for ever! Pray, let  
me go—we are undone if we are seen—I must go—I am all  
over in a flutter!

Cym. When shall I see you again?—in half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon—No, no, it  
must be—three quarters of an hour.

Cym. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. Any where, my sweet Cymon.

Cym. In the grove by the river there.

Syl.

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it. [Gives him the nosegay enchanted by Merlin.] I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cym. How my heart is transported!—and here is one for you too; which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it—Take it, my sweet Sylvia.

[Cymon gives her Urganda's nosegay.]

### D U E T.

Syl. O take this nosegay, gentle youth;

Cym. And you, sweet maid, take mine.

Syl. Unlike these flowers, be thy fair truth;

Cym. Unlike these flowers be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay;

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair for a time their transient charms appear;

But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.

[Each pressing their hearts.]

[Exeunt.]

## A C T II.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

*Enter Cymon, hugging a nosegay.*

O H, my dear, sweet, charming nosegay!—To feel thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, [kisses it] will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me—With this I can want for nothing—I possess every thing with this—My mind and heart are expanded! I feel—I know not what—Every thought that delights, and every passion that transports, gather like so many bees about this treasure of sweetness—Oh! the dear, dear nosegay; and the dear, dear giver of it!

A I R.

What exquisite pleasure!

This sweet treasure

From me they shall never

Sever;

In thee, in thee,  
 My charmer I see :  
 I'll sigh, and caress thee,  
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee,  
 Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to Dorcas's Cottage.

Sylvia at the door, with Cymon's nosegay in her hand.

A I R.

These flowers, like our hearts, are united in one ;  
 And are bound up so fast, that they can't be undone :  
 So well are they blended, soauteous to sight,  
 There springs from their union a tenfold delight :  
 For poison, nor weed here, our passion to warm ;  
 But sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.

The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel  
 Cymon in my heart and mind——Ever since I have seen  
 him, heard his vows, and received this nosegay from him,  
 I'm in continual agitation, and cannot rest a moment  
 —I wander without knowing where——I speak without  
 knowing to whom—and I look without knowing at what  
 Heigh-ho ! how my poor heart flutters in my breast !—  
 Now I dread to lose him—and now again I think him mine  
 forever !

A I R.

O why should we sorrow who never knew sin !  
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture within :  
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air !  
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !  
 Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain,  
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :  
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair ;  
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !

[Linco is seen listening to her singing.]

Lin. If you were as wicked, shepherdess, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt Justice herself, if she was deaf as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco ?

Lin. O, but I did tho'—and, notwithstanding I come the deputy of a deputy-governor, to bring you before the principal, for some complaints made against you by a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, tho' I lose my

my place for it—there are not many such friends, shepherdesses.

*Syl.* What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they persecute me so?

*Lin.* You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

*Syl.* I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies.

*[As they are going, Dorcas calls from the cottage]*

*Dor.* Where are you going, child?—Who is that with you, Sylvia?

*Lin.* Now shall we be stopp'd by this good old woman who will know all—and can scarce hear any thing.

*Dor.* *[coming forward.]* I'll see who you have with you.

*Lin.* 'Tis I, dame, your kinsman Linco.

*[Speaks loud in her ear]*

*Dor.* O, it is you, honest Linco! *[Takes his hand.]* Well, what's to do now?

*Lin.* The governor desires to speak with Sylvia; a friendly enquiry, that's all. *[Speaks loud]*

*Dor.* For what, for what—tell me that—I have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither—he is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdesses—Fine doings, indeed! No such doings when I was young—If he wants to examine any body, why don't he examine me? I'll give him an answer, let him be as inquisitive as he pleases.

*Lin.* But I am your kinsman, dame; and you dare trust me, sure. *[Speaks loud]*

*Dor.* Thou art the best of them, that I'll say for thee—but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case—I have gone through great difficulties myself, I can assure you, in better times than these; why must not I go too?

*Lin.* We shall return to you again before you can get there. *[Still speaking loud]*

*Syl.* You may trust us, mother—my own innocence, and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough for me.

*Dor.* Eh! what?

*Lin.* She says, you may trust me with her innocence. *[Speaking louder]*

*Dor.* Well, well—I will then—thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child—*[kisses Sylvia]*—When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woful day for me—Well, well, go thy ways with Linco—I dare trust thee any where—I'll prepare



prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest  
man along with you.

*Lin.* We will be with you before you can make the pot  
oil.

*Dor.* Before what?

*Lin.* We will be with you before you can make the pot  
oil. [*Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.*]

*Dor.* Heav'n shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature  
that ever blest old age—What a comfort she is to me!  
All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou  
art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy  
as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the governor  
want with her?—I wish I had gone too—I'd have talk'd  
to him, and to the purpose—We had no such doings when  
I was a young woman! they never made such a fuss with  
me!

## A I R.

When I were young, tho' now am old,  
The men were kind and true;  
But now they're grown so false and bold,  
What can a woman do?  
Now what can a woman do?

For men are, truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two!

When I were fair—tho' now so so,  
No hearts were given to rove;  
Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,  
But all was faith and love:

What can a woman do?

Now what can a woman do?

For men are, truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Magistrate's house.

*Enter Dorus and Second Shepherdess.*

*Dorus.* This way, this way, damsel—now we are alone,  
I can hear your grievances, and will redress them, that I  
will—you have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows  
your course.

*2 Shep.* I want words, your honour and worship, to thank  
you fitly.

H

*Dorus.*

*Dorus.* Smile upon me, damsel—Smile and command me—your hand is whiter than ever, I protest—you must indulge me with a chaste salute. [*Kisses her hand.*]

*2 Shep.* La! your honour. [*Curseys.*]

*Dorus.* You have charm'd me, damsel; and I can deny you nothing—Another chaste salute—'tis a perfect cordial—[*Kisses her hand.*] Well, what shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent, wicked—[*Kisses her hand.*]—Smile, damsel, smile,—I'll send her packing this very day.

*2 Shep.* I vow your worship is too good to me.

[*Looking at him.*]

*Dorus.* Nothing's too good for thee—I'll send her off directly—Don't fret and tease thyself about her—go she shall, and speedily too—I have sent my deputy Linco for that Dorcas, who has harbour'd this Sylvia without my knowledge, and the country shall be rid of her to-morrow morning—Smile upon me, damsel, smile upon me.

*2 Shep.* I wou'd I were half as handsome as Sylvia, I might smile to good purpose.

*Dorus.* I'll Sylvia her! an impudent vagrant—She can neither smile or whine to any purpose, while I am to govern—She shall go to-morrow, damsel; this hand, this lily hand, has sign'd her fate. [*Kisses her.*]

*Enter Linco.*

*Lin.* No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

*Dorus.* You are too bold, Linco—Where did you learn this impertinence to your superiors?

*Lin.* From an old song, an't please your honour, where I get all my wisdom—Heav'n help me.

' A I R.

- If she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
- Tho' great and important his trust is;
- His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
- Will kick up the balance of Justice.
- If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak,
- For love thro' his veins will be creeping;
- And his worship, when near to a round dimple cheek,
- Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

*Dorus.* Poh, poh, 'tis a very foolish song, and you're a fool for singing it.

*2 Shep.* Linco's no friend of mine; Sylvia can sing, and has enchanted him.

*Lin.* My ears have been feasted, that's most certain—but my heart, damsel, is as uncrack'd as your virtue, or his honour's wisdom—There is not too much presumption in that, I hope.

*Dorus.* Linco, do your duty, and know your distance—What is come to the fellow? he is so alter'd, I don't know him again.

*Lin.* Your honour's eye-sight is not so good as it was—I am always the same, and heav'n forbid that mirth should be a sin—I am always laughing and singing—let who will change, I will not—I laugh at the times, but I can't mend 'em—They are wofully alter'd for the worse—but here's my comfort. [*Showing his tabor and pipe.*]

*Dorus.* I'll hear no more of this ribaldry—I hate poetry, and I don't like music—Where is the vagrant, this Sylvia?

*Lin.* In the justice-chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

*Dorus.* Why did you not tell me so?

*Lin.* I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female causes at one time.

*Dorus.* You thought! I won't have you think, but obey—Times are chang'd indeed! Deputies must not think for their superiors.

*Lin.* Must not they! What will become of our poor country? [*Going.*]

*Dorus.* No more, impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

*Lin.* In the twinkling of your honour's eye. [*Exit.*]

*2 Shep.* I leave my griefs in your worship's hands.

*Dorus.* You leave 'em in my heart damsel, where they soon shall be changed into pleasures—Wait for me in the justice-chamber—Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

*Enter Linco and Sylvia.*

*2 Shep.* Here she comes; see how innocent she looks—but I'll be gone—I trust in your worship—I hate the sight of her—I could tear her eyes out. [*Exit.*]

*Dorus.* [*Gazing at Sylvia.*—Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem!—that—She does not look mischievous as I expected. [*Aside, and turning from her.*]

*Lin.* Bear up, sweet shepherdess! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance.

*Syl.* The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak.

*Dorus.* Where is the old woman Dorcas they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

*Lin.* As the good old woman is so deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

*Dorus.* What, at your thinking again!—Young shepherdes, I hear—I hear—hem!—Her modesty pleases me—*[Aside.]*—What is the reason, I say—hem!—that—that I hear—She has very fine features. *[Aside, and turning from her.]*

*Lin.* Speak, speak, Sylvia, and the business is done.

*Dorus.* Is not your name Sylvia?

*Lin.* Yes, your honour, her name is Sylvia.

*Dorus.* I don't ask you—What is your name? look up and tell me, shepherdes.

*Syl.* Sylvia.

*[Sighs and turns.]*

*Dorus.* What a sweet look with her eye she has! *[Aside.]*—What can be the reason, Sylvia—that, that—hem!—I protest she disarms my anger. *[Aside, and turns from her.]*

*Lin.* Now is your time; speak to his reverence.

*Dorus.* Don't whisper the prisoner.

*Syl.* Prisoner! Am I a prisoner then?

*Dorus.* No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel—hem, hem—charged, damsel—I don't know what to say to her. *[Aside, and turns from her.]*

*Syl.* With what, your honour?

*Lin.* If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure.

*Syl.* What is my crime?

*Lin.* A little too handsome, that's all.

*Dorus.* Hold your peace—Why don't you look up in my face if you are innocent?—*[Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.]*—I can't stand it—she has turn'd my anger, my justice, my whole scheme, topsy-turvy—Reach me a chair, Linco.

*Lin.* One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. *[Reaches a chair for Dorus.]*

*Dorus.* No singing, her looks have done too much already.

*Lin.* Only to soften your rigour.

A I R.

*Syl.* From duty if the shepherd stray,  
And leave his flocks to feed,



The wolf will seize the harmless prey,  
 And innocence will bleed.  
 In me a harmless lamb behold,  
 Opprest with every fear;  
 O guard, good shepherd, guard the fold,  
 For wicked wolves are near.

[*Kneels.*]

*Dor.* I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin—  
 and they shan't hurt thee—This is a melting ditty indeed!  
 Rise, rise, my Sylvia. [*Embraces her.*]

*Enter Second Shepherdess.*

[*Dorus and she start at seeing each other.*]

*2 Shep.* Is your reverence taking leave of her before you  
 drive her out of the country?

*Dorus.* How now! what presumption is this, to break  
 upon us so, and interrupt the course of justice?

*2 Shep.* May I be permitted to speak three words with  
 your worship?

*Dorus.* Well, well, I will speak to you—I'll come to  
 you in the justice-chamber presently.

*2 Shep.* I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all—but  
 I'll be up with her yet. [*Aside, and exit.*]

*Dorus.* I'm glad she's gone—Linco, you must send her a-  
 way—I won't see her now.

*Lin.* And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

*Dorus.* No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid!—What  
 sin should I have committed, to please that envious jea-  
 lous-pated shepherdess!—Linco, comfort the damsel—Dry  
 your tears, Sylvia—I will call upon you myself—and exa-  
 mine Dorcas myself—and protect you myself—and do every  
 thing myself—I profess she has bewitched me! I am all  
 agitation—I'll call upon you to-morrow—perhaps to-night  
 —perhaps in half an hour—Take care of her, Linco—She  
 has bewitched me, and I shall loose my wits if I look on  
 her any longer—Oh! the sweet, lovely, pretty creature!

*Lin.* Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia—Justice has  
 taken up the sword and scales again, and your rivals shall  
 try their eyes out—The day's our own.

A I R,

Sing high derry derry,  
 The day is our own.  
 Be wise and be merry,

H 3

Let

Let sorrow alone;  
 Alter your tone,  
 'To high derry derry.  
 Be wife and be merry,  
 The day is our own.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to another part of the country.

Enter Fatima.

Truly a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon!—I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about to find out his haunts—not so foolish neither; for he is so much improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have some female to sharpen his intellects—For love, among many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I must make no noise, for fear of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things in pairing time.

[Looks thro' the bushes.]

Enter Merlin behind her.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor of a faithless mistress—I must torment her a little, for her good—Such females must feel much, to be made just and reasonable creatures.

Fat. [peeping thro' the bushes.] There they are—our fool has made no bad choice:—Upon my word, a very pretty couple! and will make my poor lady's heart ach.

Mer. I shall twinge your's a little before we part.

Fat. Well said, Cymon! upon your knees to her! Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly describe this rival of ours: She is much too handsome to live long; she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the Black Tower—the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice.

[Takes out a pocket-book.]

Mer. May be so—but we will prevent the prophecy if we can.

Fat. [writing in her book.] She is of a good height, about my size—a fine shape—delicate features—charming hair—heav'nly eyes; not unlike my own—with such a sweet smile! She must be burnt alive; yes, yes, she must be burnt alive.

[Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.]

Fat. Who's there? bless me! Nobody—I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture.

[Writes on.]

[Merlin waves his wand over her head.]

Now

Now let me see what I have written—Bless me, what's there? all the letters are as red as blood—My eyes fail me! I am bewitched. [*Reads and trembles.*] “Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon, Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia;—as for Fatima, wild beasts, the Black Tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.” *Drops the book.*] O! O!—I have not power to stir a step—I knew what would come of affronting that devil Merlin. [*Merlin is visible.*]

*Mer.* True, Fatima, and I am here at your service.

*Fat.* O most magnanimous Merlin! don't set your wit to a poor foolish weak woman.

*Mer.* Why, then, will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? But we will be better friends for the future—Mark me, Fatima. [*Holds up his wand.*]

*Fat.* No conjuration, I beseech your worship, and you shall do any thing with me.

*Mer.* I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

*Fat.* Will nothing else content your fury?

*Mer.* Silence, babbler!

*Fat.* I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever—O my poor tongue! I thought I never should have wagg'd thee again—What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb!

*Mer.* You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia—I will be their protector against all her arts, tho' she has leagu'd herself with the demons of revenge—We have no power but what results from our virtue.

*Fat.* I had rather lose any thing than my speech.

*Mer.* As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind) I will shew my gratitude and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accomplishment.

*Fat.* What, shall I talk more than ever?

*Mer.* [*Smiling.*] That would be no accomplishment, Fatima—No, I mean that you shall talk less—When you return to Urganda, she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

*Fat.* And may I, without offence to your worship?

*Mer.* Silence, and mark me well—observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions must be confined to two words, *Yes* and *No*—I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

*Fat.*

*Fat.* Not very clearly, indeed.

*Mer.* Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb. [*Aside.*]

*Fat.* Heaven preserve me! what will become of me?

*Mer.* Remember what I say—as you obey or neglect me, you will be punished or rewarded. Farewel. [*Bowing to her.*] Remember me, Fatima. [*Exit Merlin.*]

*Fat.* I shall never forget you, I am sure—What a polite devil it is—and what a woful plight am I in! This confining my tongue to two words is much worse than being quite dumb. I had rather be stinted in any thing than my speech—Heigh-ho!—There never, sure, was a tax upon the tongue before.

### A I R.

Tax my tongue! it is a shame:  
Merlin, sure, is much to blame,

Not to let it sweetly flow,  
Yet the favours of the great,  
And the silly maiden's fate,  
Oft depend on *yes* and *no*.

Lack-a-day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so,

To *yes* and *no*.

Should I want to talk or chat,  
Tell Urganda this or that,

How shall I about it go?  
Let her ask me what she will,  
I must keep my clapper still,  
Striking only *yes* and *no*.

Lack-a-day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so,

To *yes* and *no*. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a beautiful Grove.

*Enter Cymon and Sylvia, arm and arm.*

*Cym.* You must not sigh, my Sylvia—love like ours can have no bitter mingled with its sweets. ‘It has given me  
• eyes, ears, and understanding; and till these forsake me,  
• I must be Sylvia’s.

• *Syl.* And while I retain mine, I know no happiness  
• but with Cymon.—And yet Urganda—

• *Cym.*



*Cym.* Why will you sully again the purity of our joys with the thoughts of that unhappy, because guilty woman? Has not Merlin discover'd all that was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his protection; and told us, that we are the care of superior beings; and that more blessings, if possible, are in store for us?—What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely blest?

*Syl.* Nothing but my Cymon; when that is secure to me, I have not a wish for more.

*Cym.* Thy wishes are fulfilled then, and mine in thee!

*Syl.* Take my hand; and with it a heart, which, till I had touch'd it, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love: But my passion now is as sincere as it is tender; and it would be ungrateful to disguise my affections, as they are my greatest pride and happiness.

*Cym.* Transporting maid! [*Kisses her hand.*]

## A I R.

This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd;  
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd:  
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove:  
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?  
The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,  
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow;  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove:  
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?  
The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,  
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet May;  
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove:  
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

*Cym.* Then will I seize my treasure, will protect it with my life, and will never resign it but to heaven who gave it.

*[Embraces her.]*  
*Enter Damon and Dorilas on one side, and Dorus and his followers on the other; who start at seeing Cymon and Sylvia.*

*Dam.* Here they are!

*Syl.* Ha! bless me!

*[Starting.]*

*Dorus.* Fine doings indeed!

*[Cymon and Sylvia stand amaz'd and asham'd.]*

*Doril.* Your humble servant, modest madam Sylvia!

*Dam.* You are much improv'd by your new tutor:

*Dorus.* But I'll send her and her tutor where they shall earn better—I am contented at their assurance! Why don't you speak, culprits?

*Cym.*

*Cym.* We may be allam'd without guilt, to be watch'd and surpris'd by those who ought to be more allam'd at what they have done.

*Syl.* Be calm, Cymon; they mean us mischief.

*Cym.* But they can do us none;—fear them not, my shepherdess.

*Dorus.* Did you ever hear or see such an impudent couple? but I'll secure you from such intemperate doings.

*Dam.* Shall we seize them, your worship, and drag 'em to Urganda?

*Dorus.* Let me speak first with that shepherdess.

[*As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.*]

*Cym.* That shepherdess is not to be spoken with.

*Dorus.* Here's impudence in perfection! Do you know who I am, stripling?

*Cym.* I know you to be one who ought to observe the laws, and protect innocence; but, having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither do one or the other.

*Dorus.* I am astonish'd! What, are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of?

*Cym.* As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

*Dorus.* Seize them both this instant.

*Cym.* This is sooner said than done, governor.

[*As they approach on both sides to seize them, he snatches a staff from one of the shepherds, and beats them back.*]

*Dorus.* Fall on him, but don't kill him, for it must make an example of him.

*Cym.* In this cause I am myself an army. See how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

#### A. I. R.

Come on, come on,

A thousand to one,

I dare you to come on.

Tho' unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong;

Has giv'n me a charm,

Will not suffer me to fall;

Has steel'd my heart, and new'd my arm,

To guard my precious all. [*Looking at Sylvia.*]

Come on, come on, &c. [*Exit.*]

Syl. O Merlin, now besiege him!

From their rage defend him.

[While Cymon drives off the party of shepherds on one side;

Dorus and his party surround Sylvia.]

Dorus. Away with her, away with her—

[Exit with Sylvia.]

Syl. Protect me, Merlin!—Cymon! Cymon!—where art thou, Cymon?

Dorus. Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting to mind his mistress; away with her to Urganda, away with her.

[They hurry her off.]

Enter Shepherds, running across, disordered, and beaten by Cymon.

Dam. [looking back.] 'Tis the devil of a fellow!—how he has laid about him!

[Exit.]

Doril. There is no way but this to avoid him.

[Exit.]

Enter Cymon, in confusion and out of breath.

I have conquered, my Sylvia!—Where art thou?—my life, my love, my valour, my all! What, gone!—torn from me!—then I am conquer'd, indeed!

He runs off and returns several times during the symphony of the following song.]

# A I R.

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?

To death they shall beat me,

To pieces shall tear me,

Before I'll forsake her!

Tho' fast bound in a spell,

By Urganda and hell,

I'll burst thro' their charms,

Seize my fair in my arms;

Then my valour shall prove,

No magic like virtue, like virtue and love.

SCENE, a Grotto.

Enter Urganda and Fatima.

Urg. [angry.] Yes!—no!—forbear this mockery—What can it mean?—I will not bear this trifling with my passion.—Fatima, my heart's upon the rack, and must not be sported with—Let me know the worst, and quickly—  
To

To conceal it from me, is not kindness, but the height of cruelty—Why don't you speak? [*Fatima shakes her head.*]  
Won't you speak?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Go on then.

*Fat.* No.

*Urg.* Will you say nothing but No?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Distracting, treacherous *Fatima*!—Have you seen my rival?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Thanks, dear *Fatima*! Well, now go on.

*Fat.* No.

*Urg.* This is not to be borne—Was *Cymon* with her?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Are they in love with each other?

*Fat.* Yes!

*Urg.* Where did you see my rival? [*Fatima sighs, shakes her head.*] False, unkind, obstinate *Fatima*!—Won't you tell me?

*Fat.* No.

*Urg.* You are brib'd to betray me!

*Fat.* No.

*Urg.* What, still yes and no?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* And not a single word more?

*Fat.* No.

*Urg.* Are you afraid of any body?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Are you not afraid of me too?

*Fat.* No.

*Urg.* Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me that.

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Very handsome?

*Fat.* Yes, yes.

*Urg.* How handsome? handsomer than I?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Handsomer than I?

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* Or you?

*Fat.* No, no.

*Urg.* How can you see me thus miserable, and not relieve me?—Have you no pity for me?

*Fat.* Yes!

[*Sighing.*

*Dor*



*Urg.* Convince me of it, and tell me all.

*Fat.* No!

[*Sighing.*

*Urg.* I shall go distracted!—Leave me.

*Fat.* Yes.

*Urg.* And dare not to come into my presence.

*Fat.* No.

[*Curtseys, and exit.*

*Urg.* [*alone.*] She has a spell upon her, or she could not do thus—Merlin's power has prevail'd—he has enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally disappointed—'Tis the completion of my misery.

*Enter Dorus.*

*Dorus.* May I presume to intrude upon my sovereign's contemplations?

*Urg.* Dare not approach my misery, or thou shalt partake of it.

*Dorus.* I am gone—and Sylvia shall go too. [*Going.*

*Urg.* Sylvia, said you? Where is she? where is she?—Speak, speak—and give me life or death.

*Dorus.* She is without, and attends your mighty will.

*Urg.* Then I am queen again!—Forgive me, Dorus—I was lost in thought—sunk in despair—I knew not what I said: But now I am raised again—Sylvia is safe?

*Dorus.* Yes, and I am safe too; which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

*Urg.* And Cymon—has he escaped?

*Dorus.* Yes, he has escaped from us; and, what is better, we have escaped from him.

*Urg.* Where is he?

*Dorus.* Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

*Urg.* Well, no matter—I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury! Let 'em prepare my victim instantly for death.

*Dorus.* For death! Is not that going too far?

*Urg.* Nothing is too far: She makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but her's can appease me. [*Dorus going.*] Stay, Dorus—I have a richer revenge;—she shall be shut up in the Black Tower till her beauties are destroy'd, and then I will present her to this ungrateful Cymon—Let her be brought before me—No reply, but obey.

*Dorus.* It is done—This is going too far.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit, shrugging up his shoulders.*

*Urg.* Yes, I will feast my eyes and ease my heart with this devoted Sylvia.

VOL. 3.

I

*Enter*

*Enter Sylvia, Dorus, and Guards.*

*Urg.* Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dared to be the rival of Urganda?

*Syl.* I am no wretch, but the happy maid who am possess'd of the affections of Cymon, and with them have nothing to hope or fear.

*Urg.* Thou vain, rash creature!—I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy.

*[Waves her wand, and the scene changes to the Black Tower.]*

*Syl.* I am still unmoved.

*[Smiling.]*

*Urg.* Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment wilt be closed in a tower, where thou shalt never see Cymon or any human being more.

*Syl.* While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about me, to scorn your power, or, what is more, your cruelty.

*Urg.* Open the gates, and inclose her insolence for ever.

*Syl.* I am ready.

*[Smiling at Urganda.]*

A I R.

Tho' various deaths surround me,

No terrors can confound me;

Protected from above,

I glory in my love!

Against thy cruel might,

And in this dreadful hour,

I have a sure defence;

'Tis innocence!

That heav'nly right,

To smile on guilty pow'r!

*Urg.* Let me no more be tormented with her; I cannot bear to hear or see her.—Close her in the tower for ever!

—*[They put Sylvia in the tower.]*—Now let Merlin release you if he can.

*[Exultingly.]*

*[It thunders, and Merlin appears: All shrink and run off, except Urganda, who is struck with terror.]*

*Mer.* Still shall my power your arts confound;

And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

*[Urganda waves her wand.]*

*Mer.* Ha, ha, ha!—your power is gone.

*Urg.* I am all terror and shame.—In vain I wave this wand—I feel my power is gone, yet I still retain my passions—My misery is complete!

*Mer.* It is indeed! No power, no happiness, were superior

tior to thine till you sunk them by falsehood——You now find, but too late, that there is no magic like virtue.

*Urg.* Then I am lost indeed !

*Mer.* From the moment you wrong'd me and yourself, I became their protector—I counteracted all your schemes—I continued Cymon in his state of ignorance till he was cured by Sylvia, whom I convey'd here for that purpose ; that shepherdess is a princess equal to Cymon—They have obtain'd by their virtues the throne of Arcadia, which you have lost by——But I have done ; I see your repentance, and my anger melts into pity.

*Urg.* Pity me not—I am undeserving of it—I have been cruel and faithless, and ought to be wretched——Thus I destroy the small remains of my sovereignty. [*Breaks her wand.*] May power, basely exerted, be ever thus broken and dispersed !

[*Throws it from her.*]

Forgive my errors, and forget my name ;  
O drive me hence with penitence and shame !  
From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly ;  
Beholding them, my shame can never die.

[*Exit Urganda.*]

*Mer.* Falsehood is punish'd, virtue rewarded, and Arcadia made happy.

[*Merlin waves his wand, and the scene changes to a beautiful transparent temple.*]

*Enter the Arcadian Shepherds, with Dorus and Linco at their head ; Damon and Dorilas, with their Shepherdesses, &c. Merlin joins the hands of Cymon and Sylvia, and then speaks the following lines :*

Now join your hands, whose hearts were join'd before,  
This union shall Arcadia's peace restore :  
When virtues such as these adorn a throne,  
The people make their sovereign's bliss their own ;  
Their joys, their virtues, shall each subject share,  
And all the land reflect the royal pair !

[*Exit Merlin.*]

[*Cymon, Sylvia, and Merlin, retire to the Knights ; while Linco calls the Shepherds about him.*]

*Lin.* My good neighbours and friends, (for now I am not ashamed to call you so) your deputy Linco has but a short charge to give you—As we have turn'd over a new, fair leaf, let us never look back to our past blots and errors.

*Dorus.* No more we will, Linco—No retrospection.

*Lin.* I meant to oblige your worship in the proposition ;

I shall ever be a good subject, [*bowing to Cymon and Sylvia*] and your friend and obedient deputy. Let us have a hundred marriages directly; and no more inconstancy, jealousy, or coquetry, from this day—The best purifier of the blood is mirth, with a few grains of wisdom—We will take it every day, neighbours, as the best preservative against bad humours. Be merry and wise, according to the old proverb; and I defy the devil ever to get among you again: And, that we may be sure to get rid of him, let us drive him quite away with a little more singing and dancing; for he hates mortally mirth and good-fellowship.

A I R.

*Dam.* Each shepherd again shall be constant and kind,  
And ev'ry stray'd heart shall each shepherdess find.

*Syl.* If faithful our shepherds, we always are true;  
Our faith and our falsehood we borrow from you.

*Chorus.* Happy Arcadians still shall be;  
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

*Lin.* The bliss of your heart no rude care shall molest,  
While innocent mirth is your bosom's sweet guest:  
Of that happy pair let us worthy be seen—  
Love, honour, and copy your king and your queen.

*Cho.* Happy, &c.

*Syl.* Let love, peace, and joy, still be seen hand in hand,  
To dance on this turf, and again bless the land.

*Cym.* Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their store,  
For Cymon with Sylvia can wish nothing more.

*Both.* Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their store.

*He.* For Cymon with Sylvia }  
*She.* For Sylvia with Cymon } can wish nothing more.

*Cho.* Happy Arcadians still shall be;  
Ever happy while virtuous and free.



# E P I L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs ABINGTON, in the original Piece.

*Enter, peeping in at the stage-door.*

IS the stage clear?—Bless me!—I've such a dread!  
 It seems enchanted ground where'er I tread. [*Coming forward.*  
 What noise was that?—Hush—'twas a false alarm—  
 I'm sure there's no one here will do me harm :  
 Amongst you can't be found a single knight  
 Who would not do an injur'd damiel right.  
 Well, heav'n be prais'd, I'm out of magic reach,  
 And have once more regain'd the pow'r of speech :  
 Ay, and I'll use it—for it must appear  
 That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear—  
 There's not a female here but shar'd my woe,  
 Tied down to *yes*, or still more hateful *no*.  
 No is expressive—but I must confess,  
 If rightly question'd, I'd use only *yes*.

In Merlin's walk this broken wand I found.

*[Shewing a broken wand.]*

Which to *two words* my speaking organs bound.  
 Suppose upon the town I try his spell—  
 Ladies, don't stir—you use your tongue too well.  
 How tranquil every place, when, by my skill,  
 Folly is mute, and even slander still :  
 Old gossips speechless—Bloods would breed no riot,  
 And all the tongues at Jonathan's lie quiet :  
 Each grave profession must new-bush the wig ;  
 Nothing to say, 'twere needless they look big.  
 The rev'rend Doctor might the change endure ;  
 He would sit still, and have his sinecure :  
 Nor could Great Folks much hardship undergo ;  
 They do their bus'ness with an *ay* or *no*—  
 But come, I only jok'd—dismiss your fear ;  
 Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not use it here.  
 I'll only keep my magic as a guard  
 To awe each critic who attacks our bard.  
 I see some malcontents their fingers biting,  
 Snarling, " The ancients never knew such writing—  
 " The drama's lost—the managers exhaust us  
 " With op'ras, monkies, Mab, and Dr Faustus."  
 Dread Sirs, a word—The public taste is fickle :  
 All palates in their turn we strive to tickle :  
 Our cat'ers vary; and you'll own at least,  
 It is variety that makes the feast.  
 If this fair circle smile, and the gods thunder,  
 I with this wand will keep the critics under.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

BY MR. THOMAS BURRIDGE

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# T H E BRAVE IRISHMAN.

BY MR THOMAS SHERIDAN.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Captain O' Blunder,</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>Edinburgh.</i> Mr Kennedy.
<i>Tradewell, a merchant</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Salmon.
<i>Cheatwell,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Davenport.
<i>Sconce,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Keasberry.
<i>Sergeant,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Lancashire.
<i>Dr Clyster,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Wright.
<i>Dr Gallypot,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Stamper.
<i>Monsieur Ragou,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Heyman.

### W O M E N.

<i>Lucy, daughter to Tradewell</i>	-	-	-	Miss Wells.
<i>Betty,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Hamilton.

*Mou, Keepers, &c.*

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

*Enter LUCY and BETTY.*

LUCY.

'TIS not the marriage, but the man, we hate ;

'Tis there we reason and debate ;

For, give us but the man we love,

We're sure the marriage to approve.

Well, this barbarous will of parents is a great drawback on the inclinations of young people.

*Betty.* Indeed, and so it is, *Mem.* For my part, I'm no heiress, and therefore at my own disposal ; and if I was under the restraint of the act, and kept from men, I would run to seed, so I would.—But la ! *Mem,* I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believes that I saw your Irish lover

the captain; and I conceits it was he, and no other, so I do;—and I saw him go into the blue postices, so I did.

*Lucy.* My Irish lover, Miss Pert! I never so much as saw his face in all my born days, but I hear he's a strange animal of a brute.—Pray, had he his wings on? I suppose they saved him in his passage.

*Betty.* Oh! Mem, you mistakes the Irishmen. I am told they are as gentle as doves to our sex, with as much politeness and sincerity as if born in our own country.

*Enter Cheatwell.*

*Cheat.* Miss, your most humble and obedient—I come to acquaint you of our danger; our common enemy is just imported hither, and is enquiring for your father's house thro' every street.—The Irish captain, in short, is come to London. Such a figure! and so attended by the rabble!

*Lucy.* I long to see him; and Irishmen, I hear, are not so despicable; besides, the captain may be misrepresented. [*Aside.*] Well, you know my father's design is to have as many suitors as he can, in order to have a choice of them all.

*Cheat.* I have nothing but your prepossession and sincerity to depend on. O, here's my trusty Mercury.

*Enter Sconce.*

Well Sconce, have you dogged the captain?

*Sconce.* Yes, yes. I left him snug in the Blue Posts, devouring a large dish of potatoes and half a surloin of beef for his breakfast. He's just pat to our purpose; easily humm'd, as simple and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

*Cheat.* Propose, why to drive him back to his native bogs as fast as possible.

*Lucy.* Oh! Mr Cheatwell—pray let's have a fight of the creature.

*Cheat.* Oh! female curiosity—Why, child, he'd frighten thee;—he's above six feet high.

*Sconce.* A great huge back and shoulders—wears a great long sword, which he calls his *sweetlips*.

*Lucy.* I hear the Irish are naturally brave.

*Sconce.* And carries a large oaken cudgel, which he calls his *shillela*.

*Lucy.* Which he can make use of on occasions, I suppose.

*Sconce.* Add to this a great pair of Jack-boots, a Cumberland

[*Aside.*

berland



berland pinch to his hat, an old red coat, and a damn'd potatoe-face.

*Lucy.* He must be worth seeing, truly.

*Cheat.* Well, my dear girl, be constant, with me success; for I shall so hum, so roast, and so banter this same Irish captain, that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven years to come.

*Lucy.* About it—Adieu—I hear my father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Captain O'Blunder and Sergeant.*

*Capt.* Tho' I will be dying,  
For captain O'Brien,  
In the county of Kerry;  
Tho' I would be sad,  
I'll be very glad  
That you will be merry.

Upon my shoul, this London is a pretty sort of a plaash enough. And so you tells me, Chergeant, that Terence M'Gloodtery keeps a goon.

*Serg.* Yes, Sir.

*Capt.* Monomundioul! but when I go back to Ireland, if I catches any of these spalpeen brats keeping a goon, to destroy the shentleman's creation, but I will have 'em shot stone-dead first, and phipt thorrow the regiment afterwards.

*Serg.* You mean that they shall be whipped first, and then shot.

*Capt.* Well, ishn't it the same thing? Phat the devil magnifies that? 'Tis but phipping and shooting all the time; 'tis the same thing in the end sure, after all your cunning; but still you'll be awiseacre. Monomundioul, there ishn't one of these spalpeens that has a cabbin upon a mountain, with a bit of a potatoe-garden at the back of it, but will be keeping a goon; but that damn'd M'Gloodtery is an old poacher, he shoots all the rabbits in the country to stock his own burrough with—But Chergeant, don't you think he'll have a fine time on't that comes after me to Ballyshans Duff.

*Serg.* Why, Sir?

*Capt.* Why, don't you remember that I left an empty hogthead half full of oats there?

*Serg.* You mean, Sir, that you left it half full, and it is empty by this time.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Phat magnifies that, you fool? 'tis all the same thing, sure. But d'ye hear, Chergeant, stop and enquire for Mr Tradwell's the merchant,—at the sign of the—Oh! Cangrane, that's not it, but it was next door—Arrah, go ask phat sign my cousin Tradwell lives at next door to it.

*Enter a Mob, who stare and laugh at him.*

1 *Mob.* Twig his boots.

2 *Mob.* Smoke his sword, &c. &c.

*Capt.* Well, you scoundrels, you sons of whores, did you never see an Irish sgentleman before?

*Enter Sconce.*

*Sconce.* O fie, gentlemen! are you not ashamed to mock a stranger after this rude manner?

*Capt.* This is a shivil short of a little fellow enough.

*Sconce.* If he is an Irishman, you may see by his dress and behaviour that he is a gentleman. [Aside.]

*Capt.* Yesh, you shons of whores, don't you see by my dress that I am a sgentleman? And if I have not better clothes on now, phat magnifies that? sure I can have them tomorrow. By my shoul, if I take my shillela to you, you skip like a dead falmon.

Oh, for shame, gentlemen, go about your business. The first man that offers an insult to him, I shall take it as an affront to myself. [Mob exeunt.]

*Capt.* [to Sconce.] Shir, your humble servant; you seem to be a shivil, mannerly kind of a gentleman, and I shall be glad to be gratified with your nearer acquaintance.

*Sconce.* [Salute.] Nay, Sir, what part of England come you from?

*Capt.* The devil a part of England am I from, my dear; I am an Irishman.

*Sconce.* An Irishman! Sir, I should not suspect that; you have not the least bit of the brogue about you.

*Capt.* Brogue! No, my dear; I always wear shoes, only now and then when I have boots on.

*Enter Cheatwell.*

*Cheat.* Captain O'Blunder! Sir, you're extremely welcome to London—Sir, I'm your most sincere friend, and devoted humble servant.

*Capt.* Arra then! how well every body knows me in London—to be sure they have read of my name in the newspapers,

newspapers, and they know my faash ever since—Shir, I'm  
our most engaging conversation. [*salute.*]

*Cheat.* And, Captain, tell us how long are you arrived!

*Capt.* Upon my shoul, I'm just now come into London.

*Cheat.* I hope you had a good passage.

*Capt.* Passage d'ye call it? Devil split it for a passage.  
By my shoul, my own bones are shore after it—We were  
in the devil's own turnpike for eight-and-forty hours; to  
be sure, we were all in a comical pickle.—I'll tell you,  
my dear: We were brought down from Rings-end in the  
little young ship to the Pool-phieg, and then put into the  
great ship—the horse—ay, ay—the Race-horse they call'd  
it. But I believe, my dear, it was the devil's own post-  
horse; for I was no sooner got into the little room down  
stairs, by the corner of the hill of Hoath, but I was taken  
with such a head-ach in my stomach, that I thought my  
guts would come out upon the floor; so, my dear, I call'd  
out to the landlord, the captain they call him, to stop the  
ship while I did die and say my prayers: So, my dear,  
there was a great noise above; I run up to see what was  
the matter.—Oh hone, my dear, in one minute's time there  
wasn't a sheet or blanket but phat was haul'd up to the top  
of the house—Oh, kingrann, says I, turn her about and  
let us go home again; but, my dear, he took no more no-  
tice of me than if I was one of the spalpeens below in the  
cellar going over to reap in harvest.

*Cheat.* No, Captain?—the unmannerly fellow! And  
what brought you to London, Captain?

*Capt.* Fait, my dear jewel, the stage-coach; I sail'd in  
it from Chester.

*Cheat.* I mean what business?

*Capt.* How damn'd inquisitive they are here! but I'll  
be as cunning as no man alive. [*Aside.*] By my shoul,  
my jewel, I am going over to Wirgiany to beat the French  
—they say they have driven our countrymen out of their  
plantations: By my shoul, my jewel, if our troops get  
vonse among them, we'll cut them all in pieces, and then  
bring them over prisoners of war besides.

*Cheat.* Indeed, Captain, you are come upon an honour-  
able expedition—But pray, how is the old gentleman your  
father? I hope you left him in good health?

*Capt.* Oh, by my shoul, he's very well, joy; for he's  
dead and buried these ten years.

*Cheat.* And the old gentleman your uncle?

*Capt.*

*Capt.* I don't believe you mean that uncle, for I never had one.

*Cheat.* No ! I'm sure—

*Capt.* O, I'll tell you who you mean ; you mean my chifter's husband ; you fool you, that's my brother in law—

*Cheat.* Ay, a handsome man—as proper a man—

*Capt.* Ha, ha, a handsome man ! Ay, for he's a damn'd crooked fellow ; he's bandy-shoulder'd, and has a hump on his nose, and a pair of huckle-backs upon his shins, if you call that handsome, ha, ha !

*Cheat.* And pray is that merry joking gentleman alive still—he that used to make us laugh so—Mr——Mr——A——

*Capt.* Phugh, I'll tell you who you mean ; you mean Sheela Shagnassy's husband, the parson.

*Cheat.* The very fame.

*Capt.* Oh, my dear jewel, he's as merry as he never was in his life. Phin I'm by, he's sometimes pretty smart upon me with his bumbuggs—But I told him at last, before Captain Flaharty, Miss Mulfinin, and Miss Owney Glasmogonogh—Hark ye, Mr parson, says I, by my shoul, you have no more wit than a goose. Oh hone ! he was struck at that, my dear, and hadn't a word in his cheek. Arra, my jewel, I'll tell you the whole story. We took a walk together ; it was a fine calm morning, considering the wind was very high ; so, my dear, the wind 'twas in our backs going, but by my shoul, as we came back, 'twas in our faash coming home ; and yet I could never persuade him that the wind was turn'd—

*Cheat.* Oh the fool !

*Capt.* Arra, so I told him, my jewel. Pugh, you great oaf, says I—if the wind blows in your back going, and blows in your faash coming, sure the wind is turn'd—No, if I was to preach, and to preach till last Patrick's day in the morning, I could not dissuade him that the wind was turn'd.

*Cheat.* He had not common sense—Well, and does the old church stand where it did ?

*Capt.* The old church—the devil a church I remember within ten miles of us—

*Cheat.* I'm sure there was an old building like a church or castle.

*Capt.* Phoo, my jewel, I know what you call a church—By



## THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

—By my shoul, 'tis old lame Will Hurly's mill you mean—the devil a church—indeed they say mass in it sometimes. Here, Terence, go to that son of a whore of a taylor, and see whether my cloaths be done or no.

[Exit Terence.]

*Cheat.* Sure I should know that sergeant of your's, his name is—

*Capt.* Wiseacre, my dear: He's the best recruiting-sergeant in all Ireland; and, my dear, he understands riding as well as no man alive; and he was manured to it from his cradle. I brought him over to see if I could get no preferment for him at all: If I could get him now to be a riding-master to a regiment of marines, he would be very well; for I gave him a word of advice myself. Hark ye, Terence, says I—

*Cheat.* Terence!

*Capt.* Ay, that's his name——Hark ye, Terence, says I, you have a long time lain under the computation of being a Papist; and if ever you come into the field of battle, it will be encumbered upon you, to stigmatize yourself like a shentleman; and I warrant, let him alone, I'll warrant he plays his part, if once they come to dry blows.

*Enter Sconce, with Monsieur Ragou. Talk apart.*

*Sconce.* Consider, Monsieur, he's your rival, and is come purely and with an intent to rob you of your mistress.

*Monf.* Is he? *Le fripon—le grand fripon! Parblieu! me no indure dat—Ici l'epée—my vat you call—my sword—Est bien assuré—me no suffer dat.*

*Sconce.* And he's the greatest of all cowards—tho' he carries that great swaggering broad-sword—Believe me, Monsieur, he would not fight a cat—he'd run away if you drew upon him.

*Monf.* *Etez vous bien assuré*, are you well assur'd, *mon ami*, dat he be de grand coward——*Eh bien—Vel ten—I vill have his blood—My heart go pit-a-pat, [aside.] Je n'ai pas le courage*, I have not de good courage.

*Sconce.* Tut, man, only affront him—go up to him.

*Monf.* Me shall shew him de bon address——*Helas—* [goes up to the Captain] *Monsieur le Capitaine, vous etes le grand fripon.*

*Capt.* Well, gelun a gud, have you any Irish?

*Monf.* Ireland! me be no such outlandish contre; you smell of de potatoe.

*Capt.* Do I?—By my shoul, I did not taast a pratty

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

since I left Ireland. May be he has a mind to put the front upon me?

[To Cheatwell.]

*Cheat.* It looks very like it, very like it, Captain.

*Capt.* Fait, my jewel, I don't know a more peaceable companion than sweet-lips here, [putting his hand to his sword]; but if he's provok'd, he's no slouch at it—Do you mean to front me, you French boogre?—Eh—

*Monf.* Affront—You be de Teague—de vile Irishman—de potatoe-face—Me no think it vort my while to notice you—*Allez vous en*—Get you gone, Sir—go about your business—go to your own hottontot contre.

*Capt.* Hot and trot! Oh ho, are you there? Take that, you French son of a whore. [Gives him a box on the ear.] Here, my dear, take my shillela. [Gives his cudgel to Cheatwell.]

*Sconce.* Draw, for he won't fight. [Aside to the Frenchman.]

*Monf.* He be de terrible countenance—he be fort enragé, devilish angry! Ala, Monsieur, me demand satisfaction.

[Draws.]

*Capt.* Come on, you soup-maigre. [They fight, Monsieur falls.] After that you are easy—Who smells of prat-ties now, you refugee son of a whore?—Affront an Irish shentleman! Ah, long life to my little sweet-lips, it never miss'd fire yet.

*Sconce.* The man is dead.

*Capt.* Is he?—Phat magnifies that?—I killed him in the fair duelling way.

*Cheat.* But, Captain, 'tis death by the law to duel in England; and this is not a safe place for you—I'm heartily sorry for this accident.

*Capt.* Arra, my jewel, they don't mind it in Ireland one trayneen.

*Cheat.* Come, Captain, safe's the word—the street will be soon alarmed—You can come to my house till the danger's over, and I will get you bail.

*Capt.* By my shoul, I believe 'tis the best way, for fear of the boners. So farewell, Mr Shatisfacts.

[Exeunt Cheatwell and Captain.]

*Sconce.* Are you dead, Monsieur?

*Monf.* Ay, quite dead, quite run thro' the body, begar; dead as a door-nail.

*Sconce.* Why, you have no wound; you are not hurt.

*Monf.* Am I not hurt, do you say?—Begar, I am glad  
he

he be gone. *Parbleu! il avoit de long rapier*—He be de terrible Irishman; 'tis vel me fall in time, or he make me fall so dat me never *refusciter*, never get up again. Get you into my scabbard; and if ever I draw you again, may de horse-pond be my portion; may I be drown'd in soup-maigre. Come, Monsieur, come along, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Mad-house.

*Enter Captain and Cheatwell.*

*Cheat.* This is my house; I'll go and get proper things for your accommodation; but you had best give me your sword, for fear of suspicion. [*Takes his sword and cudgel.*]  
[*Exit.*]

*Capt.* Ay, and take shillela too for fear of suspicion.

[*Sings*] Of all the fish in the sea,  
Herring is king,  
Huggermenany, &c.

[*Looks about.*] Fait, my cousin's house is a brave large place—'tis so big as a little town in Ireland—tho' 'tis not so very well furnished—but I suppose the maid was cleaning out the rooms—So—who are these now?—Some acquaintances of my cousin's, I suppose.

*Enter Dr Clyster and Dr Gallypot. Both salute the Captain.*

*Capt.* Shentlemens, being my friend's friend, I am your most humble sharvant—But where's my cousin?

*Clyst.* His cousin! What does he mean?

*Gally.* What should a madman mean? He's very far gone.

*Capt.* No, my dear, he's ouldy gone to see whether the fellow be dead that I kilt.

*Gally.* Sir, we come to treat you in a regular manner.

*Capt.* O dear shentlemen, 'tis too much trouble—You need not be over regular—A single joint of meat, and a good glass of ale, will be a very good treat, without any needlesse expence.

*Clyst.* Do you mind that symptom—the canine appetite?

*Capt.* Nine appetites—No, my jewel; I have an appetite like other people; a couple of pounds will serve me if I was ever so hungry—Phat the devil do you talk of nine appetites? do they think I'm a cat, that have as many stomachs as lives?

[*Aside.*]

*Gally.* He looks a little wild, brother.

*Capt.* Phat, are you brothers?

*Both.* Pray, Sir, be seated; we shall examine methodically into your case.

[*They sit—the Captain in the middle—they feel his pulse—he flares at them.*]

*Capt.* Phat the devil do you mean by taking me by the wrists? May be 'tis the fashion of compliment in London.

*Gally.* First, brother, let us examine the symptoms.

*Capt.* By my shoul, the fellows are fools.

*Clyst.* Pray, Sir, how do you rest?

*Capt.* In a good feather-bed, my jewel—and sometimes I take a nap in an arm-chair.

*Clyst.* But do you sleep sound?

*Capt.* Fait, my dear, I snore all night; and when I awake in the morning, I find myself fast asleep.

*Gally.* The cerebrum or cerebellum is affected.

*Capt.* The devil a Sir Abram or Bell either I mind.

*Gally.* How do you eat?

*Capt.* Width my mouth—How the devil should I eat, d'ye think?

*Clyst.* Pray, Sir, have you a good stomach? d'ye eat heartily?

*Capt.* Oh, my dear, I am no slouch at that; tho' a clumsy beef-steak, or the leg and arm of a turkey, with a griskin under the oster, would serve my turn.

*Gally.* Do you generally drink much?

*Capt.* Oh, my jewel, a couple of quarts of ale and porter would not choke me. But phat the devil magnifies so many questions about eating and drinking—If you have a mind to order any thing, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famished.

*Clyst.* I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and *secundum artem*.

*Capt.* *Secundum fartem*—I don't see any sign of treating at all. Arra, my jewel, send for a clumsy beef-steak, and don't trouble yourselves about my stomach.

*Clyst.* I shall give you my opinion concerning this case—Brother, Galen says—

*Capt.* Well, Gelun agud?

*Clyst.* I say, that Galen is of opinion, that in all adult complexions—

*Capt.* Well, and who the devil has a dusty complexion?

*Clyst.* A little patience, Sir.

*Capt.* I think I have a great deal of patience—that people can't eat a morsel without so many impertinent questions.

*Clyst.*



## THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

*Clyst.* *Qui habet vultum adustum,  
Habet caninum gustum.*

*Capt.* I'm sure 'tis a damn'd ugly custom to keep a man fasting so long after pretending to treat him.

*Gally.* Ay, brother; but Hippocrates differs from Galen in this case.

*Capt.* Well, but, my jewels, let there be no difference nor falling out between brothers about me; for a small matter will sherve my turn.

*Clyst.* Sir, you break the thread of our discourse. I was observing, that in gloomy, opaque habits, the rigidity of the solids causes a continual friction in the fluids, which, by being constantly impeded, grow thick and glutinous; by which means, they cannot enter the capillary vessels, nor the other finer ramifications of the nerves.

*Gally.* Then, brother, from your position, it will be deducible, that the *primæ viæ* are first to be cleared, which must be effected by frequent emetics.

*Clyst.* Sudorifics.

*Gally.* Cathartics.

*Clyst.* Pneumatics.

*Gally.* Restoratives.

*Clyst.* Corrosives.

*Gally.* Narcotics.

*Clyst.* Cephalics.

*Gally.* Pectorals.

*Clyst.* Styptics.

*Gally.* Specifics.

*Clyst.* Caustics.

*Capt.* I suppose these are some of the dishes they are to treat me with. How naturally they answer one another, like the parish-minister and the clerk!—By my shoul, jewels, this gibberish will never fill a man's belly.

*Clyst.* And thus, to speak *summam & articulatim*, or categorically to recapitulate the several remedies in the aggregate, the emetics will clear the first passages, and restore the viscera to their pristine tone, and regulate their peristaltic or vermicular motion; so that from the œsophagus to the rectum, I am for potent emetics.

*Gally.* And next for sudorifics; as they open the pores, or rather the porous continuity of the cutaneous dermis and epidermis, thence to convey the noxious and melancholy humours of the blood.

*Clyst.* With cathartics to purge him.

*Gally.* Pneumatics to scourge him.

*Clyst.* Narcotics to doze him.

*Gally.* Cephalics to pose him.

*Capt.* The devil of so many dishes I ever heard of in my life. Why, my jewels, there's no need for all this cookery. Upon my shoul this is to be a grand entertainment—Well, they'll have their own way.

*Clyst.* Suppose we use phlebotomy, and take from him thirty ounces of blood.

*Capt.* Flea my bottom, d'ye say?

*Gally.* Or, brother, suppose we use a clyster?

*Capt.* Upon my shoul, I find now how it is: I was invited here to a feast, but it is like to be the backward way.

*Gally.* His eyes begin to roll—call the keepers.

*[Doctors call, and enter Keepers with chains.]*

*Capt.* Flea my bottom!—Oh, my andraferara and shil-lela, I want you now!—But here's a chair—Flea my bottom, ye sons of whores—ye gibberish scoundrels!

*[Takes up a chair, and knocks one of the Keepers down:]*

*Doctors run off.*

*Capt.* Oh this son of a whore of a cousin of mine, to bring me to these slaves to flea my bottom! If I meet him, I'll flea his bottom. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Sergeant.*

*Serg.* I have been seeking my master every where, and cannot find him; I hope nothing has happen'd to him:—I think that was one of the gentlemen I saw with him.

*Enter Sconce.*

*Serg.* Sir, Sir, pray did you see the Captain, my master? Captain O'Blunder, the Irish gentleman?

*Sconce.* Not I indeed, my friend—I left him last with Mr Cheatwell—I suppose they are taking a bottle—Oh no, here's the Captain.

*Enter the Captain running.*

*Capt.* Oh, my dear friend, I had like to be lost, to be ruined by that scoundrel my cousin; I ran away with my life from the thieves: But take care there is no doctor or clyster-pipes or divel-dums among ye.

*Sconce.* Why, what's the matter?

*Capt.* That's the thing, my dear—You know you left me at my cousin's house—Well, I walk'd about for some time;

time; to be sure, I thought it an odd sort of a house when I saw no furniture—there I expected my cousin every moment; and, my dear jewel, there came in two bird-lime sons of whores with great wigs—they look'd like conjurers and fortune-tellers—So, my dear, one sits down on this side of me, and t'other sits down on this side of me; and I being the turd person, they made me sit down in the middle—So one takes hold of one of my wrists, and the other catches hold of my other wrist, I thought by way of compliment; then they fell a-chattering gibberish, like a couple of old baboons; and all this discourse was conchearning me: They talk'd at first of treating me, and ask'd me if I had a good stomach—One of them said I had nine appetites—But at length, my jewels, what should come of the treat, but they agreed before my faash to flea my bottom—Oh, if I tell you a word of a lie, I'm not here—My dear, they call'd in the keepers to tie me—I up with the chair, for I had given my shillela and my andrefarara to my cousin—I knock'd one of them down on his tonneen, and runs out, and they after, crying out to the people in the street, Stop the madman, stop the madman—Oh hone, my jewel, the people took no notice of them, but ran away from me as if the devil had been in the inside of them: And so I made my escape; and here I am, my dear; and am very glad I have found you, my dear friend.

*Sconce.* I am sorry to see that your cousin has behaved so rudely towards you; but any thing that lies in my power—

*Capt.* Oh, Sir, you are a very worthy shentleman: But Chergeant, I must go to see my brother Tradewell the merchant and his fair daughter—Has the taylor brought home my cloaths?

*Serg.* Yes, Sir, and the old gentleman expects you immediately; he sent a man in livery for you.

*Capt.* Come, my good friend, I won't part with you—I'll step to my lodgings, and slip on my cloaths—that I may pay my due regards to my mistrefs. [Exit;

SCENE, a *Mad-house.*

*Enter* Cheatwell, Clyster, and Gallypot.

*Cheat.* I am sorry for this accident.

*Clyst.* In troth, Mr Cheatwell, he was the most furious madman that I ever met with during the whole course of my practice.

*Gally.* I'm now surpris'd how he sat so long quiet.

*Cheat.*

*Cheat.* He'll run riot about the streets; but I hope he'll be taken—Oh, here's Sconce.

*Enter Sconce.*

Well, what news of the Captain?

*Sconce.* I just ran to let you know of his motions; he is preparing to dress, in order to pay a visit to Miss Lucy, and to pay his respects to Tradewell—But I have worse news for you; 'tis whisper'd upon 'Change that Tradewell is broke.

*Cheat.* If it should fall out so, I shall easily resign my pretensions to the Captain. 'Twas Lucy's purse, and not her beauty, that I courted.

*Sconce.* I must run back to the Captain, and keep in with him to serve a turn: Do you at a distance watch us, and proceed accordingly. [Exit.]

*Cheat.* Well, gentlemen, I shall take care to acknowledge your trouble the first time I see you again. So adieu. [Exit.]  
[Doctors exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Captain's Lodgings.*

*Enter Captain and Sergeant.*

*Capt.* Arra, but who do you think I met yesterday full butt in the street, but Teady Shaghnaissy!

*Serg.* Well, and how is he?

*Capt.* Arra, stay, and I'll tell you; he wash at t'oder side of the way; and when I came up, it was not him.—But tell me, dosh my new regimentals become me?

*Serg.* Yes, indeed, Sir, I think they do.

*Capt.* This pocket is so high, I must be forced to stoop for my snuff-box.

*Enter Sconce.*

*Sconce.* Ha! upon my word, Captain, you look as spruce as a young bridegroom.

*Capt.* All in good time; and dosh it shitt easy?

*Sconce.* Easy, Sir! it fits you like a shirt.

*Capt.* I think 'tis a little too wide here in the sleeve; I'm afraid the fellow hasn't left cloth enough to take it in; tho' I can't blame him neither, for fait I was not by when he took the measure of me. Chergeant, here, take this sixpence-halfpenny, and buy me a pair of phite gloves.

*Serg.* Sir, I have been all about the town, and can't get a pair under two shillings.

*Capt.* Two tirteens!

*Serg.* Two tirteens, Sir.

*Capt.*



*Capt.* Two tirteens for a pair of gloves! monomundioul, but my hands shall go barefoot all the days of their lives before I'll give two tirteens for a pair of gloves—Come, come along; I'll go with 'em, my mistress will excuse it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Tradewell's House.

*Enter Tradewell and Lucy.*

*Trad.* Well, daughter, I have been examining into the circumstances of Cheatwell, and find he is not worth sixpence; and as for your French lover, he is some runaway dancing-master or hair-cutter from Paris: So that really, amongst them all, I cannot find any one comes up to your Irish lover, either for birth, fortune, or character.

*Lucy.* Sir, you're the best judge in disposing of me; and indeed I have no real tender for any one of them—as to the Irish Captain, I have not seen him yet.

*Trad.* You'll see him presently; I sent to his lodgings; and expect him every moment—Oh, here comes Monsieur.

*Enter Monsieur Ragou.*

*Trad.* Well, Monsieur, I have been trying my daughter's affections in regard to you; and as she is willing to be guided by me in this affair, I would willingly know by what visible means you intend to maintain her like a gentlewoman?

*Monf.* Me have de grand acquaintance with the *beau monde*; and, *si vous plaira*, if you sal please, Sir, to do me de honour of making me your son-in-law, me vill transact your negociations vid all possible *caré et belle air*.

*Enter Captain and Betty.*

*Trad.* You are welcome, Sir, to my house—this is my daughter—this, child, is Captain O'Blunder, whom I hope you will receive as he deserves.

*Capt.* Fairest of creatures, will you gratify me with a taste of your sweet delicate lips? [Kisses her.] By my shoul, a neat creature, and a good bagoorah girl; she's as fair as an image in Leislip, Egypt I mean—Phat's here? the little fellow that I kilt just now! 'pon my shoul, I have a pratty ready for him now.

*Monf.* *Oh le diable!*—he spy me now—me better go off vile I am vell.

*Capt.* [goes up to Monsieur] I tought, Monsieur Ragou, that you were ded: Do I smell of the pratty now, you soup-maigre son of a French boogre?

*Trad.*

*Trad.* The Captain has a mind to be merry with the Frenchman.

*Capt.* By my shoul, my jewel, I have got a pratty for you now; here, eat it—eat this.

*Monf.* Oh! *pardonnez moi*, pardon me, Sir; I cannot, begar.

*Capt.* Och ho! come out then, my little sweetlips! [*Draws.*] Eat that pratty this minute, or I'll run my sword up thro' your leg, and thro' your arms, and spit you up, and roast you like a goose, you tawny-faced son of a whore; sure 'tis better nor your garlic or ingyons in France. [*Monf. eats it.*]

*Enter a Servant to Tradewell.*

*Serv.* Oh, Sir—there are certain accounts come, that—But these letters will better inform you. [*Exit.*]

*Trad.* [*reads.*]—O Captâin, I'm ruin'd—undone—broke—

*Capt.* Broke! what have you broke?

*Trad.* Oh, Sir, my fortune's broke—I'm not a penny above a beggar.

*Monf.* Oh, den me be off de amour—Me have no dealings with beggars; me have too many of de beggar in my own contre; so me better slip away in good time. *Votre serviteur*—servant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Capt.* March, march, you son of a whore: Arra, get out.

*Trad.* Now, Captain, you see I have not conceal'd my misfortune from you; so you are at liberty to choose a happier wife,—for my poor child is miserable.

*Capt.* I thought your ribs was broke. I am no surgeon; but if 'tis only a little money that broke you, give me this lady's lily-white hand, and I'll take her stark-naked, without a penny of money in her pocket, but the cloaths upon her back—and as far as a good estate in land and stock will go, I'll share it with her—and with yourself. Arra, never mind the tieves, my jewel—I'll break their necks before they shall break your little finger. Come, honey, I'll give you a song I made upon this dear creature.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,  
Abroad and at home, or alone in a throng,  
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.  
Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,  
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;

So

So strong is the flame in my bosom that glows,  
By St Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my cloaths.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

By my shoul, I'm afraid I shall die in my grave,  
Unless you'll comply, and poor Phelim will save;  
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,  
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,  
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll  
stride!

In a coach and six horses with my honey I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

*Enter Cheatwell.*

*Cheat.* Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this intrusion.

*Capt.* He! Phat's here! my friendly cousin, that bid  
the old conjurers flea my bottom!

*Cheat.* Sir I beg your pardon in particular, and hope  
you'll grant me it. Nothing but necessity was the cause  
of my ungentle behaviour.—This lady I had an esteem for;  
but since things have turn'd out as they have, my preten-  
sions are without foundation; therefore, Captain, I hope  
you'll look upon me in the light of an unfortunate rather  
than a bad man.

*Capt.* Fait, my dear cousin, since love is the cause of  
your mourning, I shall forgive you with all my heart.

[*Shake hands.*]

*Cheat.* Sir, I shall always esteem your friendship as an  
honour; and hope you'll look on me as a poor, unfortunate  
young fellow, that has not a shilling, nor the means of get-  
ting one, upon the face of the earth.

*Capt.* Oh! upon my shoul, then, cousin Cheatwell, I  
pity your condition with all my heart; and since things  
are so bad with you, if you'll take a trip with me to my  
Irish plantation along with my dear creature here, I'll give  
you 500l. to stock a farm upon my own estate at Bally-  
mascushlane in the county of Monaghan, and the barony of  
Coogalighly.—Fait, and here's Betty, a tight little girl;  
and since you cou'd not get the mistress, if you'll take up  
with the maid, my dear here shall give her a couple of hun-  
dreds to fortune her off.

*Betty.* Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you for get-  
ting

ting me a husband; if Mr Cheatwell has any tenders for me, I have a thousand pound left me as a legacy, which is at his service.

*Capt.* Arra, what's that, my dear! a servant-maid with a thousand pound!—by my shoul there is many a lady in my country, that goes to plays, and balls, and masquerades, that has not half the money, and scorns to make her own smock.

*Cheat.* I should be blind to my own interest not to accept of such valuable proposals, and with gratitude take your hand, promising for the future to lead a life which shall be a credit both to myself and benefactor.

*Capt.* Well then, without compliment, I am glad I have made one poor man happy; and since we have made a double match, hey for Ireland, where we will live like Irish kings.

*Lucy.* This generosity amazes me, and greatly prejudices me in the honesty and goodness of the Irish.

*Capt.* Oagh my dear little charmer, I've another song just *à propos*.

Of all the husbands living, an Irishman's the best,  
With my fal, lal, &c.

No nation on the globe like him can stand the test,  
With my fal, lal, &c.

The English they are drones, as plainly you may see;  
But we're all brisk and airy, and lively as a bee.

With my fal, lal, &c.



THE  
GUARDIAN.

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Mr Heartly, the Guardian,</i>	—	—	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Sir Charles Clackit,</i>	—	—	<i>Mr Garrick.</i>
<i>Mr Clackit, his Nephew,</i>	—	—	<i>Mr Yates.</i>
<i>Servant.</i>	—	—	<i>Mr O'Brien.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Miss Harriet, an Heiress,</i>	—	—	<i>Miss Pritchard.</i>
<i>Lucy, the Maid,</i>	—	—	<i>Mrs Clive.</i>

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A C T I.

SCENE, a Hall in Mr Heartly's House.

*Enter Sir Charles Clackit, his Nephew, and Servant.*

SERVANT.

PLEASE to walk this way, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Where is your master, friend?

*Ser.* In his dressing-room, Sir.

*T. Cla.* Let him know then——

*Sir Cha.* Prithee be quiet, Jack; when I am in company, let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

*T. Cla.* I am dumb, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Tell Mr Heartly, his friend and neighbour Sir Charles Clackit would say three words to him.

*Ser.* I shall, Sir——

[*Exit.*

*Sir Cha.* Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you.——Why don't you speak?

Vol. 3.

1.

*T. Cla.*

*Y. Cla.* Is it proper and decent, uncle?

*Sir Cha.* Pshaw! don't be a fool—but answer me—Don't you flatter yourself—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you? The young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid you are no exception to the general rule.

*Y. Cla.* Thank you, uncle—But may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you upon a false scent to expose you, for all the fine women in Christendom.—I assure you again and again, and you may take my word, uncle, that Miss Harriet has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay.—vanity!—vanity!—but I never take a young fellow's word about women; they'll lie as fast, and with as little conscience, as the Brussels Gazette.—Produce your proofs.

*Y. Cla.* Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em?

*Sir Cha.* Why, I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs.—Have you no better proofs?

*Y. Cla.* Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

*Sir Cha.* Out with them then.

*Y. Cla.* First then—Whenever I see her, she never looks at me: That's a sign of love.—Whenever I speak to her, she never answers me:—Another sign of love.—And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy—That's a certain sign of love.

*Sir Cha.* The devil it is!

*Y. Cla.* When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—"Why will you leave me, Mr Clackit? can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness?—Stay, you agreeable runaway, stay, I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me."—I could say more—But a man of honour, uncle—

*Sir Cha.* What, and has she said all these things to you?

*Y. Cla.* O yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

*Sir Cha.* With her eyes!—Eyes are very equivocal, Jack.—However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

*Y. Cla.*

[Snapping his finger.

*T. Cla.* Nay, but my dear uncle——

[Putting him out.

[Exit.

*Enter Mr Heartly.*

Hea. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

*Hea.* Ease and tranquility keep me as you see.

*Hea.* For me? You are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than  
once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would  
quit you.

*Sir Cha.* But indeed you are a little too much of the philosopher, to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

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'passions nor events.'—It is not because I have a little philosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles, that I desire to be excused. [*Smiling*]

*Sir Cha.* As you please, Sir;—and now to my business.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself—Ha! ha! ha!

*Hea.* Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding-school, and brought her home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with her own inclination.

*Sir Cha.* Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

*Hea.* He did so—and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her—for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging.—In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

*Sir Cha.* No, no, she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of.

*Hea.* What, pray, Sir Charles?

*Sir Cha.* My nephew, Mr Heartly——

*Enter Young Clackit.*

*Y. Cla.* Here I am, at your service, Sir.—My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment—Miss Harriet, Sir,—your ward—

*Sir Cha.* Get away, you puppy!

*Y. Cla.* Miss Harriet, Sir, your ward—a most accomplished young lady, to be sure——

*Sir Cha.* Thou art a most accomplish'd coxcomb, to be sure.

*Hea.* Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

*Y. Cla.* You'll excuse me, Mr Heartly—My uncle does not set up for an orator—a little confused, or so, Sir—You see me what I am—But I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself.—We are young, Sir—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you—But my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry, and therefore I shall say no more at present.

*Sir Cha.*



*Sir Cha.* If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden, till I call you.—

*Y. Gls.* I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-a-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle.—You command—I submit.—Mr Heartly, your's.

[*Exit Young Clackit.*]

*Sir Cha.* Puppy! [*aside.*]—My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr Heartly, as you see; and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: But indeed he has in a manner persuaded me, that your ward and he are not ill together.

*Hea.* Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis human nature, neighbour.—We are so ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly hide it from ourselves.—But will you mention my nephew to her?

*Hea.* I must beg your pardon, Sir Charles.—The name of the gentleman whom she chooses, must first come from herself.—My advice or importunity shall never influence her: If guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage, can't be bought too dear.—I am still on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* No, no—You are right, neighbour.—But here she is.—Don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you.—Upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

[*Enter Miss Harriet and Lucy.*]

*Har.* He is with company—I'll speak to him another time. [*Retiring.*]

*Luc.* Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen!—You are very particular, Miss.

*Hea.* Miss Harriet, you must not go.—[*Harriet returns.*] Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady.—[*Introduces her.*] You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me? [*To Harriet.*]

*Har.* Sir! [*Confused.*]

*Hea.* You may trust me, my dear [*smiling.*]—Don't be disturb'd, I shall not reproach you with any thing but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

*Har.* — Upon me word, Sir.—Lucy!

*Luc.* Well, and Lucy!—I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage—Is that such a dreadful thing?—Oh, for shame, madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frighten'd at such things now-a-days.

*Hea. to Cha.* We have gone too far, Sir Charles.—We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover.—I had better talk with her alone: We will leave her now.—

Be persuaded that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

*Sir Cha.* I shall be obliged to you, Mr Heartly.—Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

*Hea.* You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

*Luc.* Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular; you was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married. What can be the meaning of all this?—That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

*Har.* Prithee don't plague me about Mr Clackit.

*Luc.* But why not, Miss? Tho' he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company: The trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptionous.

*Har.* But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

*Luc.* Without these faults! and is he young, Miss?

*Har.* He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and insolent affectation.

*Luc.* Upon my word! But why have you kept this secret so long? Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception.—What difficulties can you have to overcome?

*Har.* Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

*Luc.* Leave that to me, Miss: But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

*Har.* I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage.

age. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

*Luc.* I'll insure your life for a silver thimble. But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

*Har.* His excess of merit.

*Luc.* His excess of a fiddlestick!—But come, I'll put you in the way:—You shall trust me with the secret; I'll entrust it again to half-a-dozen friends; they shall entrust it to half-a-dozen more, by which means it will travel half the town over in a week's time; the gentleman will certainly hear of it; and then, if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding.—What is his name, Miss?

*Har.* I can't tell you his name—indeed I can't; I am afraid of being thought too singular: But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

*Luc.* By my faith, Miss, I can't understand you: You are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so. I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.—Come, come, Miss, open the window, and let the poor devil out.

*Enter Heartly.*

*Hea.* Leave us, Lucy.

*Luc.* There's something going forward—'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [Exit.]

*Hea.* She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [Aside.]

*Har.* What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it.

*Hea.* Don't you imagine, my dear, that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to enquire into every thing that concerns you.—Some friends have spoken to me in particular; but that is not all, I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed:—Be plain with me.—Has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

*Har.* I cannot deny it, Sir:—Yet, somebody indeed has

has pleased me—But I must intreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or enquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

*Hea.* But have you made a choice, my dear?

*Har.* I have, in my own mind, Sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better—Reason, honour, every thing must approve it.

*Hea.* And how long have you conceived this passion?

*Har.* Ever since I left the country—to live with you.

*Hea.* I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately—I am inform'd of the whole—

*Har.* Sir!

*Hea.* Don't be uneasy; for I can with pleasure assure you, that your passion is return'd with equal tenderness.

*Har.* If you are not deceived, I cannot be more happy.

*Hea.* I think I am not deceived. But, after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserved a little more confidence from you?

*Har.* You have indeed deserved it, and should certainly have it, were I not well assured that you would oppose my inclinations.

*Hea.* I oppose 'em! Am I then so unkind to you, my dear? Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you? I promise you that I have no will but yours.

*Har.* Since you desire it then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

*Hea.* I am all attention—Speak, my dear.

*Har.* And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

*Hea.* How can that be, when I shall agree with you in every thing?

*Har.* Indeed you won't:—Pray let me retire to my own chamber—I am not well, Sir.

*Hea.* I see your delicacy is hurt, my dear: But let me intreat you once more to confide in me. Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him and assure him that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

*Har.* You will easily find him—And when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first:—Persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation. I shall leave him with you—



ou—And hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer.

[*Harriet is going, but, upon seeing Y. Clackit, remains upon the stage.*]

*Hea.* Are we not alone? What can this mean? [*Aside.*]

*Y. Cla.* *A-propos* faith! here they are together.

*Hea.* I did not see him; but now the riddle's explain'd.

[*Aside.*]

*Har.* What can he want now? This is the most spiteful interruption—

[*Aside.*]

*Y. Cla.* By your leave, Mr Heartly.

[*Crosses him to go to Harriet.*]

—Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet?—Well, Mr Heartley, *sans facon*—But what's the matter, ho!—Things look a little gloomy here:—One mutters to himself, and gives me no answer; and the other turns the head, and winks at me.—How the devil am I to interpret all this?

*Har.* I wink at you, Sir! Did I, Sir?

*Y. Cla.* Yes, you, my angel—But mum—Mr Heartly, for heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

*Har.* What a dreadful situation I am in!

*Y. Cla.* Hope for the best;—I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

*Hea.* You have both of you great reason to be satisfied—Nothing shall oppose your happiness.

*Y. Cla.* Bravo, Mr Heartly!

*Hea.* Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, Sir—the friendship which I have ever profess'd for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

*Har.* I shall die with confusion!

[*Aside.*]

*Y. Cla.* I am alive again. Dear Mr Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!

*Hea.* Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.

[*Going.*]

*Har.* Mr Heartly—Pray, Sir!

*Hea.* Poor Miss Harriet, I see your distress, and am sorry

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ry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better. Mr Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time I shall be absent!—Poor Miss Harriet!

*Y. Cla.* *Allez, allez, Monsieur!*—I'll answer for that.—Well, ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes.—Be sincere, my adorable—Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

*Har.* I shall be most particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this?

*Y. Cla.* Inform you, Miss!—The matter, I believe, is pretty clear: Our friends have understanding—we have affections—and a marriage follows of course.

*Har.* Marriage, Sir! Pray what relation or particular connection is there between you and me, Sir?

*Y. Cla.* I may be deceiv'd faith; but upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little *inamoring* of inclination between us.

*Har.* And have you spoke to my guardian upon this supposition, Sir?

*Y. Cla.* And are you angry at it? I believe not. [*Smiling.*]—Come, come, I believe not.—'Tis delicate in you to be upon the reserve.

*Har.* Indeed, Sir, this behaviour of yours is most extraordinary.

*Y. Cla.* Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest too far, *è troppo, è troppo mia Carissima*. What the devil, when every thing is agreed upon, and uncles and guardians and such folks have given their consent, why continue the hypocrisy?

*Har.* They may have consented for you; but I am mistress of my affections, and will never dispose of 'em by proxy.

*Y. Cla.* Upon my soul, this is very droll:—What! has not your guardian been here this moment; and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

*Har.* He is in an error, Sir: And had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceiv'd him long before now.

*Y. Cla.* [*Humming a tune.*]—But, pray, Miss, to return to business—What can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

*Har.* Opposing my own inclinations, Sir?

*Y. Cla.* Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam.—Do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry?

*Har.*

Har. I would wish it, Sir;—for be assur'd, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

T. Cla. Words, words, words—

Har. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

T. Cla. Come, come, I know what I know.

Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr Clackit.

T. Cla. Don't make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

T. Cla. [*smiling*.] And you really believe that you don't love me?

Har. Positively not.

T. Cla. [*conceitedly*.] And you are very sure now, that you hate me?

Har. Oh! most cordially.

T. Cla. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Har. Then why won't you leave me?

T. Cla. —“*She never told her love,*

“*But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,*

“*Feed on her damask cheek.*”

Take warning, Miss, when you once begin to *pine in thought*, 'tis all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that, if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—Do you mind me? Not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you—*Coute qui coute*.

*Enter Heartly and Sir Charles.*

Sir Cha. I am overjoy'd to hear it:—There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Hea. I am willing, you see, to lose no time; which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Cha. The thought of it rejoices me:—Gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.—But hold, hold—The lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other: What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time.

T. Cla. A trifle, Sir—the lady will tell you—

[*Hums a tune.*]

Hea. You seem to be troubled, Harriet? What can this mean?

Har. You have been in an error, Sir, about me.—I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the  
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consequences could have been so serious and so sudden.—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—That you have distressed me.

*Hea.* How, my dear?

*Sir Cha.* What do you say, Miss?

*Y. Cla.* Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of humour, but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, ay—Oh, ho!—Is that all? These little squalls seldom overset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port—Ay, ay, ay.

*Hea.* Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion. Be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

*Y. Cla.* Talk to her a little, Mr Heartly; she is a fine lady, and has many virtues, but she does not know the world.

*Sir Cha.* Come, come, you must be friends again, my children.

*Har.* I beg you will let me alone, Sir.

*Hea.* For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

*Har.* I cannot, Sir. I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discover'd it to you, Sir—But your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me, that I have already said but too much. *[Exit.*

*Heartly muses.*

*Sir Cha.* Well, but hark ye, nephew—This is going a little too far. What have you done to her?

*Hea.* I never saw her so much moved before!

*Y. Cla.* Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be. The little *braville* between us arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant* between us.

*Sir Cha.* I'll tell you what, Jack; there is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of; and were I a young girl, those coxcomical airs of yours would surfeit me.

*Y. Cla.* But as the young ladies are not quite so squeamish as you, uncle, I fancy they will choose me as I am—Ha! ha!—But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her; is not that a proof sufficient that I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go such lengths to indulge it—Ha! ha!

*Sir Cha.*



*Sir Cha.* Why, really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more; or a lady desire more.—What say you, neighbour?

*Hea.* Upon my word, I am puzzled about it — My thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so confused — Every thing I see and hear is so contradictory — is so — She certainly cannot like any body else!

*T. Cla.* No, no, I'll answer for that.

*Hea.* Or she may be fearful then, that your passion for her is not sincere, or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage and neglect her.

*T. Cla.* Ha! Egad you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate sensibility. [Hums a tune.]

*Hea.* If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

*T. Cla.* *Je vous demande pardon* — I have sworn to her a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex. But there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an overfond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

*Hea.* And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. [Half aside.]

*Enter Lucy.*

*Luc.* Pray, gentlemen, what is the matter among you? And which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again — I can get nothing but sighs from her.

*T. Cla.* Poor thing!

*Luc.* Poor thing! The devil take this love, I say — There's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

*T. Cla.* I beg your pardon for that, Mrs Abigail.

*Hea.* I must enquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

*Luc.* She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that, when she has recover'd herself, she may talk with you alone, Sir. [To Heartly.]

*Hea.* I shall with pleasure attend her. [Exit Lucy.]

*T. Cla.* *Divin Bacchus*: La, la, la! [Sings.]

*Sir Cha.* I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you are, Jack!

*T. Cla.* And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle? — Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus*: La, la, la, &c. [Sings.]

*Sir Cha.* What the plague are you quavering at? Thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than my stick here.

*Y. Cla.* I beg your pardon for that, my dear uncle.

[*Takes out a pocket looking-glass.*]

*Sir Cha.* I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly!—Why, a fine woman has no effect upon 'em.—Is there no method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

*Hea.* I know but one, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, what's that?

*Hea.* Why to break all the looking-glasses in the kingdom.

[*Pointing to Y. Clackit.*]

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, there are such fops, so taken up with themselves!—Zounds, when I was young, and in love—

*Y. Cla.* You were a prodigious fine sight, to be sure.

*Hea.* Look'ye, Mr Clackit, if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated with neglect or disdain—Nor could I bear it, Sir.—Any man must be proud of her partiality to him; and he must be fashionably insensible indeed, who would not make it his darling care to defend from every inquietude the most delicate and tender of her sex.

*Sir Cha.* Most nobly and warmly said, Mr Heartly.—Go to her, nephew, directly—Throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

*Y. Cla.* I must desire to be excused.—Would you have me say the same thing over and over again?—I can't do it, positively.—It is my turn to be piqu'd now.

*Sir Cha.* Damn your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

*Hea.* I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, should bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought.—However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—Who waits there? [*Enter Servant.*] Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit Servant.*—Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay—We'll leave you to yourselves; and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincere-ly her very humble servants.

*Y. Cla.* O yes, you may depend upon me.

*Hea.* A very slender dependence truly. [*Aside and exit.*

*Y. Cla.* We'll be with you again to know what your tête-à-tête produces; and in the mean time I am her's,—and your's—Adieu—Come, uncle,—Fal, la, la, la!

*Sir Cha.* I could knock him down with pleasure. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Y. Clackit.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE, a Library.

*HEARTLY, speaking to a Servant.*

**T**ELL Miss Harriet, that I am here.—If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.

[*Exit Servant.*

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be decyphered—This young gentleman has certainly touch'd her—There are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way she certainly might have made a better choice: She has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion, that occasions all this confusion—But here she is.

*Enter Miss Harriet.*

*Har.* I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making any apology?

*Hea.* I am angry that you think an apology necessary. The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion, than I should have been with your excuses.—You'll pardon me, my dear.

*Har.* I have reflected, that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and therefore I would endeavour to answer all his objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

*Hea.* I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr Clackit:—I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible.—The law of nature is an imperious one, and cannot, like those of our country, be easily evaded; and though rea-

son may suggest some disagreeable reflections, yet when the stroke is to be given, we must submit to it.

*Har.* He still continues in his error, and I cannot deceive him. [*Aside.*]

*Hea.* Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear [*Taking her hand.*]—You tremble, Harriet!—What is the matter with you?

*Har.* Nothing, Sir—Pray go on.

*Hea.* I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness—You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are: And, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

*Har.* And would you advise me, Sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

*Hea.* I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

*Har.* If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of a declaration—Might I be permitted to write to him?

*Hea.* I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: And indeed you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

*Har.* Will you be kind enough to assist me?—Will you write it for me, Sir?

*Hea.* Oh most willingly!—And as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

*Har.* I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. [*Sighing.*]

*Hea.* And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your commands. [*Draws the table.*]

*Har.* Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go thro' it. [*Aside.*]

*Hea.* Now, my dear, I am ready. Don't be disturb'd. He is certainly a man of family; and tho' he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them.—Come; what shall I write? [*Preparing to write.*]

*Har.* Pray give me a moment's thought—'Tis a terrible task, Mr Heartly.

*Hea.*



Hea. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself:—I shall wait with patience.—Come, Miss Harriet.

Har. [*dictating.*] “It is in vain for me to conceal, from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart.”

Hea. “The secrets of my heart.”— [*Writing.*]

Har. “Tho' your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it”—

Hea. Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Har. Pray indulge me, Sir.

Hea. I beg your pardon.—“Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.” [*Writes.*] So.

Har. “Every thing tells you, that it is you that I love.”

Hea. Very well. [*Writes.*]

Har. Yes:—“You that I love”—Do you understand me?

Hea. O! yes, yes—I understand you—“that it is you that I love.”—This is very plain, my dear.

Har. I would have it so.—“And tho' I am already bound in gratitude to you”—

Hea. In gratitude to Mr Clackit?

Har. Pray write, Sir.

Hea. Well—“In gratitude to you” [*Writes.*]—I must write what she would have me. [*Aside.*]

Har. “Yet my passion is a most disinterested one.”—

Hea. “Most disinterested one.” [*Writes.*]

Har. “And to convince you that you owe much more to my affections”—

Hea. And what then?

Har. “I could wish that I had not experienced”—

Hea. Stay, stay—“had not experienced”— [*Writes.*]

Har. “Your tender care of me in my infancy.”—

Hea. [*disturbed.*] What did you say?—Did I hear right, or am I in a dream! [*Aside.*]

Har. Why have I declared myself?—He'll hate me for my folly. [*Aside.*]

Hea. Harriet!

Har. Sir!

Hea. To whom do you write this letter?

Har. To—to—Mr Clackit—is it not?

Hea. You must not mention then the care of your infancy; it would be ridiculous.

Har. It would indeed—I own it—it is improper.

*Hea.* What, did it escape you in your confusion?

*Har.* It did indeed.

*Hea.* What must I put in its place?

*Har.* Indeed I don't know—I have said more than enough to make myself understood.

*Hea.* Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

*Har.* Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

*Hea.* [*troubled.*] Ought to send it!—Who's there?—

[*Enter a Servant.*] Carry this letter.

[*An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending the letter.*]

—Is it not for Mr Clackit?

*Har.* [*peevishly.*] Who can it be for?

*Hea.* [*to the Servant.*] Here, take this letter to Mr Clackit. [*Gives the letter.*]

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Har.* What a terrible situation!

[*Aside.*]

*Hea.* I am thunderstruck!

[*Aside.*]

*Har.* I cannot speak another word.

[*Aside.*]

*Hea.* My prudence fails me!

[*Aside.*]

*Har.* He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy.* The conversation is over, and I may appear. [*Aside.*]—Sir Charles is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your determination. May he be permitted to see you?

*Hea.* [*aside.*] I must retire to conceal my weakness.

[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Upon my word this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, Miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

*Har.* What a contempt he must have for me to behave in this manner!

[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Extremely well this, and equally foolish on both sides!—But what can be the meaning of it?—Ho, ho—I think I have a glimmering at last—Suppose she should not like young Shatter-brains after all (and indeed she has never absolutely said she did) who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he finding her taste (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be.—What a shame it is that I don't know more of this

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this matter—a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be!—It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately.—[*Going.*] I will go directly to my young mistress; tease her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and, if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning—and go upon the stage. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Heartly.*

The more I reflect upon what has passed, the more I am convinced that she did not intend writing to this young fellow.—What am I to think of it then?—Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter.—Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, tho' alone, at my extravagant folly!—'Can it be possible that so young a creature should even cast a thought of that kind upon me!—upon me!—Presumptuous vanity!'—No, no—I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

Well, Mr Heartly, what are we to hope for?

*Hea.* Upon my word, Sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about indeed, but we don't get forward.

*Sir Cha.* What the devil is the meaning of all this!—There never were lovers so difficult to bring together.—But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? For as I pass'd by her but now, she seem'd a little out of humour; and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

*Hea.* Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

*Sir Cha.* 'Egad, like enough.—But hold, hold—this must be look'd a little into. If it is so, I would be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, Mr Heartly, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew? By the lord Harry—

*Hea.* In him a little vanity is excuseable.

*Sir Cha.*

*Sir Cha.* I am his vanity's humble servant for that tho'.

*Hea.* He is of an age, Sir Charles—

*Sir Cha.* Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

*Enter Lucy.*

*Luc.* I have it, I have it, gentlemen!—You need not puzzle any more about the matter—I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distressed lady.

*Sir Cha.* Well, and who? And what, child?

*Luc.* What, has not she told you, Sir? [*To Heartly.*]

*Hea.* Not directly.

*Luc.* So much the better.—What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world!—I pres'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

*Sir Cha.* Well, what?

*Luc.* That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

*Sir Cha.* And I told the puppy so.

*Luc.* That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

*Sir Cha.* Indeed!

*Luc.* And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

*Hea.* This is very particular.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

*Luc.* In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

*Sir Cha.* Of me, child?

*Luc.* Yes, of you, Sir—And she did not say me nay; but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh—that, if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

*Sir Cha.* What the devil!—Why surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain.—Mr Heartly!—Eh!

*Luc.* Indeed I do not, Sir.—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing cou'd be so ridiculous as such a choice.—Nay, Sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me) and told her—Good God, madam, said I, why, he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic.—It signified nothing, she had determined.—

*Sir Cha.*



*Sir Cha.* But you need not have told her all that.

*Hea.* I am persuaded, Sir Charles, that a good heart and a good mind will prevail more with that young lady, than the more fashionable accomplishments.

*Sir Cha.* I'll tell you what, neighbour, I have had my days, and have been well receiv'd among the ladies, I have — But in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again — it can't be me. — No, no, it can't be me.

*Luc.* But I tell you it is, Sir. — You are the man — Her stars have decreed it; and what they decree, tho' ever so ridiculous, must come to pass. —

*Sir Cha.* Say you so? — Why then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you — Ha, ha, ha! The tid-bit is not for you, my niece Sir — Your betters must be serv'd before you. — But here he comes. — Not a word for your life. — We'll laugh at him most triumphantly — Ha, ha! but mum, mum.

*Enter Y. Clackit.* [*Music plays without.*]

*Y. Cla.* That will do most divinely well. — Bravo, bravo, Messieurs Vocal and Instrumental! — Stay in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. [*To the musicians.*] Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. [*To Hearty.*

*Sir Cha.* Do you hear the puppy?

[*To Lucy.*

*Hea.* It is time to clear up all mistakes.

*Sir Cha.* Now for it.

*Hea.* Miss Harriet, Sir, was not destin'd for you.

*Y. Cla.* What do you say, Sir?

*Hea.* That the young lady has fix'd her affections upon another.

*Y. Cla.* Upon another?

*Sir Cha.* Yes, Sir, *another*: — That is English, Sir, and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

*Y. Cla.* *Vous êtes bien drole, mon oncle.* — Ha, ha!

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, shew your teeth, you have nothing else for it — But she has fix'd her heart upon another, I tell you.

*Y. Cla.* Very well, Sir, extremely well.

*Sir Cha.* And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

*Y. Cla.* I am his most respectful humble servant.

*Sir Cha.*

*Sir Cha.* You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of Muscovy.

*T. Cla.* [*smiling.*] But my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far—I shall begin to be uneasy.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, I know your vanity: You think now that the women are all for you young fellows.—

*T. Cla.* Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle: Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Cha.* You'll make a damn'd foolish figure bye-and-bye, Jack.

*T. Cla.* Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. [*Searching his pocket.*]

*Sir Cha.* Well, what's that?

*T. Cla.* A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle—A letter from the lady. [*Takes it out of his pocket.*]

*Sir Cha.* What, to you?

*T. Cla.* To me, Sir—This moment receiv'd, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

*Sir Cha.* To you?

*T. Cla.* Most undoubtedly.—She reproaches me with my excessive modesty.—There can be no mistake.

*Sir Cha.* What letter is this he chatters about?

[*To Heartly.*]

*Hea.* One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

*Sir Cha.* What! sent by her to him?

*Hea.* I believe so.

*Sir Cha.* Well, but then—How the devil—Mrs Lucy!—Eh!—What becomes of your fine story?

*Luc.* I don't understand it.

*Sir Cha.*—Nor I!

*Hea.* [*hesitating.*] Nor—I—

*T. Cla.* But I do,—and so you will all presently.—Well, my dear uncle, what! are you astonished, petrified, annihilated?

*Sir Cha.* With your impudence, Jack!—But I'll see it out.

*Enter Miss Harriet.*

*Hea.* Bless me, Mr Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

*T. Cla.*

*Y. Cla.* I brought the gentlemen of the string, Mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought, the honour you have done me—[*showing the letter.*] But for Heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good folks: They tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself; and for the soul of me, I don't know how to believe them.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Cha.* Let us hear Miss speak.

*Har.* It is a most terrible task; but I am compell'd to it, and to hesitate any longer wou'd be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character.

*Y. Cla.* Most judicious, upon my soul.

*Sir Cha.* Hold your tongue, Jack.

*Y. Cla.* I am dumb.

*Har.* You have all been in an error.—My bashfulness may have deceived you—My heart never did.

*Y. Cla.* *C'est vrai.*

*Har.* Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement:—But at the same time must confess—

*Y. Cla.* Ho—ho!—

*Har.* With fear and shame confess—

*Y. Cla.* *Courage, Mademoiselle!*

*Har.* That another, not you, Sir, has gain'd a power over my heart.—

[*To Y. Clackit.*]

*Sir Cha.* Another, not you; mind that, Jack. Ha! ha!

*Har.* It is a power indeed which he despises.—I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Modesty may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

*Sir Cha.* How prettily she reproaches me!—But I'll soon make it up with her.

*Har.* As to that letter, Sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable.—But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you.

[*To Y. Clackit.*]

*Sir Cha.* Proof positive, Jack:—Say no more.—Now is my time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man

of

of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

*T. Cla.* O *Misericorde!* What, is my uncle my rival! Nay then I shall burst, by Jupiter!—Ha! ha! ha!

*Har.* Don't imagine, Sir, that to me your age is any fault.

*Sir Cha.* [*Boozing.*] You are very obliging, madam.

*Har.* Neither is it, Sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

*Sir Cha.* How is this?

*T. Cla.* Another! not you—mind that, uncle.

*Luc.* What is the meaning of all this!

*T. Cla.* Proof positive, uncle—and very positive.

*Sir Cha.* I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—And so madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

*Hea.* What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

*T. Cla.* Ay, now for it.—Hear him—hear him.—

*Hea.* O my Harriet!—I too must be disgraced in my turn.—Can you think that I have seen and convers'd with you unmov'd!—Indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

*T. Cla.* So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

*Luc.* What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these tye-wigs again.

[*Aside.*]

*Har.* I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: The one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse my hand a third time [*smiling*], I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach;—and therefore I accept your favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

*Hea.* And thus I seal my acknowledgments, and from henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*Luc.* Since matters are so well settled, give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your success,——and my

‘ young



young lady on her judgment.—You have my taste exactly, Miss; ripe fruit for my money: When it is too green, it sets one's teeth on edge; and when too mellow, it has no flavour at all.'

*Sir Cha.* 'Hold your tongue, you baggage, [*To Lucy.*']'

—Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and play'd yourself, in the farce?

*Y. Cla.* What would you have me say, Sir? I am too much a philosopher to fret myself because the wind which was east this morning is now west.—The poor girl in pique has kill'd herself, to be reveng'd on me; but hark'ye, Sir, I believe Heartly will be curst mad to have me live in his neighbourhood.—A word to the wife.—

*Sir Cha.* Thou hast a most incorrigible vanity, Jack, and nothing can cure thee.—Mr Heartly, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

*Hea.* I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,  
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;  
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,  
And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.



# T H E

## Intriguing Chambermaid.

IN TWO ACTS.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### M E N.

<i>Goodall,</i>	—	—	—	—	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Valentine,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Jones.
<i>Lord Pride,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Stoppelaer.
<i>Lord Puff,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Hewson.
<i>Colonel Bluff,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Charles Jones.
<i>Oldcastle,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Macklin.
<i>Rakeit,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Norris.
<i>Marquis,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Mullart.
<i>Slap,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mademoiselle Grognet.
<i>Trick,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Topham.
<i>Security,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Hallam.
					Mr Giles.

#### W O M E N.

<i>Mrs Highman,</i>	—	—	—	<i>Mrs Mullart.</i>
<i>Charlotte,</i>	—	—	—	<i>Mrs Atherton.</i>
<i>Lettice,</i>	—	—	—	<i>Mrs Clive.</i>

*Ladies, Constables, Servants, &c.*

### P R O L O G U E,

Upon the Revival of the AUTHOR'S Farce.

*Spoken by Mrs CLIVE.*

**A**S when some ancient, hospitable seat,  
 Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,  
 Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd  
 All-forswearing thought, while mirth and joy went round;  
 Is by some worthless, wanton heir destroy'd,  
 Its once full rooms grown a deserted void:

N 2

With

With sighs, each neighbour views the mournful place;  
With sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear;  
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.  
Here the beau-monde in crowds repair'd each day,  
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.  
While Oldfield here hath charm'd the list'ning age,  
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth hath fill'd the stage;  
Soft eunuchs warbled in successful strain,  
And tumblers shew'd their little tricks in vain:  
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,  
Triumphant toasts receiv'd their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!  
I view with tears this poor deserted place;  
None to our boxes now in pity stray,  
But poets free o' th' house, and beaux who never pay.  
No longer now we see our crowded door  
Send the late comer back again at four.  
At seven now into our empty pit  
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,  
Contented with twelve-pennyworth of wit.  
—Our author, of a gen'rous soul possess'd,  
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd:  
'To-night what he shall offer in our cause  
Already hath been blest with your applause;  
Yet this his muse, maturer, hath revised,  
And added more to that which once so much you priz'd.  
We sue, not mean to make a partial friend;  
But without prejudice at least attend.  
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust  
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just:  
Nor can we fear a brave, a gen'rous town  
Will join to crush us, when we're almost down.

## ACT I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Mrs HIGHMAN and LETTICE.

Mrs HIGHMAN.

O H! Mrs Lettice; is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

*Lett.* I am much at your service, madam.

*Mrs High.* Oh, madam, I know very well that; and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay for it: But all the service, madam, that I have for you, is to carry



# INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

2

message to your master—I desire, madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain; and that I intreat him never to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

*Let.* Truly, madam, you must send this by another messenger; but, pray, what has my master done, to deserve it shou'd be sent at all?

*Mrs High.* He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank heaven, and my own prudence; but I know what he wou'd do.

*Let.* He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

*Mrs High.* Oh! I dare swear, madam; debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman: But I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

*Let.* You wrong my master, madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

*Mrs High.* You know!

*Let.* Yes, madam; no one knows my master's heart better than I do: I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be necessary to 'em; I love your niece too much, madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser: But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master, and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturned to bring them together.

*Mrs High.* Rare impudence! Huffy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Mr Oldcastle.

*Let.* Oh! then I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

*Mrs High.* How, sauciness!

*Let.* Yes, madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one, whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

## A I R I. *Soldier Laddy.*

When a virgin, in love with a brisk jolly lad,  
You match to a spark more fit for her dad,  
'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,  
The young lover's business is happily done:  
Tho' it seems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,  
Yet my life for a farthing,

## INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

Pursuing  
His wooing,

The young fellow finds, tho' he go round about,

'Tis only to come

The nearest way home.

*Mrs High.* I can bear this no longer. I would advise you, madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [Exit.

*Let.* I defy you: We have the strongest party; and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

*Enter Charlotte.*

*Char.* So, Mrs Lettice!

*Let.* 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, madam; your aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

*Char.* Indeed!

*Let.* Yes, madam; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at your's, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

*Char.* I assure you! Do you think me so fond then?

*Let.* Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else; think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

*Char.* Then to shew you, madam, how well you know me—the devil take me, if you are not in the right.

*Let.* Ah! madam, to a woman practised in love, like me, there's no occasion for confession; for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me.—Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing as we have.

A I R II. *Bush of Boon.*

What need he trust your words precise,

Your soft desires denying;

When, oh! he reads within your eyes

Your tender heart complying.

Your tongue may cheat,

And with deceit

Your softer wishes cover;

But oh! your eyes

Know no disguise,

Nor ever cheat your lover.

*Enter*

# INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

5

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes indeed; for I was coming to wait on you.

*Let.* 'Tis very lucky that you do meet her here, for her house is forbidden ground; you have seen the last of that, Mrs Highman swears.

*Val.* Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? what danger could deter me? what difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

*Char.* Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine, I am to be turn'd out of doors if ever you are seen in them again.

*Val.* The apprehensions of your danger would, indeed, put it to the severest proof: But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? why will she not know another home, one where she could find a protector from every kind of danger?

*Char.* How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

*Let.* Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully: I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love, and such an instance, as when a man has once shewn, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover, who had not wicked, mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

*Char.* Thy fortune!

*Let.* My fortune! Yes, madam, my fortune; I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put it into the lottery:—What it will be now, I can't tell; but you know, somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

*Val.* Oh, Charlotte! wou'd you had the same sentiments with me! for, by heavens, I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on his account.

A I R III. *Fanny blooming fair, &c.*

Let bold ambition lie  
Within the warrior's mind;

Falſe

False honours let him buy,  
 With slaughter of mankind :  
 To crowns a doubtful right,  
 Lay thousands in the grave ;  
 While wretched armies fight  
 Which master shall enslave.  
 Love took my heart with storm,  
 Let him there rule alone,  
 In Charlotte's charming form,  
 Still sitting on his throne :  
 How will my soul rejoice,  
 At his commands to fly ;  
 If spoken in that voice,  
 Or look'd from that dear eye !  
 To universal sway,  
 Love's title is the best ;  
 Well, shall we him obey  
 Who makes his subjects blest ?  
 If heav'n for human good  
 Did empire first design,  
 Love must be understood  
 To rule by right divine.

*Let.* Hift ! hift ! get you both about your business—  
 Mr Oldcastle is just turn'd the corner, and if he should see  
 you together you are undone. [*Exeunt Valentine and Char-*  
*lotte.*] Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely ; for  
 I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumblers  
 to interpose in young people's sport.

*Enter Oldcastle.*

*Old.* Hem ! hem ! I profess it is a very severe easterly  
 wind ; and if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should  
 scarce have stirred abroad all day.

*Let.* Mr Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

*Old.* Your humble servant, madam : I ask your pardon ;  
 but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

*Let.* Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than  
 they are themselves able to remember ; I am a poor hand-  
 maid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Char-  
 lotte Highman.

*Old.* Oh ! your very humble servant, madam. I hope  
 your lady is well ?

*Let.* Hum ! so, so ; she sent me, Sir, of a small message  
 to you.

*Old.*



*Old.* I am the happiest man in the world.

*Let.* To desire a particular favour of you.

*Old.* She honours me with her commands.

*Let.* She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

*Old.* What! what!

*Let.* She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you, more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolv'd to marry, she would recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do any thing but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without at least a pair of flannel-shirts.

*Old.* Hold your impertinent, saucy tongue!

*Let.* Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

*Old.* Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

*Let.* That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature. 'Tis I am your friend; and if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her yet.

*Old.* What are those obstacles?

*Let.* Why, Sir, there is in the first place your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

*Old.* 'Tis a lie; I want several——months of it.

*Let.* If you did not, I think we may get over this; one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

*Old.* We shan't fall out about that.

*Let.* Well, Sir; then there is, in the second place, your terrible ungenteel air; this is a grand obstacle with her, who is so doatingly fond of every thing that is fine and dapperish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune—And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible face of your's, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

*Old.* You impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress; I'll have you turn'd off.

*Let.*

## 2 INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

*Let.* That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the services I have done you.

*Old.* Services!

*Let.* Services! Yes, Sir, services; and to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband, than a man of your age and taste? for I think you could not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and a half at most; and I think a good plentiful jointure would make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

A I R IV. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

When a lover like you  
Does a woman pursue,  
She must have little wit in her brain, Sir;  
If for better and worse,  
She takes not the purse,  
Alas, with her sighing poor swain, Sir;  
Tho' hugg'd to her wishes,  
Amidst empty dishes,  
Much hunger her stomach may prove, Sir;  
But a pocket of gold,  
As full as 'twill hold,  
Will still find her food for her love, Sir. [*Exit*]

*Old.* You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to——I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour. [*Exit*]

*Enter Lettice and Rakeit.*

*Let.* A very pretty lover for a young lady indeed!

*Rak.* Your servant, Mrs Lettice: What have you and the great squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

*Let.* With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will beat her or no.

*Rak.* Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now will he go and put my lady out of humour, and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

*Let.* Well, firrah; and do you think I had not rather

rather twenty such as you should be beaten to death, than my master should be robb'd of his mistress?

*Rak.* Your humble servant, madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-colour'd regiment who has been even with his master.

*Let.* Not with such gentlemen as Mr Valentine. Indeed with your little pert skipping beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often both in dress and behaviour so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention may not be some times for the better.

*' A I R V. As down in a meadow, &c.*

*' See John and his master as together they pass,  
' Or see 'em admiring themselves in a glass:  
' Each cocks fierce his hat, each struts and looks big;  
' Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig;  
' Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink;  
' Who neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.  
' Say then where the difference lies, if you can;  
' Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.*

*' Rak.* But my dear Lettice, I do not approve this match in our families.

*' Let.* Why so?

*' Rak.* You know how desperate his circumstances are, and she has no fortune.

*' Let.* She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich.

*' Rak.* She will be little the better for't.

*' Let.* Then there's the chance of both her brothers' deaths; besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath but five children only, one of which hath never had the small-pox; nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen between her and an Irish barony.

*' Rak.* Ay, this lady would make a fine fortune after two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is but little hopes on our side; and if there be no more on your's—

*' Let.*

‘ *Let.* Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There are hopes of my young master’s growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse.— Hopes of my old master’s staying abroad; hopes of his being drown’d if he attempts coming home; hopes of the stars falling—

‘ *Rak.* Dear Mrs Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think that all your master’s entertainments are at an end?

‘ *Let.* So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress, and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

‘ *Rak.* My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow; and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

‘ *Let.* You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman call’d an upholsterer, who, the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the house, and carry every thing out on’t.

‘ *Rak.* A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs Lettice.

‘ *Let.* Sauce-box! Do you think I’ll have you?

‘ *Rak.* Unless I can provide better for myself.

‘ *Let.* Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain; and what I am fond of I can’t imagine, unless it be thy invincible impudence.

‘ *Rak.* Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman; and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

‘ A I R VI.

‘ When modesty sues for a favour,

‘ What answers the politic lass?

‘ *Let.* That she mightily likes his behaviour,

‘ And thinks in her heart he’s an ass;

‘ And thinks in her heart he’s an ass.

‘ *Rak.* But when bolder impudence rushes,

‘ And manfully seizes her charms;

‘ *Let.* Lard! you’re rude, Sir, she cries; then she blushes,

‘ And folds the brisk youth in her arms.

‘ And folds, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*Enter Valentine and Trick.*

*Val.* You say I owe you 500*l.* principal and interest.

*Trick.* Yes, Sir; you will please to cast it up yourself, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

*Val.* I'll take your word for it, Sir; and if you please to let me have 500 more, I shall owe you 1000.

*Trick.* Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, Sir; he hath called it in.

*Val.* He may call as long as he pleases; but till I call it in, it will not signify much, Sir. I have thought of an expedient: If the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it, you may pay him off, lay me down the other 500, and take the who'e debt upon yourself.

*Trick.* I am quite out of cash, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

*Val.* I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

*Trick.* I have call'd so often that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days, I shall send a lawyer for my money—and so your servant.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Trusty.*

*Val.* So, honest Trusty, what success?

*Trusty.* I went to the jewler's with the ring which your honour told me cost an hundred pound, but he refused to give me any more than fifty for it; so I e'en took that.

*Val.* Very well.

*Trusty.* As for the old silver bowl which your father valued at fourscore pounds, Mr Whiting said, there was so much reckon'd for the fashion, and that it was so old and ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty; but I knew your honour wanted money, and so I took it.

*Val.* Very well.

*Trusty.* The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into pinchbeck, that he had not disposed of two gold watches this month. However, he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing; so I let him have it.

*Val.* Very well.

*Trusty.* But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-

12. INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

mouth-street, who offer'd me but 16l. for the two suits of fine cloaths, that I dare swear stood your honour in above 100l. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

*Val.* You should have taken the money.

*Trusty.* One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which, as I was just going to dispose of, a gentleman whisper'd in my ear, that a certain knight, that wou'd be in town in a fortnight, wou'd give six times as much for them.

*Val.* A fortnight! what of a fortnight? a fortnight's an age. I would not give a shilling for the reversion of an estate so long to come. Here give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

*Trusty.* But, Sir, I wish your honour would consider; for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, heaven knows.

*Val.* Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands. [Exit Trusty.]

A I R VII. *Excuse me.*

Let misers with sorrow to-day  
Lay up for to morrow's array;  
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves,  
Drink up to his chin in the waves:  
But Fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,  
And yield to our mind;  
To-morrow she goes,  
And on others bestows  
The blessing.  
The lover who yields to the fair one's delays,  
Oft loses the day;  
Then fly to her arms,  
For we are sure  
Of her charms  
When possessing.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

*Val.* Shew him in. [Exit Servant.] Wou'd my dear Charlotte were here!

*Enter Slap.*

*Val.* Your most obedient servant, Sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir. Slap.

*Slap.* I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

*Val.* A writ against me?

*Slap.* Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200*l.*

*Val.* What must I do, Sir?

*Slap.* Oh, Sir, whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

*Val.* I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning.

*Slap.* Oh yes, Sir; with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well used, and I'll take your word.

*Val.* Your house! 'Sdeath, you rascal!

*Slap.* Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

*Val.* Nay, then!—who's there?—my servants. [*Enter Servants*].—Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

*Slap.* This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, Sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[*Slap is forced off by the Servants.*]

*Enter Charlotte.*

*Char.* Oh, Valentine! what's the matter? I am frighten'd to death. Swords drawn! Oh my heart! you are not hurt?

*Val.* By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure.

*Char.* Heav'n be praised? But what was the occasion of this bustle?

*Val.* Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing masters—I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back, that's all.

*Char.* You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I shall be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them, I dread to imagine.

*Val.* You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please; and, oh Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

*Char.* Press me not, Valentine; for, whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel I cannot deny you.

14 INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

A I R VIII. *Spring's a-coming.*

Virgin wary  
Wou'd ne'er miscarry,  
If lovers would take a denial or two;  
If he pursues her still,  
Can she refuse him still,  
What she herself hath a mind to do?

*Val.* Turtles, tho' with each other they die,  
Shall be less constant and fond than I:  
For April's soft showers,  
Nor June's sweet flowers,  
In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.

*Char.* Turtle's, tho', &c.

*Char.* Could I be assured of your constancy; could I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me, it would not be in the power of Fortune to make me miserable.

*Val.* If you can place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money, is constant to the love of his wife's money; he that marries for beauty, is commonly constant while that beauty lasts; and a love that's fix'd on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

*Char.* Well, we must all run a risk, believe me; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman who can carry her prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits; and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of madam Prudence and all her train.

*Val.* My dearest girl, this night shall make me thine.

A I R IX. *Polworth on the green.*

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,  
Let's enjoy ourselves to-day;  
To-morrow's in the hands of the pow'rs,  
To-day alone is our's.

Let fools for wealth  
Spend time and health;  
While we, more happy, try,  
In each soft kiss,  
Transporting blifs,

Which treasures ne'er can buy.

*Char.*



*Char.* Let age grave lessons preach  
 'Gainst what she cannot reach;  
 Let prudes condemn what they esteem;  
 All fools our joys impeach.

*Both.* Let fools, &c.

## A C T II.

' VALENTINE and Company, seated as after dinner.

' VALENTINE.

CALL in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good-nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath been to the other.

' *Mar.* *Je vous felicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine; mais allons! dancons nous-mesmes.*

' *Val.* My father arriv'd, say you?

' *Let.* Yes, Sir; and will be here instantly.

' *Val.* Death and hell! What shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

' *Let.* Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the mean time, be not chagrined; enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdué for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garrison; and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

' *Val.* Send thee good luck, my best wench. Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you, are you for cards or hazard?

' *All.* Hazard, hazard!

' *Mar.* *Hazard! ma voix est toujours pour hazard!*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Goodall, Lettice, and a Servant with a portmanteau.*

*Good.* This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth hath fatigu'd me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope: But, heav'n be praised, I am once more arrived within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleased my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

*Let.* He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. [*Aside.*

*Good.*

*Good.* I hope I shall find my poor boy at home. I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

*Let.* I believe he is half dead already; but now for you, my good master. [*Aside.*]—Bless me, what do I see? an apparition!

*Good.* Lettice!

*Let.* Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, Sir? Is it positively you yourself?

*Good.* Even so. How do you do, Lettice?

*Let.* Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have staid a little longer there for the sake of your health—and our quiet. [*Aside.*]

*Good.* Well, but how does my son do? and how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

*Let.* I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprize you, take my word for it.

*Good.* I warrant you he is every day in the Alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagined; and if he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

*Let.* Not a farthing, Sir.

*Good.* How, how, how!

*Let.* Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

*Good.* How?

*Let.* Put it out, I mean, Sir, to interest, to interest, Sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went; people coming for money every hour of the day.

*Good.* That's very well done; and I long to see my dear boy. Knock at the door.

*Let.* He is not at home, Sir—and if you have such a desire to see him—

*Enter Security.*

*Sec.* Your servant, Mrs Lettice.

*Let.* Your servant, Mr Security—Here's a rogue of a usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

*Sec.* Do you know, Mrs Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that, if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly. A thousand pounds are a sum—

*Good.*

*Good.* What, what, what's this I hear!

*Let.* I'll explain it to you bye-and-bye, Sir.

*Good.* Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

*Sec.* Your son, Sir?

*Good.* Yes, Sir;—this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr Valentine Goodall, is my son.

*Sec.* Yes, Sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

*Good.* There go two words tho' to that bargain.

*Let.* I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

*Good.* Good conduct! Owing money good conduct?

*Let.* Yes, Sir: He hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pound. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain. I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [*Aside.*]

*Good.* I am overjoy'd at my son's behaviour—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

*Sec.* Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum, and I am your very humble servant. [*Exit.*]

*Good.* Well, but tell me a little. In what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

*Let.* In what part of the town?

*Good.* Yes; there are, you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here—

*Let.* Well, and it is in this that it stands.

*Good.* What, not the great house yonder, is it?

*Let.* No, no, no; do you see that house yonder—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned?

*Good.* Yes.

*Let.* It is not that—and a little beyond, you see another very large house, higher than any other in the square.

*Good.* I do.

*Let.* But it is not that—Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

*Good.* Yes, indeed is it.

*Let.* That is not the house—But you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts

fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

*Good.* There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs Highman's.

*Let.* That's the very house.

*Good.* That's a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

*Let.* It is impossible, Sir, to account for people's actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

*Good.* Out of her senses!

*Let.* Yes, Sir; her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandon'd prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value.

*Good.* Son't! Why, she was not marry'd when I went away.

*Let.* No, Sir; but, to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three-and-twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

*Good.* Oh, monstrous!

*Let.* Ah, Sir! if every child in this city knew his own father; if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

### A I R X.

### *Pierot's dance.*

Were all the women's secrets known,  
Did each father know his own,  
Many a son now bred to trade,  
Then had shin'd in rich brocade;

Many cits

Had been wits,

In estate, tho' not in sense;

Many beaux

Birth-day clothes

Had not worn at cits expence:

For did our women wise, indeed,

Contrive no way to mend the breed,

Our sparks such pretty masters grow,

So spruce, so taper, and so low;

From Britons tall,

Our heroes shall

Be Lilliputians all.

*Good.*



*Good.* Well, but I stand here talking too long ; knock at the door.

*Let.* What shall I do ?

[*Aside.*

*Good.* You seem in a consternation ! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope ?

*Let.* No, Sir, but——

*Good.* But ! but what ? hath any one robb'd me in my absence ?

*Let.* No, Sir ; not absolutely robbed you, Sir—What shall I say ?——

*Good.* Explain yourself ; speak.

*Let.* Oh, Sir ! I can with-hold my tears no longer.—Enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your house, Sir ; your dear house, that you and I and my poor young master lov'd so much, within these six months.

*Good.* What of my house, within these six months ?

*Let.* Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld ! You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it. Nay, I believe he hath too ; all the wild noises of the universe, the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard : Nay, and I have seen such sights ! one with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

*Good.* Heyday ! the wench is mad. Stand from before the door : I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted indeed !——

*Let.* Sir, I have a friendship for you, and you shall not go in.

*Good.* How ! not go into my own house ?

*Let.* No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't ; there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*

*Good.* Ha ! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

*Let.* I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on.

[*Shriek within.*

*Good.* O heavens ! what monstrous squalling is that ?

*Let.* Why, Sir, I am surpris'd you should think I would impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted by

a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

*Good.* I am in a cold sweat! What, my son left this house!

*Let.* Oh, Sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frighten'd with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me—

*Good.* Can all this be true, or are you imposing upon me? I have indeed heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house, I cannot imagine.

*Let.* Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a murder committed in it.

*Good.* I must enquire into all these things. But, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

*Let.* No, Sir; that's a little improper at present.

*Good.* What, is that house haunted? hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

*Let.* No, Sir; but madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions.

*Good.* Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

*Let.* I wish, Sir, for a day or two—

*Good.* You throw me out of all manner of patience. I am resolv'd I will go thither this instant.

*Let.* Here she is herself; but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

*Enter Mrs Highman.*

*Mrs High.* What do I see? Mr Goodall return'd!

*Let.* Yes, madam, it is him; but, alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in his voyage have turn'd his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic.

*Mrs High.* I am heartily concern'd for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

*Let.* If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard

ard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

*Mrs High.* [*aside.*] He hath a strange wandering in his countenance.

*Good.* [*aside.*] How miserably she is alter'd? she hath a terrible look with her eyes.

*Mrs High.* Mr Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you return'd, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

*Good.* I must have patience, and trust in heaven, and the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to drive these wicked spirits with which my house is haunted.

*Mrs High.* His house haunted! poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

*Good.* In the mean time, Mrs Highman, I should be obliged to you if you would let me order my portmanteau to your house.

*Mrs High.* My house is at your service, and I desire you would use it in the same manner as your own.

*Good.* I would not, madam, on any account insult your unfortunate condition—Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

*Let.* She hath some lucid intervals, Sir; but her fit will soon return.

*Good.* I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs Highman, which indeed, had I not been so well assured of, I could not have believed: But I have known some in your way, who, during the intervals of their fits, have talk'd very reasonably; therefore give me leave to ask you the cause of your phrensy; for I much question, whether this commission of lunacy, that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient proof.

*Mrs High.* A commission of lunacy against me! me!

*Good.* Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

*Mrs High.* However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

*Good.* Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me indeed! But, Mrs Highman, I would not have you be uneasy that your house is sold: At least, it is better for you that my son has bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it were still your own, and you were in your senses.

*Mrs*

*Mrs High.* What's all this? As if I was in my senses! Let me tell you, Mr Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch; and ought to have an apartment in a dark room and clean straw.

*Good.* Since you come to that, madam, I shall shew you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

*Enter Slap, Constable, and Assistants.*

*Slap.* That's the door, Mr Constable.

*Let.* What's to be done now, I wonder!

*Gen.* Open the door in the king's name, or I shall break it open.

*Good.* Who are you, Sir, in the devil's name? and what do you want in that house?

*Slap.* Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief-justice's warrant against him.

*Good.* For what sum, Sir? Are you a justice of peace?

*Slap.* I am one of his majesty's officers, Sir; and this day I arrested one Mr Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds; his servants have rescued him, and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

*Good.* What do I hear! But hark ye, friend, that house that you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

*Slap.* I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr Constable, do your office. I have no time to lose, Sir; I have several other writs to execute before night.

*Let.* I have defended my pass as long as I can, and now I think 'tis no cowardice to steal off. [Exit.]

*Enter Colonel, Bluff, 'Monsieur le Marquis,' Slap, Goodall, and Constable.*

*Col.* What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen who are getting as drunk as lords?

*Slap.* Sir, we have authority for what we do.

*Col.* Damn your authority, Sir! If you don't go about your business, I shall shew you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

*Slap.* It is he. I have a warrant against him too: I wish it was in my pocket.

*Col.*



Con. Mr Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. I desire you would give us leave to enter the house and seize our prisoner.

Col. Not I, upon my honour, Sir.

'*Mon. Que veut du cet truis quel villain Anglois! quel poufcul ventrebleu! allons! Monsieur le Colonel, allons! fripons!*

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

Col. If you love force, I'll shew you the way, you dogs.  
[Col. drives them off.]

Good. I find I am distracted, I am stark raving mad; I am undone, ruin'd! cheated, imposed on! but please hear'n, I'll go see what's in my house.

Col. Hold, Sir; you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, Sir?

Col. No, Sir; if it be your's, you must not come within it.

'*Mon. Il ne faut pas entrer ici.*

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Col. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are; you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble servant; I am overjoy'd to see you return'd: 'Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman: *Monsieur le Marquis Quelque Chose, le pere de Monsieur Valentine.*

'*Mon. Ah, Monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir!*

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age; a man so accomplish'd, so well-bred, and so generous, that I believe he never wou'd part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket, nor indeed while he could borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs: I hope you have had good success in the Indies; have cheated the company handsomely; and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

*Col.* I am glad on't, Sir; and so will your son, I dare swear: And let me tell you, it will be very opportune, he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away: It wou'd do your heart good if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made; he is the talk of the whole town, Sir; a man wou'd work with pleasure for such a son: He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for, get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

*Good.* Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

*Col.* That you shou'd, Sir, long ago; but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnish'd in it, and that is so full of company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

*Good.* What, all my pictures gone?

*Col.* He sold them first, Sir; he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of his taste: He certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complain'd to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women: You had indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* My father return'd! oh, let me throw myself at his feet; and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and ashamed to see your face.

*Col.* I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

*Good.* You may very well be ashamed: But come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

*Val.* Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you wou'd not expose me before them.

*Good.* Oh, Sir! I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of house and home.

*Col.*

Col. Hark ye, Val, shall we toss this old fellow in a blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I shou'd live to see this day!

'Mon. *Pardie voilà homme extraordinaire.*' [Exeunt.]

'SCENE, a Dining-room.

'Enter Lord Pride, Lord Puff, &c.

'L. Pride. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long: When once the chariot disappear'd; I thought the master wou'd soon follow.

'L. Puff. I help'd him on with a small lift the other day at piquet.

'L. Pride. Did you do any thing considerable?

'L. Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: It wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

'L. Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expences of us men of quality.

'L. Puff. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their debts, shou'd presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!'

Enter Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, 'Colonel, Marquis,' Lord Pride, Lord Puff, &c.

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father being just arriv'd from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords, (that I may affront none by calling him beneath his title), I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son, by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagancies of my son, for which I am very much oblig'd to you; and humbly hope, that I shall never see him, or any of your faces again.

L. Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruined himself in so good a company; that when I disinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

*L. Pride.* Sir, any thing in my power, he may always command.

*L. Puff.* Or mine.

*L. Pride.* But let me whisper a word in your ear—Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

*Good.* That's very true, Sir; but I hope you will consider that you have assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

*L. Pride.* I don't understand you, Sir.

*Good.* Why then, Sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

*L. Pride.* Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors: But I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera. I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

*L. Puff.* Canaille!

[*Exeunt L. Pride and L. Puff.*]

*Good.* S'todlikins! I am in a rage that ever a fellow shou'd upbraid me with great blood in his veins, when, oddsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run thro' my bottles.

\* 1 *Lady.* My Lord Pride and my Lord Puff gone!

\* Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up; let us make

\* haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

\* 2 *Lady.* With all my heart; for I am heartily sick of this.

\* 3 *Lady.* Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt ladies.*]

\* *Mon.* Allons, quittons le bourgeois.

\* *Col.* Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friendship for your son, I'd shew you how you ought to treat people of fashion.

[*Exeunt Col. and Monsieur.*]

*Char.* Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

*Good.* Why don't you follow your companions, Sir?

*Val.* Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

*Good.* Who are you, madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

*Char.*



*Char.* Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

*Good.* Ah, madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

*Char.* Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him:— Be comforted, Valentine, I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day, with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

*Val.* O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee to all that heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that Fortune cannot make me miserable.

A I R XI. *The last of Patie's mill.*

Thus when the tempest high  
Roars dreadful from above,

The constant turtles fly

Together to the grove:

Each spreads its tender wings,

And hovers o'er its mate;

They kiss, they coo, and sing,

And love in spite of fate.

A I R XII.

My tender heart me long beguil'd,

I now first my passions prov'd;

Had Fortune on you ever smil'd,

I'd known not how I lov'd.

Base passions, like base metals, cold,

With true may seem the same;

But wou'd you know true love and gold,

Still try them in the flame.

*Enter Oldcastle and Mrs Highman.*

*Old.* Here, madam; now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

*Mrs High.* What do I see? my niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abettor of the injustice!— Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

*Good.* Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was imposed on by a vile wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

*Mrs High.* Thou vile wretch, thou dishonour of thy family! how dost thou dare to appear before my face?

*Char.* Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of; and I dare appear before any one's face.

*Good.* Is this young lady a relation of your's?

*Mrs High.* She was, before your son had accomplish'd his base designs upon her.

*Char.* Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honourable; nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous ears might not have heard.

*Val.* To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on that head.

*Mrs High.* What, Mr Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

*Good.* Is this lady your heiress?

*Mrs High.* I once intended her so.

*Good.* Why then, madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

*Mrs High.* Won't you? and I see she is so entirely his in her heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

*Val.* Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am blest'd indeed.

*Old.* And pray, madam, what's to become of me?

*Mrs High.* That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell: You know I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

*Old.* Your niece has behaved like a——Bodikins! I am in a passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I'm resolv'd.

[Exit in a pet.

*Mrs High.* No imprudent resolution.

*Good.* I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from your former extravagances be a warning to you for the future.

*Val.* Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice whereby this lady might be a sufferer.

Single, I'd suffer fate's severest dart

Unmov'd; but who can bear the double smart,

When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart!

# EPILLOGUE.

*Spoken by Mrs CLIVE.*

**A** POET should, unless his fate be guest,  
Write for each play two Epilogues at least;  
For how to empty benches can we say,  
"What means this mighty crowding here to-day?"  
Or should the pit with flattery be cramm'd,  
How can we speak it, when the play is damn'd?  
Damn'd, did I say?—he surely need not fear it;  
His play is safe—when none will come to hear it.  
English is now below this learned town;  
None but Italian warblers will go down.  
Tho' courts were more polite, the English ditty  
Cou'd heretofore at least content the city:  
That, for Italian now has let us drop;  
And *Dimi Cara* rings thro' every shop.  
What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish  
Of us, where rival operas can flourish!  
Let France win all our towns, we need not fear:  
But Italy will send her singers here;  
We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.  
Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,  
While in their own the angry cannons roar:  
Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em;  
Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.

Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song;  
These can do more, they draw our gold along.  
—But tho' our angry poets rail in spite,  
Ladies, I own, I think your judgment right:  
Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing;  
Those soft Italian warblers have no sting;  
Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,  
You're still secure to find no harm within.  
Wisely from these rude places you abstain,  
Where satire gives the wounded hearer pain.  
'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,  
As boys are forced to buy the rods they feel.  
No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,  
And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.

BOILEY HONEY COMB

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text]*

W. A. R. 1780

1944-1945

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "Mr. J. H. Smith", "Mr. W. B. Jones", and "Mr. C. D. Brown".

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

... ..

1901-1902

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1. The first of these is the fact that the

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very long letter, and it contains a great deal of information about the state of the country at that time. It is a very important document, and it is one of the most interesting documents in the collection.

1. The first of these is the fact that the

[illegible]

the young man of former years.

Let's follow the same

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# POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Honeycombe,</i>	—	—	—	—
<i>Ledger,</i>	—	—	—	—
<i>Scribble,</i>	—	—	—	—

*Drury-Lane.*

Mr Yates.  
Mr Bransby.  
Mr King.

### W O M E N.

<i>Mrs Honeycombe,</i>	—	—	—	—
<i>Polly,</i>	—	—	—	—
<i>Nurse,</i>	—	—	—	—

Mrs Kennedy.  
Miss Pope.  
Mrs Bradshaw.

## P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr KING.

**H**ITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France  
 Came a dread forcerefs; her name *Romance*.  
 O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,  
 And common sense in magic chain bound fast.  
 In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,  
 And in heroics ran each billet-doux:  
 High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,  
 Each fair a maid distrest, each swain a knight.  
 Then might Statira Oroondates see,  
 At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pee.  
 She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,  
 A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.  
 This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,  
 A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:  
 Her talismans and magic wand he broke—  
 Knights, genii, castles—vanish'd into smoke.  
 But now, the dear delight of later years,  
 The younger sister of *Romance*, appears:  
 Less solemn is her air, her drift the same;  
 And *Novel* her enchanting, charming name.

Re-

*Romance* might strike our grave forefathers pomp,—

But *Novel* for our buck and lively romp!

Cassandra's folios now no longer read;

See two neat pocket volumes in their stead!

And then so *sentimental* is the style,

So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!

Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture.

'The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.

'Tis not alone the small talk and the smart,

'Tis novel most beguiles the female heart,

Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon her—

And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor honour!—

" \* Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,

" Now for our author!—but without a joke.

" Though wits and journals; who ne'er fibb'd before,

" Have laid this bantling at a *certain door*,

" Where, lying store of faults; they'd fain heap more;

" I now declare it is a serious truth,

" 'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,

" Caught and deluded by our harlot plays—

" Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes;

" Exert your favour to a young beginner,

" Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner."

SCENE, *An apartment in HONEYCOMBE's house.*

POLLY, *with a book in her hand.*

WELL said, Sir George!—O the dear man!—But so—" With these words the enraptur'd bard—  
" net [*reading*] concluded his declaration of love."—So! —" But what heart can imagine, [*reading*], what  
" tongue describe, or what pen delineate, the amiable con-  
" fusion of Emilia?"—Well, now for it.—" Reader,  
" if thou art a courtly reader, thou hast seen, at po-  
" lite tables, iced cream crimsoned with raspberries; or, if  
" thou art an uncourtly reader, thou hast seen the rosy-  
" finger'd morning dawning in the golden east."—Dawn-  
" ing in the golden east!—Very pretty.—" Thou hast  
" seen perhaps [*reading*] the artificial vermillion on the  
" cheeks of Cleora, or the vermillion of nature on these  
" of Sylvia; thou hast seen—in a word, the lovely face of  
" Emilia

\* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was author of this piece; and, however humorous and poeti-  
cal, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

Emilia was overspread with blushes."——This is a most beautiful passage, I protest! Well, a novel for my money! Lord, lord, my stupid papa has no taste. He has no notion of humour and character, and the sensibility of delicate feeling, [*affectedly*]. And then mama—But where is I?—Oh, here—"Overspread with blushes, [*reading*]. Sir George, touched at her confusion, gently seized her hand, and softly pressing it to his bosom, [*acting it as she reads*], where the pulses of his heart beat quick, throbbing with tumultuous passion, in a plaintive tone of voice breathed out, Will you not answer me, Emilia?"—Tender creature!—"She half-raising [*reading and acting*] her downcast eyes, and half-inclining her averted head, said in faltering accents—Yes, Sir."—Well, now!—"Then gradually recovering, with ineffable sweetness she prepared to address him; when Mrs Jenkins bounced into the room, threw down a set of china in her hurry, and strewed the floor with porcelain fragments; then turning Emilia round and round, whirled her out of the apartment in an instant, and struck Sir George dumb with astonishment at her appearance. She raved; but the baronet resuming his accustomed effrontery—

*Enter Nurse.*

h, nurse, I am glad to see you!—Well, and how—

*Nur.* Well, chicken.

*Pol.* Tell me, tell me all this instant. Did you see him? Did you give him my letter? Did he write? Will he come? Shall I see him? Have you got the answer in your pocket? Have you—

*Nur.* Blessings on her, how her tongue runs!

*Pol.* Nay, but come, dear nurse, tell me what did he say?

*Nur.* Say? why, he took the letter.

*Pol.* Well,

*Nur.* And kiss'd it a thousand times, and read it a thousand times, and—

*Pol.* Oh charming!

*Nur.* And ran about the room, and blest himself, and, heav'n preserve us, curs'd himself, and—

*Pol.* Very fine! very fine!

*Nur.* And vowed he was the most miserable creature upon earth, and the happiest man in the world, and—

*Pol.* Prodigious! fine! excellent! My dear, dear nurse!

*Kissing her.* Come, give me the letter.

*Nur.*

Nur. Letter, chicken! what letter?

Pol. The answer to mine. Come then! [*Impatiently.*]

Nur. I have no letter. He had such a *peramble* to write by my troth I could not stay for it.

Pol. Psha!

Nur. How soon you're affronted now! He said he'd send it some time to-day.

Pol. Send it some time to-day?—I wonder now [*Amusing*] how he will convey it. Will he squeeze it, as he did the last, into the chicken-house in the garden? Or will he write it in lemon-juice, and send it in a book, like blank paper? Or will he throw it into the house inclosed in an orange? Or will he—

Nur. Heavens bless her, what a sharp wit she has!

Pol. I have not read so many books for nothing. Novels, nurse, novels! A novel is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.

Nur. Yes, yes; you are always reading your simple story-books; the *Ventures* of Jack this, and the History of Betty t'other, and Sir Humphry's, and women with hard Christian names. You had better read your prayer-book, chicken.

Pol. Why so I do; but I'm reading this now—[*Looking into the book.*] “She raved; but the baronet”—I really think I love Mr Scribble as well as Emilia did Sir George.—Did you think, nurse, I should have had such a good notion of love so early if I had not read novels?—Did not I make a conquest of Mr Scribble in a single night at a dancing? But my cross papa will hardly ever let me go out.—And then, I know life as well as if I had been in the beau-monde all my days. I can tell the nature of a masquerade as well as if I had been at twenty. I long for a mobbing scheme with Mr Scribble in the two-shilling gallery, or a snug party a little way out of town in a post-chaise—And then I have such a head full of intrigues and contrivances! Oh, nurse, a novel is the only thing.

Nur. Contrivances! ay, marry, you have need of contrivances. Here are your papa and mama fully resolved to marry you to young Mr Ledger, Mr Simeon the rich Jew's wife's nephew; and all the while your head runs upon nothing but Mr Scribble.

Pol. A fiddle-stick's end for Mr Ledger! I tell you what, nurse, I'll marry Mr Scribble, and not marry Mr

Led-



edger, whether papa and mama choose it or no.—And how do you think I'll contrive it?

Nur. How, chicken?

Pol. Why, don't you know?

Nur. No, indeed.

Pol. And can't you guess?

Nur. No, by my troth, not I.

Pol. O Lord, 'tis the commonest thing in the world—intend to elope.

Nur. Elope, chicken! What's that?

Pol. Why, in the vulgar phrase, run away—that's all.

Nur. Mercy on us!—Run away!

Pol. Yes, run away, to be sure. Why, there's nothing in that, you know. Every girl elopes when her parents are obstinate and ill-natur'd about marrying her. It was first so with Betsey Thompson, and Sally Wilkins, and Clarinda, and Leonora, in the History of Dick Careless, and Julia in the Adventures of Tom Ramble, and fifty others.—Did not they all elope? and so will I too. I have as much right to elope as they had; for I have as much love, and as much spirit, as the best of them.

Nur. Why, Mr Scribble's a fine man, to be sure, a gentleman every inch of him.

Pol. So he is, a dear, charming man!—Will you elope too, nurse?

Nur. Not for the varfal world. Suppose now, chicken, your papa and mama—

Pol. What care I for papa and mama? Have not they been married and happy long enough ago? and are they not still coxing, and fondling, and kissing each other all the day long?—Where's my dear love? [*mimicking.*] My beauty! says papa, hobbling along with his crutch-headed cane and his old gouty legs. Ah, my sweeting, my precious Mr Honeycombe, d'ye love your nown dear wife? says mama; and then they squeeze their hard hands to each other, and their old eyes twinkle, and they're as loving as Darby and Joan,—especially if mama has had a cordial or two—Eh, nurse?

Nur. Oh fie, chicken!

Pol. And then, perhaps, in comes my utter aversion, Mr Ledger, with his news from the 'Change, and his Change-alley wit, and his thirty per cent. [*mimicking*] and stocks have risen one-and-a-half and three-eighths. I'll tell

tell you what, nursee, they would make fine characters for a novel, all three of them.

Nur. Ah, you're a graceless bird!—But I must down stairs, and watch if the coast's clear, in case of letter.

Pol. Could not you go to Mr Scribble's again after it?

Nur. Again, indeed, Mrs Hot-upon't!

Pol. Do you, my dear nursee, pray do; and call at the circulating library as you go along for the rest of this novel—the History of Sir George Trueman and Emilia—and tell the bookfeller to be sure to send me the British Amazon, and Tom Faddle, and the rest of the new novels this winter, as soon as ever they come out.

Nur. Ah, pise on your naughty novels, I say. [Exit]

Pol. Ay, go now, my dear nursee, go; there's a good woman.—What an old fool it is! with her pise on it—and fie, chicken—and ne, by my troth—[mimicking.]—Lord, what a strange house I live in! not a soul in it except myself, but what are all queer animals, quite dumb creatures. There's papa and mama, and the old foolish nurse—[Re-enter Nurse with a band-box.] Oh, nurse!

what brings you back so soon? What have you got there?

Nur. Mrs Commode's 'prentice is below, and has brought home your new cap and ruffles, chicken.

Pol. Let me see—let me see—[opening the box.] Well, I swear this is a mighty pretty cap, a sweet pair of flying lappets! Ar'n't they, nursee?—Ha, what's this [looking into the box.]—Oh charming! a letter! did not I tell you so?—Let's see—let's see—[opening the letter hastily—it contains three or four sheets.] “Joy of my soul—only hope—eternal bliss—[slipping into different place.] The cruel blasts of coyness and disdain blow out the flame of love, but then the virgin-breath of kindness and compassion blows it in again.”—Prodigious pretty! isn't it, nursee?

[Turning over the leaves.] Nur. Yes, that is pretty—but what a deal there is on't! 'Tis an old saying, and a true one, the more there's said the less there's done. Ah, they wrote otherguess's sort of letters when I was a girl. [While she talks, Polly reads.]

Pol. Lord, nursee, if it was not for novels and love letters, a girl would have no use for her writing and reading—But what's here? [reading.] Poetry!

“Well may I cry out with Alonzo in the Revenger—  
“Where dost thou beat those eyes? From heaven?”

POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

7

"Thou didst, and 'tis religion to adore them."

Excellent! oh, he's a dear man!

Nur. Ay, to be sure—But you forget your letter-carrier now; she'll never bring you another if you don't speak her kindly.

Pol. Speak to her! why, I'll give her sixpence, woman! Tell her I am coming—I will but just read my letter over five or six times, and go to her—Oh, he's a charming man! [*reading.*] Very fine! very pretty!—He writes as well as Bob Lovelace—[*kissing the letter.*] Oh, dear, sweet Mr Scribble! [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to another apartment. Honeycombe and Mrs Honeycombe at breakfast—Honeycombe reading in the newspaper.

Mrs Hon. My dear!

[*Peevishly.*]

Hon. What d'ye say, my love?

[*Still reading.*]

Mrs Hon. You take no notice of me—Lay by that silly paper—put it down—come then—drink your tea—You don't love me now.

Hon. Ah, my beauty!

[*Looking very fondly.*]

Mrs Hon. Do you love your own dear wife?

[*Tenderly.*]

Hon. Dearly—She knows I do—Don't you, my beauty?

Mrs Hon. Ah, you're a dear, dear man! [*rising and kissing him.*] He does love her—and he's her own husband—and she loves him most dearly and tenderly—that she does.

[*Kissing him.*]

Hon. My beauty, I have a piece of news for you.

Mrs Hon. What is it, my sweeting?

Hon. The paper here says, that young Tom Seaton of Aldersgate-street, was married yesterday at Bow-church, to Miss Fairly of Cornhill.

Mrs Hon. A flaunting, flaring hussy! she a husband's

Hon. But what does my beauty think of her own daughter?

Mrs Hon. Of our Polly, sweeting?

Hon. Ay, Polly: What sort of a wife d'ye think she'll make, my love?—I concluded every thing with Mr Simeon yesterday, and expect Mr Ledger every minute.

Mrs Hon. Think, my sweeting?—Why, I think if she love him half so well as I do my own dear man, that she'll never suffer him out of her sight—that she'll look at him with pleasure—[*they both ogle fondly*]—and love him—and

kiss

kiss him—and fondle him—Oh, my dear, 'tis impossible to say how dearly I love you. *[Kissing and fondling him.]*

*Enter Ledger.*

*Led.* Hey-day! what now, good folks, what now? Are you so much in arrear? or are you paying off principal and interest both at once?

*Hon.* My dear—Consider—Mr Ledger is—

*Mrs Hon.* What signifies Mr Ledger?—He is one of the family, you know, my sweeting!

*Led.* Ay, so I am—never mind me—never mind me—Tho', by-the-bye, I should be glad of somebody to make much of me too. Where's Miss Polly?

*Hon.* That's right—that's right—Here, John!

*Enter John.*

Where's Polly?

*John.* In her own room, Sir.

*Hon.* Tell her to come here—And hark ye, John! while Mr Ledger stays, I am not at home to any body else. *[Exit John.]*

*Led.* Not at home!—Are those your ways?—If I was to give such a message to my servant, I should expect a commission of bankruptcy out against me the next day.

*Hon.* Ay, you men of large dealings—it was so with me when I was in business—But where's this girl? what can she be about?—My beauty, do step yourself, and send her here immediately.

*Mrs Hon.* I will, my sweeting! *[Offering to kiss him.]*

*Hon.* Nay, my love, not now—

*Mrs Hon.* Why not now?—I will. *[Kissing him.]*  
Good b'ye, love—Mr Ledger, your servant—B'ye, dearest. *[Exit.]*

*Hon.* Ha, ha! You see, Mr Ledger, you see what you are to come to—But I beg pardon—I quite forgot—have you breakfasted?

*Ted.* Breakfasted! ay, four hours ago, and done an hundred tickets since, over a dish of coffee, at Jonathan's—Let me see—*[pulling out his watch.]*—Bless my soul, 'tis eleven o'clock! I wish Miss would come—'Tis transfer-day—I must be at the bank before twelve without fail.

*Hon.* Oh, here she comes. *[Enter Polly.]* Come, child, where have you been all this time?—Well, Sir, I'll leave



we you together.—Polly, you'll—ha, ha, ha!—Your  
 want, Mr Ledger, your servant. [Exit.

[Polly and Ledger remain—they stand at a great distance  
 from each other.

Pol. [aside.] What a monster of a man!—What will  
 the frightful creature say to me?—I am now, for all the  
 world, just in the situation of poor Clarissa—and the  
 wretch is ten times uglier than Soames himself.

Led. Well, Miss.

Pol. [aside.] He speaks: What shall I say to him?—  
 Suppose I have a little sport with him.—I will.—I'll in-  
 dulge myself with a few airs of distant flirtation at first,  
 and then treat him like a dog.—I'll use him worse than  
 Fanny Howe ever did Mr Hickman.—Pray, Sir, [to Led-  
 ger] did you ever read the History of Emilia?

Led. Not I, Miss, not I—I have no time to think of  
 such things, not I—I hardly read any thing, except the  
 Daily Advertiser, or the List at Lloyd's—nor write nei-  
 ther, except 'tis my name now and then.—I keep a do-  
 zen clerks for nothing in the world else but to write.

Pol. A dozen clerks! Prodigious!

Led. Ay, a dozen clerks.—Business must be done,  
 Miss.—We have large returns, and the balance must  
 be kept on the right side, you know.—In regard to  
 last year now—our returns from the first of January to  
 the last of December, fifty-nine, were to the amount  
 of sixty thousand pounds sterling.—We clear, upon an  
 average, at the rate of 12 per cent. Cast up the twelves  
 in sixty thousand, and you may make a pretty good  
 guess at our net profits.

Pol. Ay, Miss, net profits.—Simeon and Ledger are  
 names as well known as any in the Alley, and good for  
 as much at the bottom of a piece of paper.—But no  
 matter for that—you must know that I have an account  
 to settle with you, Miss.—You're on the debtor-side in my  
 books, I can tell you, Miss.

Pol. I in your debt, Mr Ledger!

Led. Over head and ears in my debt, Miss.

Pol. I hate to be in debt of all things.—Pray let me  
 discharge you at once; for I can't endure to be dunn'd.

Led. Not so fast, Miss, not so fast. Right reckoning  
 makes long friends.—Suppose now we should compound  
 this matter, and strike a balance in favour of both parties.

Pol. How d'ye mean, Mr Ledger?

*Led.* Why then, in plain English, Miss, I love you—I'll marry you—My uncle Simeon and Mr Honeycombe have settled the matter between them—I am fond of the match, and hope you are the same.—There's the sum total.

*Pol.* Is it possible that I can have any charms for Mr Ledger!

*Led.* Charms, Miss! you are all over charms—I like you—I like your person, your family, your fortune—I like you altogether—the omniums—eh, Miss!—I like the omniums—and don't care how large a premium I give for them.

*Pol.* Lord, Sir!

*Led.* Come, Miss, let us both set our hands to it, and sign and seal the agreement, without loss of time or hindrance of business.

*Pol.* Not so fast, Sir, not so fast—Right reckoning makes long friends, you know, Mr Ledger.

*Led.* Miss!

*Pol.* After so explicit and polite a declaration on your part, you will expect, no doubt, some suitable returns on mine.

*Led.* To be sure, Miss, to be sure—ay, ay, let's examine the *per contra*.

*Pol.* What you have said, Mr Ledger, has, I take it for granted, been very sincere.

*Led.* Very sincere, upon my credit, Miss.

*Pol.* For my part then, I must declare, however unwillingly—

*Led.* Out with it, Miss!

*Pol.* That the passion I entertain for you is equally strong—

*Led.* Oh brave!

*Pol.* And that I do with equal, or more sincerity—

*Led.* I thank you, Miss; thank you.

*Pol.* Hate and detest—

*Led.* How! how!

*Pol.* Loath and abhor you—

*Led.* What! what!

*Pol.* Your sight is shocking to me, your conversation odious, and your passion contemptible.

*Led.* Mighty well, Miss! mighty well!

*Pol.* Your a vile book of arithmetic; a table of pounds, shillings, and pence—You are uglier than a figure of eight,

and

and more tiresome than the multiplication-table.—There's the sum total.

*Led.* Flesh and blood!

*Pol.* Don't talk to me—Get along—or if you don't leave the room, I will.

*Led.* Very fine, very fine, Miss! Mr Honeycombe shall know this. He'll bring you below *par* again, I warrant you. [Exit

*Pol.* [*alone.*] Ha, ha, ha!—There he goes—ha, ha, ha! I have out-topp'd them all: Miss Howe, Narcissa, Clarinda, Polly Barnes, Sophy Willis, and all of them—None of them ever treated an odious fellow with half so much spirit.—This would make an excellent chapter in a new novel.—But here comes papa—in a violent passion, no doubt. No matter, it will only furnish materials for the next chapter.

*Enter Honeycombe.*

*Hon.* What is the meaning, madam, of this extraordinary behaviour?—How dare you treat Mr Ledger ill, and behave so undutifully to your papa and mama?—You are a spoilt child—your mama and I have been too fond of you.—But have a care, young madam!—mend your conduct, or you may be sure we'll make you repent on't.

*Pol.* Lord, papa, how can you be so angry with me?—I am as dutiful as any girl in the world. But there's always an uproar in the family about marrying the daughter; and now poor I must suffer in my turn.

*Hon.* Hark ye, Miss!—Why did not you receive Mr Ledger as your lover?

*Pph.* Lover!—Oh, dear papa, he has no more of a lover about him!—He never so much as cast one languishing look towards me, never once prest my hand, or struck his breast, or threw himself at my feet, or—Lord, I read such a delightful declaration of love in the new novel this morning!—First, papa, Sir George Trueman—

*Hon.* Devil take Sir George Trueman!—these cursed novels have turn'd the girl's head—Hark ye, hussy! I could almost find in my heart to—I say, hussy, isn't Mr Ledger a husband of your papa and mama's providing? And ar'n't they the properest persons to dispose of you?

*Pol.* Dispose of me!—See there now!—Why you have no notion of these things, papa!—Your head's so full of trade and commerce, that you would dispose of your daughter

ter

ter like a piece of merchandise. But my heart is my own property, and at nobody's disposal but my own.—Sure you would not consign me, like a bale of silk, to Ledger and Co.—Eh, papa?

*Hon.* Her impudence amazes me.—Hark ye, huffy! you're an undutiful slut.

*Pol.* Not at all undutiful, papa.—But I hate Mr Ledger—I can't endure the sight of him.

*Hon.* This is beyond all patience!—Hark ye, huffy! I'll—

*Pol.* Nay, more; to tell you the whole truth, my heart is devoted to another. I have an insuperable passion for him; and nothing shall shake my affection for my dear Mr Scribble.

*Hon.* Mr Scribble!—Who's Mr Scribble?—Hark ye, huffy, I'll turn you out of doors—I'll have you confined to your chamber—Get out of my sight—I'll have you lock'd up this instant.

*Pol.* Lock'd up! I thought so. Whenever a poor girl refuses to marry any horrid creature her parents provide for her, then she's to be lock'd up immediately.—Poor Clotilla! poor Sophy Western! I am now going to be treated just as you have been before me.

*Hon.* Those abominable books!—Hark ye, huffy—you shall have no novel to amuse you—Get along, I say—No pen and ink to scrawl letters—Why don't you go?—Nor no trusty companion—Get along—I'll have you lock'd up this instant, and the key of your chamber shall be in your mama's custody.

*Pol.* Indeed, papa, you need not give my mama so much trouble—I have—

*Hon.* Get along, I say.

*Pol.* I have read of such things as ladders of ropes—

*Hon.* Out of my sight!

*Pol.* Or of escaping out of the window, by tying the sheets together—

*Hon.* Hark ye, huffy—

*Pol.* Or of throwing one's self into the street upon a feather-bed—

*Hon.* I'll turn you out of doors—

*Pol.* Or of being catch'd in a gentleman's arms—

*Hon.* Zounds, I'll—

*Pol.* Or of—

*Hon.* Will you be gone?

[*Exeunt, both talking.*  
SCENE



SCENE *changes to Polly's apartment.*

*Enter Scribble, disguised in a livery.*

So!—in this disguise mistress nurse has brought me higher safe and undiscover'd.—Now for Miss Polly! here's her letter; a true picture of her nonsensical self!—"To my dearest Mr Scribble."—[*Reading the direction.*] And the seal, two doves billing, with this motto:

"We two,

"When we woo,

"Bill and coo."

—Pretty!—And a plain proof I shan't have much trouble with her—I'll make short work on't—I'll carry her off to-day, if possible—clap up a marriage at once; and then down upon our marrow-bones, and ask pardon and blessing of papa and mama. [*Noise without.*]—Here she comes.

Hon. [*without.*] Get along, I say—Up to your own chamber, hussy.

Pol. [*without.*] Well, papa, I am—

Scrib. O the devil!—Her father coming up with her! What shall I do? [*Running about.*] Where shall I hide myself?—I shall certainly be discovered—I'll get up the chimney.—Zounds! they are just here—Ten to one the old cuss may not stay with her—I'll pop into this closet.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Honeycombe and Polly.*

Hon. Here, mistress Malapert, stay here, if you please, and chew the cud of disobedience and mischief in private.

Pol. Very well, papa!

Hon. Very well!—What! you are sulky now? Hark ye, hussy, you are a saucy minx, and 'tis not very well—I have a good mind to keep you upon bread and water this month.—I'll—I'll—But I'll say no more—I'll lock you up, and carry the key to your mama—she'll take care of you—You will have Mr Scribble—Let's see how he can get to you now.

[*Showing the key.*

[*Exit, locking the door.*

Pol. [*alone.*] And so I will have Mr Scribble too, do what you can, Old Squaretrees!—I am provided with pen, ink, and paper, in spite of their teeth—I remember that Clarissa had cunning drawers made on purpose to secure those things in case of an accident—I am very glad I have had caution enough to provide myself with the same implements of intrigue, tho' with a little more ingenuity.—  
Indeed,

Indeed, now they make standishes, and tea-chests, and dressing-boxes, in all sorts of shapes and figures—But mine are of my own invention—Here I've got an excellent ink-horn in my pin-cushion—and a case of pens, and some paper, in my fan. [*Produces them.*] I will write to Mr Scribble immediately. I shall certainly see him eaves-dropping about our door the first opportunity, and then I'll toss it to him out of the window.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Scrib. [*Putting his head out of the door of the closet.*]—A clear coast, I find—The old Codger's gone, and has lock'd me up with his daughter—so much the better!—Pretty soul! What is she about? Writing?—A letter to me, I'll bet ten to one—I'll go and answer it in *propria persona*.

[*Comes forward and stands behind Polly, looking over her writing.*]

Pol. [*Writing.*] “Me—in—your—arms”—Let me see—What have I written! [*Reading.*]—“My dearest dear Mr Scribble.

Scrib. I thought so.

Pol. [*Reading.*] “I am now writing in the most cruel confinement. Fly then, oh fly to me on the wings of love; release me from this horrid goal, and imprison me in your arms.”

Scrib. That I will with all my heart. [*Embracing her.*]

Pol. Oh!

[*Screaming.*]

Scrib. O the devil!—why do you scream so?—I shall be discovered in spite of fortune

[*Running about.*]

Pol. Bless me! Is it you? Hush! [*Running to the door.*] Here's my father coming up stairs, I protest.

Scrib. What the deuce shall I do?—I'll run into the closet again.

Pol. Oh no! he'll search the closet—Jump out of the window.

Scrib. I beg to be excused.

Pol. Lord! here's no time to—he's here—get under the table—[*Scribble hides.*]—Lie still—What shall I say?

[*Sits down by the table.*]

*Enter Honeycombe.*

Hon. How now, huffy?—What's all this noise?

Pol. Sir!

[*Affecting surprise.*]

Hon. What made you scream so violently?

Pol. Scream, papa!

Hon. Scream, papa!—Ay, scream, huffy!—What made you scream, I say?

Pol.

*Pol.* Lord papa, I have never opened my lips, but have been in a philosophical reverie ever since you left me.

*Hon.* I am sure I thought I heard—But, how now, husband! what's here?—pens—ink—and paper!—Hark ye, husband!—How came you by these?—So! so! fine contrivances!—[*Examining them.*]—And a letter begun too—Cruel confinement—wings of love—your arms.” [Reads.] Ah, you forward slut!—But I am glad I have discovered this—I'll seize these moveables: So! so! Now write, if you can—Nobody shall come near you—Send to him if you can.—Now see how Mr Scribble will get at you—Now I have you safe, mistress!—And now—ha! ha!—now you may make love to the table—Hey-day! what's here? a man! [Seeing Scribble.] There was a noise, then! Have I caught you, madam?—Come, Sir, come out of your hole! [Scribble comes from under the table.] A footman!—Who the devil are you, Sir?—Where did you come from?—What d'ye want?—How came you here? Eh, firrah!

*Scrib.* Sir—I—I—What the deuce shall I say to him?

*Hon.* Speak, rascal!

*Scrib.* Sir—I—I—I came about a little business to Miss Honeycombe.

*Hon.* Business!—Ay, you look like a man of business indeed—What, you was to carry this scrawl of a love-letter, I suppose—Eh, firrah!

*Scrib.* A lucky mistake! I'll humour it. [*Aside.*]

*Hon.* What's that you mutter?—Whose livery is this?—who do you belong to, fellow?

*Scrib.* My master.

*Hon.* And who is your master, Sir?

*Scrib.* A gentleman.

*Pol.* Papa, don't suspect who he is. I must speak for him [*Aside.*]—This honest young man belongs to the gentleman I told you I was devoted to—Mr Scribble, papa.

*Hon.* To Mr Scribble, does he? Very fine!

*Scrib.* Yes, Sir; to Mr Scribble—a person of fortune and character—a man of fashion, Sir. Miss Polly need not blush to own her passion for him. I don't know a finer gentleman about town than Mr Scribble.

*Pol.* Lord, how well he behaves!—We shall certainly bam the old gentleman. [*Aside.*]

*Hon.* Hark ye, firrah!—get out of my house this instant—I've a good mind to have you tossed in a blanket—or

—or dragged thro' a horse-pond—or tied neck and heels; and—I've a good mind to carry you before the sitting alderman, you dog you!

*Scrib.* I won't give you that trouble, Sir.—Miss Honeycombe, I kiss your hands—You have no further commands to my master at present, ma'am?—Your compliments I suppose.

*Pol.* Compliments!—My best love to my dear Mr Scribble.

*Scrib.* Pretty soul!

*Hon.* This is beyond all patience—Out of my house, firrah!—Where are all my fellows?—I'll have you thrown out of the window.—You shall be trundled down stairs headlong—You shall—

*Scrib.* Patience, old gentleman! I shall go out of the house the same way I came into it, I promise you.—And let me tell you, Sir, by way of a kind word at parting, that, scold Miss Polly ever so much, watch her ever so narrowly, or confine her ever so closely, Mr Scribble will hate her, whether you will or no, you old cuff you! [*Exit.*]

*Hon.* An impudent dog!—I'll have his livery stript over his ears for his insolence.—As for you, my young mistress, I'll bring down your high spirit, I warrant you.—There, ma'am, sit there if you please. [*Forcing her into a chair.*] We'll send you the Whole Duty of Man, or the Practice of Piety, to read;—or a chair, a screen, or a carpet, to work with your needle.—We'll find you employment.—Some other books than novels, and some better company than Mr Scribble's footman—Have done with your nonsense—and learn to make a pudding, you impudent, idle young baggage. [*Exit.*]

*Pol.* [*alone.*] An old fool! [*mocking him.*] Well, this is a curious adventure, truly!—If I could but make my escape now, after all, it would be admirable.—I am sure Mr Scribble would not go far from the house—Let me see—How can I manage it?—Suppose I force the lock—or take off the screws of it—or get the door off the hinges—I'll try. [*Going, stops.*] Or, hold! I have a brighter thought than any of them—I'll set fire to the house—and so be carried off, like stolen goods, in the confusion—A most excellent contrivance!—I must put it in practice. [*Noise without.*] O dear, here's somebody coming—[*After unlocking the door, enter Nurse.*] Oh, nurse, is it you? I am heartily glad to see you. I thought it had been papa or mama.



*Nur.* Ah, chicken, I have taken care of your mama—Mr Honeycombe brought her the key in a parlous fury, with orders to let nobody go near you except himself. But madam—I can't choose but laugh—madam had taken a glass extraordinary of her cordial, and I have left her fast asleep in her own chamber.

*Pol.* The luckiest thing in the world!—Now, my dear nurse, you may let your poor bird out of her cage—Away, away this instant!

*Nur.* Softly, chicken, softly!—You ruined all with Mr Scribble just now, by making a noise, you know.

*Pol.* Lord, nurse, I had no power of reflection—I was quite frightened—I was as much surprised as Sophy Western when she saw Tom Jones in the looking-glass.

*Nur.* Hush! you shall steal off immediately. Your papa is very busy with Mr Ledger.—Mr Scribble is waiting with a hackney-chair but in the next street—you may slip slyly into it, and be convey'd to his lodging in a trice, chicken.

*Pol.* And he strut before the chair all the way in his livery, and cry—"By your leave, Sir!—By your leave, ma'am!"—Eh!—admirable!—Come, nurse, I long to be in his hands.

*Nur.* Stay; let me go before, to see that there is nobody in the way. Come gently down stairs—I'll set open the door, and then you may get to him as fast as you can.—Ah, you're a wanton baggage!

*Pol.* Very well! come along then!—"By your leave, Sir!—By your leave, ma'am!" Oh rare!—This is the finest adventure I ever had in my life.

[*Exit, following the nurse.*]

SCENE changes to Mrs Honeycombe's apartment.

*Mrs Hon.* [*alone—several phials on the table, with labels.*] I am not at all well to-day.—[*Tawns as if just waking.*]—Such a quantity of tea in a morning makes one quite nervous—and Mr Honeycombe does not choose it qualified,—I have such a dizziness in my head, it absolutely turns round with me.—I don't think neither that the hysteric water is warm enough for my stomach—I must speak to Mr Julep to order me something rather more comfortable.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nur.* Did you call, ma'am?

VOL. 3.

R

*Mrs Hon.*

*Mrs Hon.* Oh nurse, is it you?—No, I did not call—Where's Mr Honeycombe?

*Nur.* Below stairs in the parlour, madam—I did not think she'd have wak'd so soon—If she should miss the key now, before I have an opportunity to lay it down again—

*Mrs Hon.* What d'ye say, nurse?

*Nur.* Say, ma'am?—Say!—I say, I hope you're a little better, ma'am.

*Mrs Hon.* Oh nurse, I am perfectly giddy with my nerves, and so low-spirited—

*Nur.* Poor gentlewoman! Suppose I give you a sip out of the case of Italian cordials, ma'am, that was sent as a present from Mr What-d'ye-call-him, in Crutched-friars—the Italian merchant with the long name.

*Mrs Hon.* Filthy poison! don't mention it.—Faugh! I hate the very names of them. You know, nurse, I never touch any cordials but what come from the apothecary's—What o'clock is it?—Isn't it time to take my draught?

*Nur.* By my troth, I believe it is—Let me see; I believe this is it—*[Takes up a phial, and slips the key upon the table.]* “The stomachic draught, to be taken an hour before dinner. For Mrs Honeycombe.” *[Reading the label.]* Ay, this is it. By my troth, I am glad I've got rid of the key again. *[Aside.]*

*Mrs Hon.* Come then, pour it into a tea-cup, and give it me. I'm afraid I can't take it. It goes sadly against me.

*While she is drinking, Honeycombe without.*

Run, John, run. After them immediately! Harry, do you run too. Stick close to Mr Ledger. Don't return without them for your life.

*Nur.* Good lack! good lack! they're discover'd as sure as the day. *[Aside.]*

*Mrs Hon.* Lord, nurse, what's the matter?

*Nur.* I don't know, by my troth.

*Enter Honeycombe.*

*Mrs Hon.* O, my sweeting, I am glad you are come. I was so frightened about you. *[Rises, and seems disordered.]*

*Hon.* Zounds, my dear!

*Mrs Hon.* O don't swear, my dearest!

*Hon.* Zounds, 'tis enough to make a parson swear. You have let Polly escape. She's run away with a fellow.

*Mrs Hon.* You perfectly astonish me, my dear. I can't possibly

possibly conceive. My poor head aches too to such a degree. Where's the key of her chamber?

[*Seems disordered.*]

Nur. Here, madam, here it is.

Hon. Zounds, I tell you—

Mrs Hon. Why, here's the key, my sweeting. 'Tis absolutely impossible. It has lain here ever since you brought it me. Not a soul has touched it: Have they, nurse?

[*Disordered.*]

Nur. Not a creature, I'll take my Bible-oath on't.

Hon. I tell you, she's gone. I'm sure on't: Mr Ledger saw a strange footman put her into a chair at the corner of the street; and he and John, and a whole posse, are gone in pursuit of them.

Mrs Hon. This is the most extraordinary circumstance. 'Tis quite beyond my comprehension. But my sweeting must not be angry with his own dear wife. It was not her fault.

[*Fondling.*]

Hon. Nay, my love, don't trifle now.

Mrs Hon. I must: I will—

Hon. Zounds, my dear, be quiet. I shall have my girl ruined for ever.

Led. [*without.*] This way, this way: Bring them along.

Hon. Hark! they're coming: Mr Ledger has overtaken them, they're here.

Led. [*without.*] Here: Mr Honeycombe is in this room: Come along.

*Enter Ledger, Polly, and Scribble, with Servants.*

Led. Here they are, Mr Honeycombe. We've brought them back again. Here they are, madam.

Hon. Hark ye, hussy! I have a good mind to turn you out of doors again immediately. You are a disgrace to your family, you're a shame to—

Mrs Hon. Stay, my dear, don't put yourself into such a passion. Polly, observe what I say to you: Let me know the whole circumstances of this affair. I don't at all understand: Tell me, I say.

[*Disordered.*]

Hon. Zounds! I have no patience. Hark ye, hussy! Where was you going? Tell me for certain who this fellow belongs to. Where does he live? Who is he?

Pol. That gentleman, papa, that gentleman, is no other than Mr Scribble.

*Hon.* This! is this Mr Scribble?

*Scrib.* The very man, Sir; at your service. An humble admirer of Miss Honeycombe's.

*Pol.* Yes, papa, that's Mr Scribble, the sovereign of my heart; the sole object of my affections.

*Mrs Hon.* What can be the meaning of all this?

*Hon.* Why, you beggarly slut! this is even worse than I expected. What, would you run away from your family with a fellow in livery, a footman?

*Pol.* A footman! Ha! ha! ha! very good; and so, papa, you really believe he is a footman. A footman!

*Scrib.* A footman, eh, my dear? An errand-boy. A scoundrel. Fellow in livery—Yes, I am very like a footman, to be sure. [*Laughing with Polly.*]

*Pol.* Why, papa, don't you know that every gentleman disguises himself in the course of an amour: Don't you remember that Bob Lovelace disguised himself like an old man, and Tom Ramble like an old woman? No adventure can be carried on without it.

*Hon.* She's certainly mad, stark mad: Hark ye, Sir, who are you? I'll have you sent to the Compter: You shall give an account of yourself before my Lord Mayor.

*Scrib.* What care I for my Lord Mayor!

*Hon.* There! there's a fellow for you! Don't care for my Lord Mayor!

*Scrib.* No, nor the whole court of aldermen. Hark ye, old greybeard! I am a gentleman. A gentleman as well known as any in the city.

*Mrs Hon.* Upon my word, I believe so: He seems a very proper gentleman-like—sort of a—kind of a—person.

*Led.* As well known as any in the city! I don't believe it. He's no good man: I am sure he's not known upon 'Change.

*Scrib.* Damme, Sir, what d'ye mean?

*Led.* Oho! Mr gentleman, is it you? I thought I knew your voice, ay, and your face too. Pray, Sir, don't you live with Mr Traverse the attorney, in Grace-church-street? Did not you come to me last week about a policy of insurance?

*Scrib.* O the devil! [*Aside.*] I come to you, Sir!—I never saw your face before. [*To Ledger.*]

*Nur.* Good lack! he'll certainly be discovered. [*Aside.*]

*Hon.* An attorney's clerk—Hark ye, friend—

*Scrib.*



*Scrib.* 'Egad, I'd best sneak off before 'tis worse.

[*Going.*

*Hon.* Hark ye, woman! [*to Nurse.*—I begin to suspect: Have not I heard you speak of a kinsman, clerk to Mr Traverse?—Stop him.

*Scrib.* Hands off, gentlemen! Well then, I do go through a little business for Mr Traverse—What then? What have you to say to me now, Sir?

*Pol.* Do, pray, mama, take Mr Scribble's part, pray do.

*Nur.* Do, ma'am, speak a good word for him.

*Mrs Hon.* I understand nothing at all of the matter.

*Apart, while  
they are  
stopping  
Scribble.*

*Hon.* Hark ye, woman! He's your nephew, I'm sure on't; I'll turn you out of doors immediately—You shall be—

*Nur.* I beg upon my knees that your honour would forgive me. I meant no harm; heaven above knows.

[*Kneeling.*

*Hon.* No harm! what, to marry my daughter to—I'll have you sent to Newgate. And you, [*to Polly*] you forry baggage; d'ye see what you was about? You was running away with a beggar, with your nurse's nephew, hussy!

*Pol.* Lord, papa, what signifies whose nephew he is: He may be ne'er the worse for that: Who knows but he may be a fondling, and a gentleman's son, as well as Tom Jones. My mind is resolved, and nothing shall ever alter it.

*Scrib.* Bravo, Miss Polly! A fine generous spirit, faith!

*Hon.* You're an impudent slut—You're undone.

*Mrs Hon.* Nay, but look ye, Polly! mind me, child! You know that I—

*Pol.* As for my poor mama here, you see, Sir, she is a little in the nervous way this morning. When she comes to herself, and Mr Julep's draughts have taken a proper effect, she'll be convinced I am in the right.

*Hon.* Hold your impertinence. Hark ye, Polly—

*Pol.* And you, my angelic Mr Scribble!

*Scrib.* *Ma chere adorable!*

*Pol.* You may depend on my constancy and affection. I never read of any lady's giving up her lover, to submit to the absurd election of her parents. I'll have you, let what will be the consequence. I'll have you, though we go through as many distresses as Booth and Amelia.

*Hon.* Peace, huffy!

*Pol.* As for you, you odious wretch, [*to Ledger*] how could they ever imagine that I should dream of such a creature?—a great he-monster!—I would as soon be married to the Staffordshire giant. I hate you. You are as deceitful as Blifil, as rude as the Harlowes, and as ugly as Dr Slop. [*Exit*]

*Led.* Mighty well, Miss, mighty well!

*Scrib.* Prodigious humour! high fun, faith!

*Hon.* She's downright raving—mad as a march hare—I'll put her into Bedlam—I'll send her into the country—I'll have her shut up in a nunnery—I'll—

*Mrs Hon.* Come, my sweeting, don't make your dear self so uneasy—don't—

*Hon.* As for you, Sir, [*to Scribble*]—Hark ye, strip-ling—

*Scrib.* Nay, nay, old gentleman, no bouncing—You're mistaken in your man, Sir: I know what I am about.

*Hon.* Zounds, Sir, and I know—

*Scrib.* Yes, Sir, and I know that I've done nothing contrary to the twenty-sixth of the king. Above a month ago, Sir, I took lodgings in Miss Polly's name and mine, in the parish of St George's in the Fields: The bans have been asked three times, and I could have married Miss Polly to-day. So much for that; and so, Sir, your servant.—If you offer to detain me, I shall bring my action on the case for false imprisonment, sue out a bill of Middlesex, and upon a *non est inventus*, if you abscond, a *latitat*, then an *alias*, a *pluries*, a *non omittas*, and so on: Or perhaps I may indict you at the sessions, bring the affair by *certiorari* into *bancum regis*, &c. &c. &c. And now, stop me at your peril. [*Exit*]

*Hon.* I am stunn'd with his jargon, and confounded at his impudence. Hark ye, woman! [*to the Nurse*.] I'll have you committed to Newgate. I'll—

*Nur.* Mighty well, your honour! Fine treatment for an old servant indeed! I, to be huff'd and ding'd about at this rate! But 'tis an old saying and a true one, Give a dog an ill name, and hang him. Live and learn, as they say. We grow older and wiser every day. Service is no inheritance in these ages. There are more places than parish churches.—So you may do as you please, your honour. But I shall lock up my things, give up a month's wages

er want of a month's warning, and go my ways out of our house immediately. [Exit.

Hon. Why, you old beldam, I'll have you carted. You shall be burnt for a witch. But I'll put an end to this matter at once: Mr Ledger, you shall marry my daughter to-morrow morning.

Led. Not I, indeed, my friend. I give up my interest in her. She'd make a terrible wife for a sober citizen. Who can answer for her behaviour?—I would not underwrite her for ninety *per cent*. [Exit.

Hon. See there, see there; my girl is undone; her character is ruin'd with all the world. These damn'd story-books! What shall we do, Mrs Honeycombe? what shall we do?

Mrs Hon. Look ye, my dear, you've been wrong in very particular.

Hon. Wrong! I wrong!—

Mrs Hon. Quite wrong, my dear. I would not expose you before company, my tenderness, you know, is so great. But leave the whole affair to me. You are too violent. Go, my dear, go and compose yourself, and I'll set all matters to rights. [Going, turns back.] Don't you do any thing of your own head now; trust it all to me, my dear: And I'll settle it in such a manner, that you, and all the world, shall be astonish'd and delighted with it. [Exit, muttering.

Hon. [alone.] Zounds, I shall run mad with vexation. Was ever man so heartily provoked? You see now, gentlemen, [coming forward to the audience] what a situation I am in: Instead of happiness and jollity; my friends and family about me; a wedding and a dance; and every thing as it should be—here am I, left by myself, deserted by my intended son-in-law, bully'd by an attorney's clerk, affronted by my own servant, my daughter mad, my wife in the vapours, and all's in confusion. This comes of cordials and novels——Zounds, your stomachics are the devil—and a man might as well turn his daughter loose in Covent-garden, as trust the cultivation of her mind to

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

# E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr GARRICK—Spoken by Miss POPE.

*Enter, as Polly; laughing.*

**M**Y poor papa's in woful agitation—  
 While I, the cause, feel here [*striking her bosom*] no palpitation  
 We girls of reading and superior notions,  
 Who from the fountain-head drink love's sweet potions,  
 Pity our parents, when such passion blinds 'em;  
 One hears the good folks rave—one never minds 'em.  
 'Till these dear books infused their soft ingredients,  
 Alham'd and fearful, I was all obedience.  
 Then my good father did not storm in vain,  
 I blush'd, and cry'd, "I'll ne'er do so again:"  
 But now no bugbears can my spirit tame,  
 I've conquer'd fear—and almost conquer'd shame.  
 So much these dear instructors change and win us,  
 Without their *light*, we ne'er should know what's in us.  
 Here we at once supply our childish wants—  
*Novels* are hotbeds for your forward plants.  
 Not only sentiments refine the soul,  
 But hence we learn to be the smart and drole;  
 Each awkward circumstance for laughter serves,  
 From narse's nonsense to my mother's *nerves*.  
 Though parents tell us, that our genius lies  
 In mending linen and in making pies;  
 I set such formal precepts at defiance,  
 That preach up prudence, neatness, and compliance:  
 Leap these old bounds, and boldly set the pattern,  
 To be a wit, philosopher, and flattern.  
 O! did all maids and wives my spirit feel,  
 We'd make this topsy-turvy world to reel.  
 Let us to arms!—Our fathers, husbands, dare!  
*Novels* will teach us all the art of war:  
 Our tongues will serve for trumpet and for drum;  
 I'll be your leader—General *Honeycombe*.  
 Too long has human nature gone astray;  
 Daughters should govern, parents shou'd obey:  
 Man should submit the moment that he weds;  
 And hearts of oak should yield to wiser heads.  
 I see you smile, bold Britons!—But 'tis true—  
 Beat you the French;—but let your wives beat you.



# THE PATRON.

IN TWO ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

Sir Thomas Lofty,  
Sir Peter Pepperpot,  
Dick Bever,  
Frank Younger,  
Sir Roger Dowlas,  
Mr Rust,  
Mr Dactyl,  
Mr Puff,  
Mr Staytape,  
Robin,  
John,  
Two Blacks.

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Hay-Market.  
Mr Foote.  
Mr Death.  
Mr Davis.  
Mr Palmer.  
Mr Weston.  
Mr Granger.  
Mr Hayes.  
Mr Brown.  
Mr Parsons.  
Mr Lewis.

### W O M A N.

Miss Juliet,

Mrs Granger.

## ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

YOUNGER.

NO, Dick, you must pardon me.

*Bev.* Nay, but to satisfy your curiosity.

*Youn.* I tell you, I have not a jot.

*Bev.* Why then to gratify me.

*Youn.* At rather too great an expence.

*Bev.*

# T H E P A T R O N.

*Bev.* To a fellow of your observation and turn, I should think, now, such a scene a most delicate treat.

*Toun.* Delicate! Palling, nauseous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulsome formality.

*Bev.* The uncle! ay; but then you know he is only one of the group.

*Toun.* That's true; but the figures are all finished alike. *A manière*, a tiresome sameness throughout.

*Bev.* There you will excuse me; I am sure there is no want of variety.

*Toun.* No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

*Bev.* First, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

*Toun.* What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider of merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful nine. Ha, ha! Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb!

*Bev.* Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is universally allow'd to have taste; sharp-judging Adriel, the muse's friend, himself a muse.

*Toun.* Taste! by whom? underling bards that he feeds, and broken booksellers that he bribes. Look ye, Dick; what raptures you please when Miss Lofty is your theme, but expect no quarter for the rest of the family. I tell thee once for all, Lofty is a rank impostor, the buffo of an illiberal mercenary tribe; he has neither genius to create, judgment to distinguish, nor generosity to reward; his wealth has gained him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voilà le portrait de votre oncle!* Now on to the next.

*Bev.* The genius and erudite Mr Rust.

*Toun.* What, old Martin the medal-monger?

*Bev.* The same, and my rival in Juliet.

*Toun.* Rival! what, Rust? why, she's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he likes no heads but upon coins. Marry'd! the mummy! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago, that I saw him making love to the figure without a nose in Somerset-gardens: I caught him stroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and asked him if he was not ashamed to take such liberties with ladies in public.

*Bev.*

*Bev.* What an inconstant old scoundrel it is!

*Youn.* Oh, a Dorimont. But how came this about? What could occasion the change? was it in the power of flesh and blood to seduce this adorer of virtue from his marriage and prophesy?

*Bev.* Juliet has done it; and, what will surprise you, her taste was a bawd to the business.

*Youn.* Prithee explain.

*Bev.* Juliet met him last week at her uncle's; he was a little pleased with the Greek of her profile; but, on a closer enquiry, he found the turn-up of her nose too exactly resemble the bust of the princess Popæa.

*Youn.* The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero?

*Bev.* The same.

*Youn.* Oh, the deuce! then your business was done in an instant.

*Bev.* Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered a part *blanche* for the rest of the figure; which (as you may suppose) was instantly caught at.

*Youn.* Doubtless. But who have we here?

*Bev.* This is one of Lofty's companions, a West-Indian of an overgrown fortune. He saves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

*Enter Sir Peter Pepperpot, and two Blacks.*

*Sir Pet.* Careless Scoundrels! harkee, rascals! I'll banish you home, you dogs! you shall back, and broil in the sun. Mr Bever, your humble; Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

*Bev.* You seem mov'd; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

*Sir Pet.* Matter! why, I am invited to dinner on a bar-bien, and the villains have forgot my bottle of chian.

*Youn.* Unpardonable.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, this country has spoil'd them; this same chrillening will ruin the colonies. Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy! our fleet is arriv'd from the West.

*Bev.* It is?

*Sir Pet.* Ay, lad, and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmstone; I nick'd the time to a hair; thin as a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's; never was in finer condition for feeding.

*Bev.* Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

*Sir Pet.* Nine; but seven in excellent order; the captain assures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage.

*Bev.*

*Bev.* How do you dispose of them?

*Sir Pet.* Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two sickly ones I shall send to my borough in Yorkshire.

*Youn.* Ay! what, have the Provincials a relish for a turtle?

*Sir Pet.* Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (give me leave to say) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the Mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate blessing. But we, Sir, have polish'd their palates. Why, Sir, not the meanest member of my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pee.

*Youn.* Indeed!

*Sir Pet.* Ay, and sever the green from the shell with the skill of the ablest anatomist.

*Youn.* And are they fond of it?

*Sir Pet.* Oh, that the consumption will tell you. The stated allowance is six pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

*Bev.* A plentiful provision.

*Sir Pet.* But there was never known any waste. The mayor, recorder, and rector, are permitted to eat as much as they please.

*Youn.* The entertainment is pretty expensive.

*Sir Pet.* Land-carriage, and all. But I contriv'd to smuggle the last that I sent them.

*Bev.* Smuggle! I don't understand you.

*Sir Pet.* Why, Sir, the rascally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the same time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty shillings put him an inside passenger in the Doncaster fly.

*Youn.* A happy expedient.

*Bev.* Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

*Sir Pet.* Yes; but the frolic had like to have prov'd fatal.

*Youn.* How so?

*Sir Pet.* The maid at the Rummer, at Hatfield, popp'd her head into the coach, to know if the company would have any breakfast; ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her nose, and flapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha!

*Youn.* Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

*Bev.*



*Bev.* What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the squire?

*Sir Pet.* Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas; you know this is his day of assembly; I suppose you will be there: I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

*Bev.* Am I?

*Sir Pet.* He says your natural genius is fine, and, when polish'd by his cultivation, will surprise and astonish the world.

*Bev.* I hope, Sir, I shall have your voice with the public.

*Sir Pet.* Mine! O fie, Mr Bever!

*Bev.* Come, come, you are no inconsiderable patron.

*Sir Pet.* He, he, he! Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

*Bev.* And have contributed largely yourself.

*Youn.* What, is Sir Peter an author?

*Sir Pet.* O fie! what me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true. Some sonnets, that have not been thought wanting in salt.

*Bev.* And your epigrams——

*Sir Pet.* Not entirely without point.

*Bev.* But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the sole cause of your visits to the house you are going to.

*Sir Pet.* I don't understand you.

*Bev.* Miss Juliet, the niece.

*Sir Pet.* O fie! what chance have I there?—Indeed if lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off—

*Bev.* I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and were I a father or uncle, I should not be a little shy of your visits.

*Sir Pet.* Psha! dear Bever, you banter.

*Bev.* And (unless I am extremely out in my guess) that lady—

*Sir Pet.* Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

*Bev.* But if you should betray me—

*Sir Pet.* May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do.

*Bev.* Hints have been dropp'd.

*Sir Pet.* The devil! Come a little this way.

*Bev.* Well made;—not robust and gigantic, 'tis true; but extremely genteel.

*Sir Pet.* Indeed!

*Bev.* Features not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, superior; greatly above the—you understand me?

*Sir Pet.* Perfectly. Something noble; expressive of—fashion.

*Bev.* Right.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, I have been frequently told so.

*Bev.* Not an absolute wit; but something infinitely better—an *enjouement*, a spirit, a——

*Sir Pet.* Gaiety. I was ever so from a child.

*Bev.* In short, your dress, address, with a thousand other particulars that at present I can't recollect.

*Sir Pet.* Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admired Miss Juliet, and a delicate creature she is; sweet as a sugarcane, straight as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

*Bev.* Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, such a plantation of perfections to be devour'd by that caterpillar Rust.

*Sir Pet.* A liquorish grub! Are pine-apples for such muck-worms as he? I'll send him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poison the pipkin.

*Bev.* No, no.

*Sir Pet.* Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

*Bev.* Not so precipitate; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

*Sir Pet.* How, how?

*Bev.* I have a thought; but we must settle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint that I should be glad to see her a moment.

*Sir Pet.* I'll do it directly.

*Bev.* But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

*Sir Pet.* Never fear. You'll follow?

*Bev.* The instant I have settled matters with her; but fix the old fellow so that she may not be miss'd.

*Sir Pet.* I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuscript.

*Bev.* Your own?

*Sir Pet.* No.

*Bev.* Oh ho! what, something new from the doctor, your chaplain?

*Sir Pet.* He! no, no. O lord, he's elop'd.

*Bev.* How?

*Sir Pet.* Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me; so I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engraved, to prefix (by way of print) to the

from-

frontispiece; and, O grief of griefs! the doctor has mov'd off with the money. I'll send you Miss Juliet. [*Exit.*]

*Bev.* There, now, is a special protector! the arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mæcenas.

*Youn.* Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

*Bev.* True; but then, to justify the dispensation,  
From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;  
Fortunes to booksellers, to authors bread.

*Youn.* The distribution is, I own, a little unequal; and here comes a melancholy instance—poor Dick Dactyl, and his publisher Puff.

*Enter Dactyl and Puff.*

*Puff.* Why, then, Mr Dactyl, carry them to somebody else; there are people enough in the trade. But I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

*Dac.* And how can one help it, Mr Puff? genius impels; and when a man is once listed in the service of the muses—

*Puff.* Why, let him give them warning as soon as he can. A pretty sort of service indeed, where there are neither wages nor vails! The muses! And what, I suppose this is the livery they give? Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

*Bev.* The poet and publisher at variance! What is the matter, Mr Dactyl?

*Dac.* As Gad shall judge me, Mr Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praise.

*Puff.* A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greatest in the world. Panegyric and praise! and what will that do with the public? Why, who the devil will give money to be told, that Mr Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire now, well powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level—there, there we are pleased—there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crowns on the counter.

*Dac.* Yes, and so get cropp'd for a libel.

*Puff.* Cropp'd! ay; and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give twopence for an au-  
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thor that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, (as I may say) Mr Daetyl, a sort of warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a fear. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the royal exchange.

*Bew.* Indeed!

*Puff.* No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and fabulous stuff. The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnassus.

*Dac.* Ay, to you, indeed, it may answer; but what do we get for our pains?

*Puff.* Why, what the deuce would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why, you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monster, a prodigy! No, no: Spare diet is a spur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegafus.

*Dac.* Why, you impudent, illiterate rascal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

*Puff.* Heyday! what is the matter now?

*Dac.* And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter; the world, the world shall know what you are, and how you have used me.

*Puff.* Do your worst; I despise you.

*Dac.* They shall be told from what a dunghill you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a sinner, that fellow owes every skilling to me.

*Puff.* To thee!

*Dac.* Ay, firrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your state? Gentlemen, his shop was a shed in Moorfields; his kitchen, a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bed-chamber, under the counter.

*Puff.* I never was fond of expence; I ever minded my trade.

*Dac.* Your trade! and pray with what stock did you trade? I can give you the catalogue; I believe it won't overburden my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift; the Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts; the Five Senses, printed and coloured by Overton; a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charter-house; with the trial of Dr Sacheverel.

*Puff.* Malice.

*Dac.*



*Dac.* Then, firrah, I gave you my Canning; it was she first set you afloat.

*Puff.* A grub.

*Dac.* And it is not only my writings: You know, firrah, what you owe to my physic.

*Bew.* How! a physician?

*Dac.* Yes, Mr Bever; physic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: *Opiferque per orbem dicor.*

*Puff.* His physic!

*Dac.* My physic! ay, my physic. Why, dare you deny it, you rascal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

*Puff.* No.

*Dac.* My cosmetic lozenge and sugar-plumbs?

*Puff.* No.

*Dac.* My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops, with my paste for superfluous hairs?

*Puff.* No, no; have you done?

*Dac.* No, no, no; but I believe this will suffice for the present.

*Puff.* Now, would not any mortal believe that I ow'd my all to this fellow?

*Bew.* Why, indeed, Mr Puff, the balance does seem in his favour.

*Puff.* In his favour! why you don't give any credit to him? a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me.

*Dac.* I, I, I!

*Puff.* You, you! What, I suppose you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furnish'd paragraphs for the Farthing-post at twelvepence a dozen.

*Dac.* Fiction.

*Puff.* Then did not I get you made collector of casualties to the Whitehall and St James's? but that post your laziness lost you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hang'd; a birth, till the christening was over; nor a death, till the hatchment was up.

*Dac.* Mighty well!

*Puff.* And now, because the fellow has got a little in flesh, by being puff to the play-house this winter, (to which, by-the-bye, I got him appointed) he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have him under; the vacation will come.

*Dac.* Let it.

*Puff.* Then I shall have him sneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of translation.

*Dac.* I beg, I, for translation!

*Puff.* No, no, not a line: Not if you would do it for twopence a-sheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

*Dac.* Your shop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

*Bev.* O fie, Mr DaCtyl!

*Puff.* Let him alone.

*Dac.* Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

*Bev.* Younger, restrain the publisher's fire.

*Youn.* Fie, gentlemen, such an illiberal combat! It is a scandal to the republic of letters.

*Bev.* Mr DaCtyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

*Dac.* Sir, I am calm; that thought has restor'd me. To your insignificancy you are indebted for safety. But what my generosity has saved, my pen shall destroy.

*Puff.* Then you must get somebody to mend it.

*Dac.* Adieu!

*Puff.* Farewel!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Bev.* Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the squire.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor;

But dunces with dunces is barb'rous civil war.

## ACT II.

*Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

YOUNGER.

POOR DaCtyl! and dwells such mighty rage in little men? I hope there is no danger of bloodshed.

*Bev.* Oh, not in the least: The *gens vatum*, the nation of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual interests will soon bring them together again.

*Youn.* But shall not we be late? The critical senate is by this time assembled.

*Bev.* I warrant you, frequent and full; where  
Stately Buse, puff'd by ev'ry quill,  
Sits like Apollo, on his forked hill

But

But you know I must wait for Miss Lofty; I am now totally directed by her; she gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and prescribes the most proper method to feed them; but what good purpose that will produce—

*Youn.* Is she clever, adroit?

*Bev.* Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

*Youn.* Then pay an implicit obedience: The ladies, in these cases, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

*Bev.* It is Juliet, and with her old Rust. Enter, *Frank*. You know the knight, so no introduction is wanted. [*Exit Younger.*] I should be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtship must certainly be curious. Good manners, stand by; by your leave I will listen a little. [*Bever retires.*]

*Enter Juliet and Rust.*

*Jul.* And your collection is large?

*Rust.* Most curious and capital. When, madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to the catalogue?

*Jul.* O dear! Mr Rust, I shall but disgrace it. Besides, Sir, when I marry, I am resolved to have my husband all to myself: Now for the possession of your heart I shall have too many competitors.

*Rust.* How, madam? were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that stands in my hall, she should not cost me a sigh.

*Jul.* Ay, Sir, there lies my greatest misfortune. Had I only those who are alive to contend with, by assiduity, affection, cares, and caresses, I might secure my conquest; though that would be difficult; for I am convinc'd, were you, Mr Rust, put up by Prestage to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

*Rust.* Would that were the case, madam, so I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

*Jul.* The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeness. But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and statuaries, conspire against me. Nay, when the pantheon itself, the very goddesses, rise up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me? I shall certainly laugh in his face. [*Aside.*]

*Rust.* She is a delicate subject.—Goddesses, madam! zooks, had you been on mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Extravagant gallantry.

*Rust.* In you, madam, are concentr'd all the beauties of the heathen mythology; the open front of Diana, the lustre of Pallas's eyes—

*Jul.* Oh, Sir!

*Rust.* The chromatic music of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebe, the imperial port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

*Jul.* I see, Sir, antiquity has not engross'd all your attention: You are no novice in the nature of woman. Incense, I own, is grateful to most of my sex; but there are times when adoration may be dispens'd with.

*Rust.* Ma'am!

*Jul.* I say, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the skies, and wish to be treated as mortals.

*Rust.* Doubtless, madam; and are you wanting in materials for that? No, madam; as in dignity you surpass the heathen divinities, so in the charms of attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed its several beauties to form you.

*Jul.* The deuce it has!

[*Aside.*

*Rust.* See there the ripe Asiatic perfection, join'd to the delicate softness of Europe. In you, madam, I burn to possess Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Popæa.

*Jul.* With the majestic march of queen Bess. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

*Rust.* In short, madam, not a feature you have, but recalls to my mind some trait in a medal or bust.

*Jul.* Indeed! Why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamongundy of charms.

*Rust.* Oh, madam, how can you demean, as I may say, undervalue—

*Jul.* Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr Rust, in that word value lies my greatest objection.

*Rust.* I don't understand you.

*Jul.* Why then I'll explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow of truth, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; now I am afraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I suppose must be the case if you proceed on your plan, you will be horri-

bly



bly disappointed in your high expectations, and soon discover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princess Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal as madam your mother.

*Rust.* Madam, I, I, I—

*Jul.* Your patience a moment. Being therefore desirous to preserve your devotion, I beg, for the future, you would please to adore at a distance.

*Rust.* To Endymion, madam, Luna once listened.

*Jul.* Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal; you may do very well as a votary, but for a husband—mercy upon me!

*Rust.* Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious?

*Jul.* Not serious! Why, have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess?

*Rust.* I should hope—

*Jul.* And what should you hope? I find your devotion resembles that of the world; when the power of sinning is over, and the sprightly first-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may, if you please, turn monk in my service, One vow, I believe, you will observe better than most of them, chastity.

*Rust.* Permit me—

*Jul.* Or if you must marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your Fum-fam from China, or your Egyptian Osiris. You have long paid your addresses to them.

*Rust.* Marry! what, marble?

*Jul.* The properest wives in the world; you can't choose amiss; they will supply you with all that you want.

*Rust.* Your uncle has, madam, consented.

*Jul.* That is more than ever his niece will. Consented! and to what? to be swath'd to a mould'ring mummy; or be lock'd up like your medals, to canker and rust in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world shall not be robb'd of its right.

*Bev.* Bravo, Juliet! gad, she's a fine spirited girl.

*Jul.* My *profile*, indeed! No, Sir; when I marry, I must have a man that will meet me full-face.

*Rust.* Might I be heard for a moment?

*Jul.* To what end! You say you have Sir Thomas Loft's consent; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may screen me from or expose me to my uncle's resentment; the choice is your own; if you lay the fault at my door, you will, doubtless, greatly distress me; but take the blame

blame on yourself, and I shall own myself extremely oblig'd to you.

*Rust.* How! confess myself in the fault?

*Jul.* Ay; for the best thing a man can do, when he finds he can't be belov'd, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

*Rust.* Madam, I shan't break my word with Sir Thomas.

*Jul.* Nor I with myself. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

*Rust.* Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—But no matter. Your servant. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter Bever from behind.*

*Bev.* Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! How the old dotard trembled and totter'd! he could not have been more inflamed had he been robb'd of his Otho.

*Jul.* Ay: was ever goddess so familiarly used? In my conscience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuse them.

*Bev.* But after all, we are in an awkward situation.

*Jul.* How so?

*Bev.* I have my fears.

*Jul.* So have not I.

*Bev.* Your uncle has resolv'd that you should be marry'd to Rust.

*Jul.* Ay, he may decree; but it is I that must execute.

*Bev.* But suppose he has given his word?

*Jul.* Why then let him recal it again.

*Bev.* But are you sure you shall have courage enough—

*Jul.* To say no? That requires much resolution, indeed.

*Bev.* Then I am at the height of my hopes.

*Jul.* Your hopes! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

*Bev.* Why, you are determined not to be his.

*Jul.* Well, and what then?

*Bev.* What then! why, then you will be mine.

*Jul.* Indeed! and is that the natural consequence; whoever won't be his, must be your's? Is that the logic of Oxford?

*Bev.* Madam, I did flatter myself.

*Jul.* Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr Bever; you should ever guard against flattering yourself, for of all dangerous parasites, Self is the worst. *Bev.*

*Bev.* I am astonish'd!

*Jul.* Astonish'd! you are mad, I believe! Why I have not known you a month. It is true, my uncle says your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be easy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your understanding, passable enough for a young fellow who has not seen much of the world: But when one talks of a husband—Lord, 'tis quite another sort of a—Ha, ha, ha! poor Bever, how he stares! he stands like a statue.

*Bev.* Statue! indeed, madam, I am very near petrified.

*Jul.* Even then, you will make as good a husband as Rust. Go on, run, and join the assembly within; be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle; be dumb when he speaks, admire all he says, laugh when he smirks, bow when he sneezes: In short, fawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be afraid of overloading his stomach; for the knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

*Bev.* I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try—

*Jul.* Don't plague me with impertinent questions;—march; obey my directions. We must leave the issue to chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new should occur, you may come into the drawing-room for further instructions.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, a room in Sir Thomas Lofty's house.

Sir Thomas, Rust, Puff, Dactyl, and others, discovered sitting.

*Sir Tho.* Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

*Dac.* Not that I hear.

*Sir Tho.* Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

*Puff.* Nothing.

*Sir Tho.* Then in this disette, this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to distribute my stores. I have here in my hand a little smart, satyirical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: In short, a production that Martial himself would not have blush'd to acknowledge.

*Rust.* Your own, Sir Thomas?

*Sir Tho.* O fie! no; sent me this morning, anonymous.

*Dac.* Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

*All.* By all means; by all means.

*Sir Tho.*

*Sir Tho.*

TO PHILLIS.

Think'st thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee true,  
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;  
Another story all the town will tell;  
Phillis paints fair—to look like an angel.

*All.* Fine! fine! very fine!

*Dac.* Such an ease and simplicity!

*Puff.* The turn so unexpected and quick!

*Russ.* The satyr so poignant!

*Sir Tho.* Yes; I think it possesses, in an eminent degree, the three great epigrammatical requisites; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair—to look like an angel.

*Dac.* Happy! Is the Phillis, the subject, a secret?

*Sir Tho.* Oh, dear me! nothing personal; no; an impromptu; a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

*Puff.* Then, Sir Thomas, the secret is out; it is your own.

*Dac.* That was obvious enough.

*Puff.* Who is there else could have wrote it?

*Russ.* True, true.

*Sir Tho.* The name of the author is needless. So it is an acquisition to the republic of letters, any gentleman may claim the merit that will.

*Puff.* What a noble contempt!

*Dac.* What greatness of mind!

*Russ.* Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Lofty's. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town; he is, as I may say, the great manufacturer; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha! well observ'd, Mr Russ,

' *Sir Tho.* Ha, ha, ha! *Molle atque facetum*. Why, to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the *Muse's Gazette*.

' *All.* Ha, ha ha!

' *Sir Tho.* But, a-propos, gentlemen; with regard to the eclipse—you found my calculation exact?

' *Dac.* To a digit.

' *Sir Tho.* Total darkness indeed! and birds going to roost! Those philomaths, those almanack-makers, are the most ignorant rascals——

' *Puff.* It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty stores all his knowledge.

' *Dac.*



' *Dac.* It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

' *Sir Tho.* Why, to tell you the truth, that circumstance has a good deal engag'd my attention; and I believe you will admit my method of solving the phenomenon philosophical and ingenious enough.

' *Puff.* Without question.

' *All.* Doubtless.

' *Sir Tho.* I suppose, gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a chest of drawers, a kind of bureau; where, in separate cellules, my different knowledge on different subjects is stor'd.

' *Ruff.* A prodigious discovery!

' *All.* Amazing!

' *Sir Tho.* To this cabinet, volition, or will, has a key; so when an arduous subject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am supplied with what I want in an instant.

' *Dac.* A Malbranch!

' *Puff.* A Boyle!

' *All.* A Locke!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr Bever.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Tho.* A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The university has given him a good solid Doric foundation; and when he has receiv'd from you a few Tuscan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a Composite pillar to the republic of letters. [*Enter Bever.*] This, Sir, is the school from whence so many capital masters have issued; the river that enriches the regions of science.

*Dac.* Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the source; here we quaff: *Et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

*Sir Tho.* *Purpureo!* Delicate, indeed, Mr Daetyl! Do you hear, Mr Bever? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young gentleman, must be instructed to quote; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an essay. Poor Dick Steel! I have oblig'd him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

*Puff.* Ay; and with the contents too, or Sir Richard is foully bely'd.

*Eater*

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Sir Roger Dowlas.

*Sir Tho.* Pray desire him to enter. [*Exit* Servant.]

Sir Roger, gentlemen, is a considerable East-India proprietor; and seems desirous of collecting from this learned assembly some rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to strew with honour to himself and advantage to the company, at Merchant-Tailors Hall. [*Enter* Sir Roger Dowlas.] Sir Roger, be seated. This gentleman has, in common with the greatest orator the world ever saw, a small natural infirmity; he stutters a little: But I have prescribed the same remedy that Demosthenes used, and don't despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digested those general rules?

*Sir Rog.* Pr—ett—y well, I am obli—g'd to you, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Have you been regular in taking your tincture of sage, to give you confidence for speaking in public?

*Sir Rog.* Y—es, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Did you open at the last general court?

*Sir Rog.* I attem—p—ted so—ur or si—ve times.

*Sir Tho.* What hinder'd your progress?

*Sir Rog.* The pe—b—bles.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, the pebbles in his mouth. But they are only put in to practise in private; you should take them out when you are addressing the public.

*Sir Rog.* Yes; I will for the fu—ture.

*Sir Tho.* Well, Mr Rust, you had a tete-a-tete with my niece. A-propos, Mr Bever, here offers a fine occasion for you; we shall take the liberty to trouble your Muse on their nuptials: O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr Bever?

*Bev.* My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction; tho' I must despair of producing any performance worthy the attention of so complete a judge of the elegant arts.

*Sir Tho.* Too modest, good Mr Bever. Well, Mr Rust, any new acquisition, since our last meeting, to your matchless collection?

*Rust.* Why, Sir Thomas, I have both lost and gain'd since I say you.

*Sir Tho.* Lost! I am sorry for that.

*Rust.* The curious sarcophagus, that was sent me from Naples by Signor Belloni—

*Sir Tho.*

*Sir Tho.* You mean the urn that was supposed to contain the dust of Agrippa?

*Rust.* Supposed! no doubt but it did.

*Sir Tho.* I hope no sinister accident to that inestimable relic of Rome?

*Rust.* 'Tis gone.

*Sir Tho.* Gone! oh, illiberal! what, stolen I suppose by some connoisseur?

*Rust.* Worse, worse! a prey, a martyr to ignorance: a housemaid that I hir'd last week mistook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and sent it away in the dust-cart.

*Sir Tho.* She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

*Dac.* The Vandal!

*All.* The Visigoth!

*Rust.* But I have this day acquir'd a treasure that will in some measure make me amends.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed! what can that be?

*Puff.* That must be something curious, indeed.

*Rust.* It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

*Dac.* Great rarities are not to be had without pains.

*Rust.* It is three months ago since I got the first scent of it; and I had been ever since on the hunt, but all to no purpose.

*Sir Tho.* I am quite upon thorns till I see it.

*Rust.* And yesterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown desperate, it fell into my hands by the most unexpected and wonderful accident.

*Sir Tho.* *Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.*

Mr Bever, you remark my quotation?

*Bev.* Most happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you say can be lost.

*Rust.* I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no churl; I love to pleasure my friends.

*Sir Tho.* You are, Mr Rust, extremely obliging.

*All.* Very kind, very obliging indeed.

*Rust.* It was not much hurt by the fire.

*Sir Tho.* Very fortunate.

*Rust.* The edges are soil'd by the link, but many of the letters are exceedingly legible.

*Sir Reg.* A li—tle roo—m, if you please.

*Rust.* Here it is; the precious remains of the very North-Briton that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

*Sir Tho.* Number Forty-five?

*Rust.* The same.

*Bev.* You are a lucky man, Mr Rust.

*Rust.* I think so. But, gentlemen, I hope I need not give you a caution: Hush—silence—no words on this matter.

*Dac.* You may depend upon us.

*Rust.* For as the paper has not suffer'd the law, I don't know whether they may not seize it again.

*Sir Tho.* With us you are safe, Mr Rust. Well, young gentleman, you see we cultivate all branches of science.

*Bev.* Amazing, indeed! But when we consider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder subsides in an instant. Science first saw the day with Socrates in the Attic portico; her early years were spent with Tully in the Tusculan shade; but her ripe, maturer hours, she enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty near Cavendish-square.

*Sir Tho.* The most classical compliment I ever receiv'd! Gentlemen, a philosophical repast attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the way. [*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.*] Mr Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment? Mr Bever, the friendship I have for your father, secured you, at first, a gracious reception from me; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

*Bev.* I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

*Sir Tho.* Your patience. There is in you, Mr Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickness of apprehension, a solidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of discretion, that I never yet met with in any subject at your time of life.

*Bev.* I hope I shall never forfeit—

*Sir Tho.* I am sure you never will; and to give you a convincing proof that I think so, I am now going to trust you with the most important secret of my whole life.

*Bev.* Your confidence does me great honour.

*Sir Tho.* But this must be on a certain condition.

*Bev.* Name it.

*Sir Tho.* That you give me your solemn promise to comply with one request I shall make you.

*Bev.* There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask that I shall not cheerfully grant.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, in fact, it will be serving yourself.

*Bev.* I want no such inducement.

*Sir Tho.* Enough. But we can't be too private. [*Shuts the door.*] Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think, is—

*Bev.*



Dev. Richard.

Sir Tho. True; the same as your father's: Come, let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledg'd, that the English have reach'd the highest pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one—the dramatic.

Dev. Why, the French critics are a little severe.

Sir Tho. And with reason. Now, to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a model, [*shows a manuscript*—see here.

Dev. A play?

Sir Tho. A *chef d'œuvre*.

Dev. Your own?

Sir Tho. Speak lower. I am the author.

Dev. Nay, then there can be no doubt of its merit.

Sir Tho. I think not. You will be charm'd with the subject.

Dev. What is it, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. I shall surprise you. The story of Robinson Crusoe. Are not you struck?

Dev. Most prodigiously!

Sir Tho. Yes; I knew the very title would hit you: You will find the whole fable is finely conducted; and the character of Friday, *qualis ab incipito*, nobly supported throughout.

Dev. A pretty difficult task.

Sir Tho. True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearsal at Drury-Lane playhouse, and this night is to make its appearance.

Dev. To-night?

Sir Tho. This night.

Dev. I will attend, and engage all my friends to support it.

Sir Tho. That is not my purpose; the piece will want no such assistance.

Dev. I beg pardon.

Sir Tho. The manager of that house, (who, you know, is a writer himself) finding all the anonymous things he produc'd (indeed some of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) plac'd to his account by the public, is determin'd to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

Dev. A reasonable caution.

Sir Tho. Now, upon my promise (for I appear to pa-

tronize the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinson Crusoe is advertised for this evening.

*Bew.* Oh, then you will acknowledge the piece to be yours.

*Sir Tho.* No.

*Bew.* How then?

*Sir Tho.* My design is to give it to you.

*Bew.* To me!

*Sir Tho.* To you.

*Bew.* What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe!

*Sir Tho.* Ay.

*Bew.* Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit; so complete a production the work of a stripling! Besides, Sir, as the merit is yours, why rob yourself of the glory?

*Sir Tho.* I am entirely indifferent to that.

*Bew.* Then why take the trouble?

*Sir Tho.* My fondness for letters, and love of my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & selecti*, the chosen few, know the full value of a performance like this; yet the ignorant, the profane (by much the majority) will be apt to think it an occupation ill-suited to my time of life.

*Bew.* Their censure is praise.

*Sir Tho.* Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determined to fix your fame on an immovable basis.

*Bew.* You are most excessively kind; but there is something so disingenuous in stealing reputation from another man,

*Sir Tho.* Idle punctilio!

*Bew.* It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable.

*Sir Tho.* Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your fame. But the company will suspect something; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I consign it for ever; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends; they shall all in their bark to the playhouse, and there,

Attendant fail,

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

*Enter Bever, reading.*

SO ends the first act.—Come, now for the second. “Act the second, shewing,”—the coxcomb has prefaced every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warrant, of Mons. Diderot—“Shewing the fatal effects of disobedience to parents:” with, I suppose, the diverting scene of a gibbet; an entertaining subject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix; every scene as long as a homily. Let’s see; how does this end? “Exit Crusoe, and enter some savages dancing a faraband.” There’s no bearing this abominable trash. [*Enter Juliet.*] So, madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine situation.

*Jul.* What is the matter now, Mr Bever?

*Bev.* The Robinson Crusoe.

*Jul.* Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How secret you were! Who in the world would have guess’d you was the author?

*Bev.* Me madam!

*Jul.* Your title is odd; but to a genius every subject is good.

*Bev.* You are inclined to be pleasant.

*Jul.* Within they have been all prodigious loud in the praise of your piece; but I think my uncle rather more eager than any.

*Bev.* He has reason; for fatherly fondness goes far.

*Jul.* I don’t understand you.

*Bev.* You don’t.

*Jul.* No.

*Bev.* Nay, Juliet, this is too much; you know it is none of my play.

*Jul.* Whose then?

*Bev.* Your uncle’s.

*Jul.* My uncle’s! Then how, in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it?

*Bev.* At his earnest request. I may be a fool; but remember, madam, you are the cause.

*Jul.* This is strange; but I can’t conceive what his motive could be.

*Bev.* His motive is obvious enough; to screen himself from the infamy of being the author.

*Jul.* What, is it bad, then?

*Bev.*

*Bev.* Bad! most infernal!

*Jul.* And you have consented to own it?

*Bev.* Why, what could I do? He in a manner compell'd me.

*Jul.* I am extremely glad of it.

*Bev.* Glad of it! Why, I tell you 'tis the most dull, tedious, melancholy—

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* The most flat piece of frippery ever Grub-street produced.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* It will be damn'd before the third act.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* And I shall be hooted and pointed at wherever I go.

*Jul.* So much the better.

*Bev.* So much the better! Zounds! so, I suppose, you would say if I was going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of your friendship?

*Jul.* Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miserable politician; do you know, now, that this is the luckiest incident that ever occurred?

*Bev.* Indeed!

*Jul.* It could not have been better laid, had we plann'd it ourselves.

*Bev.* You will pardon my want of conception; but these are riddles—

*Jul.* That at present I have not time to explain. But what makes you loit'ring here? Past six o'clock, as I live! Why, your play is begun; run, run to the house. Was ever author so little anxious for the fate of his piece!

*Bev.* My piece!

*Jul.* Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly; and pray all the way for the fall of your play. And do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclin'd to be milky, rather than fail, squeeze in a little acid yourself. Oh, Mr Bever, at your return let me see you before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good luck to be damn'd.

*Bev.* You need not doubt that.

[Exit.]

*Enter Sir Thomas Lofty.*

*Sir Tho.* So, Juliet; was not that Mr Bever?

*Jul.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* He is rather tardy; by this time his cause is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occasion.

*Jul.* He seems pretty certain, Sir.

*Sir Tho.*



*Sir Tho.* Indeed I think he has very little reason for fear. I confess I admire the piece, and feel as much for its fate as if the work was my own.

*Jul.* That I most sincerely believe. I wonder, Sir, you did not choose to be present.

*Sir Tho.* Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly strung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me, every act, a faithful account of the process.

*Jul.* That will answer your purpose as well.

*Sir Tho.* Indeed I am passionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help—Did not somebody knock? No. My good girl, will you step, and take care that when any body comes, the servants may not be out of the way?—*[Exit Juliet.]*—Five-and-thirty minutes past six; by this time the first act must be over; John will be presently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is so much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that—This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myself; reputation goes a great way in these matters; people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in censuring the works of a man who—Hush! that's he; no; 'tis only the shutters. After all, I think I have chosen the best way; for if it succeeds to the degree I expect, it will be easy to circulate the real name of the author; if it fails, I am conceal'd; my fame suffers—no—There he is *[Loud knocking.]* I can't conceive what kept him so long. *[Enter John.]* So, John; well; and—but you have been a monstrous while.

*John.* Sir, I was wedg'd so close in the pit, that I could scarcely get out.

*Sir Tho.* The house was full, then?

*John.* As an egg, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* That's right. Well, John, and did matters go swimmingly? Hey?

*John.* Exceedingly well, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. What, vast clapping and roars of applause, I suppose.

*John.* Very well, Sir!

*Sir Tho.* Very well, Sir! You are damn'd costive, I think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again?

*John.* I can't say there was over much thunder.

*Sir Tho.* No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention; that is the true, solid, substantial applause. All else may be

be purchas'd; hands move as they are bid; but when the audience is hush'd, still, afraid of losing a word, then—

*John.* Yes, they were very quiet, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* I like them the better, John: a strong mark of their great sensibility. Did you see Robin?

*John.* Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him sitting at the back of the boxes, and charg'd him to make all the haste home that he could.

*Sir Tho.* That's right, John; very well; your account pleases me much, honest John. [*Exit John.*] No, I did not expect the first act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the first act is but a mere introduction; just opens the business, the plot, and gives a little insight into the characters; so that if you but engage and interest the house, it is as much as the best writer can flatter—[*knocking without.*] Gadso! what, Robin already? why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. [*Enter Robin.*] Well, Robin; and what news do you bring?

*Rob.* I, I, I—

*Sir Tho.* Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin.

*Rob.* There has been a woundy uproar below.

*Sir Tho.* An uproar! what, at the playhouse?

*Rob.* Ay.

*Sir Tho.* At what?

*Rob.* I don't know; belike the words the playfolk were talking.

*Sir Tho.* At the players! How can that be? Oh, now I begin to perceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays: What, Robin, I suppose, hallowing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks.

*Rob.* Hallowing! Ay, and hooting too.

*Sir Tho.* And hooting!

*Rob.* Ay, and hissing to boot.

*Sir Tho.* Hissing! you must be mistaken.

*Rob.* By the mass but I am not.

*Sir Tho.* Impossible! Oh, most likely some drunken disorderly fellows that were disturbing the house, and interrupting the play; too common a case; the people were right, they deserv'd a rebuke. Did you hear them cry, Out, out, out!

*Rob.* Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas, Off, off, off.

*Sir Tho.* That was a whimsical noise. Zounds! that must be the players. Did you observe nothing else?

*Rob.*

*Rob.* Belike the quarrel first began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

*Sir Tho.* With Friday! The public taste is debauch'd; honest nature is too plain and simple for their vitiated palates! [*Enter Juliet.*] Juliet, Robin brings me the strangest account; some little disturbance; but I suppose it was soon settled again. Oh, but here comes Mr Staytape my taylor; he is a rational being; we shall be able to make something of him. [*Enter Staytape.*] So, Staytape; what is the third act over already?

*Stay.* Over, Sir! no; nor never will be.

*Sir Tho.* What do you mean?

*Stay.* Cut short.

*Sir Tho.* I don't comprehend you.

*Stay.* Why, Sir, the poet has made a mistake in measuring the taste of the town; the goods, it seems, did not fit; so they return'd them upon the gentleman's hands.

*Sir Tho.* Rot your affectation and quaintness, you puppy! speak plain.

*Stay.* Why then, Sir, Robinson Crusoe is dead.

*Sir Tho.* Dead!

*Stay.* Aye; and what is worse, will never rise any more. You will soon have all the particulars; for there were four or five of your friends close at my heels.

*Sir Tho.* Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them. Say I am gone out; I am sick; I am engag'd; but whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr—

*Stay.* Sir, they are here

*Sir Tho.* Confound—

*Enter Puff, Dactyl, and Rust.*

*Rust.* Aye, truly, Mr Puff, this is but a bitter beginning; then the young man must turn himself to some other trade.

*Puff.* Servant, Sir Thomas; I suppose you have heard the news of—

*Sir Tho.* Yes, yes; I have been told it before.

*Dac.* I confess, I did not suspect it; but there is no knowing what effect these things will have till they come on the stage.

*Rust.* For my part, I don't know much of these matters; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who seem'd sagacious enough too, declar'd, that it was the vilest stuff they

they ever had heard, and wonder'd the players would act it.

*Dac.* Yes; I don't remember to have seen a more general dislike.

*Puff.* I was thinking to ask you, Sir Thomas, for your interest with Mr Bever, about buying the copy; but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and printing.

*Rust.* I remember, Kennet, in his Roman antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr Daetyl, that was terribly treated; but that he attributes to the people's fondness for certain *funambuli*, or rope-dancers; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town: Sir Thomas, have you?

*Sir Tho.* How should I? do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers?

*Rust.* Nay, I did not—

*Bev.* [*speaking without.*] Not to be spoke with! Don't tell me, Sir; he must, he shall.

*Sir Tho.* Mr Bever's voice. If he is admitted in his present disposition, the whole secret will certainly out. Gentlemen, some affairs of a most interesting nature makes it impossible for me to have the honour of your company to-night; therefore I beg you would be so good as to—

*Rust.* Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miss Julie is well.

*Sir Tho.* Very well; but I am most exceedingly—

*Rust.* I shall only just stay to see Mr Bever; Poor lad! he will be most horribly down in the mouth; a little comfort won't come amiss.

*Sir Tho.* Mr Bever, Sir! you won't see him here.

*Rust.* Not here! why I thought I heard his voice but just now.

*Sir Tho.* You are mistaken, Mr Rust; but—

*Rust.* May be so; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you please, to the poet.

*Sir Tho.* Ay, ay.

*Dac.* And mine; for I suppose we shan't see him soon.

*Puff.* Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't shew his head for these six months.

*Rust.* Ay, ay; indeed I am very sorry for him; so tell him, Sir.

*Dac.* and *Puff.* So are we.

*Rust.* Sir Thomas, your servant. Come, gentlemen.—  
By all this confusion in Sir Thomas, there must be something



thing more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I am resolved. [Exeunt.]

*Bev.* [without.] Rascals, stand by! I must, I will see him.

*Enter Bever.*

—So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have suffer'd.

*Sir Tho.* Mr Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

*Bev.* Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinson Crusoe; a pretty performance!

*Sir Tho.* Think, Mr Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genius deserves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick; the principals will give you what the people refuse; the closet will do you that justice the stage has deny'd: Print your play.

*Bev.* My play! Zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

*Sir Tho.* Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

*Bev.* Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be easy enough; you are safe and secure, remov'd far from that precipice that has dash'd me to pieces.

*Sir Tho.* Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you: The critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents—

*Bev.* No, Sir Thomas, no. I shall neither flatter you nor myself; I have acquir'd a right to speak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

*Sir Tho.* May be not.

*Bev.* If your piece had been greatly receiv'd, I would have declar'd Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would have own'd it myself; but such disgraceful, such contemptible treatment!—I own the burden is too heavy for me; so, Sir, you must bear it yourself.

*Sir Tho.* Me, dear Dick! what, to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to destroy, in one hour, the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the support of my age! Can you be cruel enough to desire it?

*Bev.* Zounds! Sir, and why must I be your crutch? Would you have me become a voluntary victim. No, Sir, this cause does not merit a martyrdom.

*Sir Tho.* I own myself greatly oblig'd; but persevere,  
VOL. 3. U dear

## T H E   P A T R O N .

dear Dick, persevere ; you have time to recover your fame ; I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will—

*Bev.* No, Sir Thomas ; I have done with the stage ; the muses and I meet no more.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, there are various roads open in life,

*Bev.* Not one where your piece won't pursue me : If I go to the bar, the ghost of this curst comedy will follow, and hunt me in Westminster-hall. Nay, when I die, it will stick to my memory, and I shall be handed down to posterity with the author of *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

*Sir Tho.* Then marry : You are a pretty smart figure : And your poetical talents—

*Bev.* And what fair would admit of my suit, or family wish to receive me ? Make the case your own, Sir Thomas ; would you ?

*Sir Tho.* With infinite pleasure.

*Bev.* Then give me your niece ; her hands shall seal up my lips.

*Sir Tho.* What, Juliet ! Willingly. But are you serious ? Do you really admire the girl ?

*Bev.* Beyond what words can express. It was by her advice I consented to father your play.

*Sir Tho.* What, is Juliet apprised ? Here Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

*Bev.* You are mistaken ; she is wiser than you are aware of.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Sir Tho.* Oh, Juliet ! you know what has happen'd.

*Jul.* I do, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Have you reveal'd this unfortunate secret ?

*Jul.* To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Tho.* Come, give me your hand. Mr Bever, child, for my sake, has renounced the stage, and the whole republic of letters ; in return, I owe him your hand.

*Jul.* My hand ! what, to a poet hooted, hissed, and exploded ! You must pardon me, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Juliet, a trifle ! The most they can say of him is, that he is a little wanting in wit ; and he has so many brother-writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

*Jul.* Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr Rust.

*Sir Tho.* I have found out the rascal : He has been  
more

more impertinently severe on my play than all the rest put together; so that I am determined he shall be none of the man.

*Enter Rust.*

*Rust.* Are you so, Sir; what, then, I am to be sacrificed, in order to preserve the secret that you are a blockhead: But you are out in your politics; before night it shall be known in all the coffeehouses in town.

*Sir Tho.* For heaven's sake, Mr Rust!

*Rust.* And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every newspaper; you shall no longer impose on the world; I will unmask you; the lion's skin shall hide you no longer.

*Sir Tho.* Juliet! Mr Bever! what can I do?

*Bev.* Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Hark ye, old gentleman, a word in your ear; you remember what you have in your pocket?

*Rust.* Hey! how! what!

*Bev.* The curiosity that has cost you so much pains.

*Rust.* What, my *Æneas*! my precious relict of Troy!

*Bev.* You must give up that or the lady.

*Jul.* How, Mr Bever?

*Bev.* Never fear; I am sure of my man.

*Rust.* Let me consider. As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will: But my paper, my phoenix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

*Bev.* And as you love your own secret, be careful of ours.

*Rust.* I am dumb.

*Sir Tho.* Now, Juliet.

*Jul.* You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard; but, to procure your peace—

*Sir Tho.* You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much.

Be it your care to shew it;

And bless the man, tho' I have damn'd the poet.





# THE CONTRIVANCES.

BY HARRY CAREY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Argus</i> , father to <i>Arethusa</i> ,	- - -	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Hearty</i> , father to <i>Rovewell</i> ,	- - -	Mr Collins.
<i>Rovewell</i> , in love with <i>Arethusa</i> ,	- - -	Mr Arthur.
<i>Robin</i> , servant to <i>Rovewell</i> ,	- - -	Mr Lowe.
<i>First Mob</i> ,	- - -	Mr Stoppelaer.
<i>Second Mob</i> ,	- - -	
<i>Third Mob</i> ,	- - -	
<i>Women Mob</i> ,	- - -	
<i>Boy</i> .	- - -	Mr Settree.

### W O M E N.

<i>Arethusa</i> , in love with <i>Rovewell</i> ,	- - -	Mrs Chambers.
<i>Betty</i> , her maid.	- - -	Mrs Green.

SCENE, *London.*

SCENE, *Rovewell's Lodgings.*

ROBIN *solus.*

ROBIN.

WELL, though pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all fatigues, there's none like following a virtuous mistress—There's not one letter I carry, but I run the risk of kicking, caning, or pumping, nay, often hanging—Let me see; I have committed three burglaries to get one letter to her—Now, if my master should not get the gypsies at last, I have ventured my sweet person to a fair purpose—But, Basta! here comes my master and his friend Mr Hearty—I must hasten and get our disguise.

And if Dame Fortune fail us now to win her;

Oh, all ye gods above! the devil's in her.

[*Exit.*  
*Enter*

*Enter Rovewell and Hearty.*

*Hear.* Why so melancholy, captain? Come, come, a man of your gaiety and courage should never take a disappointment so much to heart.

*Rov.* 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my design so near perfection!

*Hear.* Were you less open and daring in your attempts, you might hope to succeed—the old gentleman, you know, is cautious to a degree; his daughter under a strict confinement; would you use more of the fox than the lion, Fortune, perhaps, might throw an opportunity in your way—But you must have patience.

*Rov.* Who can have patience when danger is so near? Read this letter; and then tell me what room there is for patience.

*Hearty reads.*

“ To-morrow will prevent all our vain struggles to get to each other. I am then to be marry'd, to my eternal aversion; you know the fop, 'tis Cuckoo, who, having a large estate, is forc'd upon me; but my heart can be none but Rovewell's. Immediately after the receipt of this, meet Betty at the old place; there is yet one invention left; if you pursue it closely, you may perhaps release her who wou'd be your—

“ ARETHUSA.”

*Rov.* Yes, Arethusa, I will release thee, or die in the attempt. Dear friend, excuse my rudeness; you know the reason.

A I R.

I'll face ev'ry danger  
To rescue my dear,  
For fear is a stranger  
Where love is sincere.  
Repulses but fire us,  
Despair we despise,  
If beauty inspire us  
To pant for the prize.

[*Exit.*

*Hear.* Well, go thy way, and get her; for thou deserv'st her, o' my conscience. How have I been deceiv'd in this boy! I find him the very reverse of what his step-mother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill-usage that forc'd my child away—His not having seen me since he was five years old, renders me a perfect stranger to him—Under that

that pretence I have got into his acquaintance, and find him all I wish—If this plot of his fails, I believe my money must buy him the girl at last. [Exit.

SCENE, a chamber in Argus's house.

*Arethusa sola.*

A I R.

*Arc.* See! the radiant queen of night  
Sheds on all her kindly beams;  
Gilds the plains with cheerful light,  
And sparkles in the silver streams.  
Smiles adorn the face of nature,  
Tasteless all things yet appear,  
Unto me a hapless creature,  
In the absence of my dear.

*Enter Argus.*

*Arg.* Pray, daughter, what lingo is that same you chant and sputter out at this rate?

*Arc.* English, Sir,

*Arg.* English, quotha! adod I took it to be nonsense.

*Arc.* 'Tis a hymn to the moon.

*Arg.* A hymn to the moon! I'll have none of your hymns in my house—Give me the book housewife.

*Arc.* I hope, Sir, there is no crime in reading a harmless poem.

*Arg.* Give me the book, I say; poems, with a pox! what are they good for, but to blow up the fire of love, and make young wenches wanton? But I have taken care of you, mistress! for to-morrow you shall have a husband to flay your stomach, and no less a person than 'squire Cuckoo.

*Arc.* You will not, surely, be so cruel as to marry me to a man I cannot love.

*Arg.* Why, what sort of a man wou'd you have, Mrs Minx?

A I R.

*Arc.* Genteel in personage,  
Conduct in equipage,  
Noble by heritage,  
Generous and free.  
Brave, not romantic;  
Learn'd, not pedantic;  
Frolic, not frantic;  
This must be he. Honour

Honour maintaining,  
 Meanness disdaining,  
 Still entertaining,  
 Engaging and new.  
 Neat, but not finical;  
 Sage, but not cynical;  
 Never tyrannical;  
 But ever true.

*Arg.* Why, is not Mr Cuckoo all this? Adod he's a brisk young fellow, and a little feather-bed doctrine will soon put the captain out of your head; and to put you out of his power, you shall be given over to the 'squire to-morrow.

*Are.* Surely, Sir, you will at least defer it one day.

*Arg.* No, nor one hour—To-morrow morning, at eight of the clock precisely.—In the meantime, take notice the 'squire's sister is hourly expected; so pray do you be civil and sociable with her, and let me have none of your pouts and glouts, as you tender my displeasure. *[Exit.]*

*Are.* To-morrow is short warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old gentleman.

*Enter Betty.*

O Betty! welcome a thousand times! what news? have you seen the captain?

*Bet.* Yes, madam; and if you were to see him in his new rigging, you'd split your sides with laughing—Such a hoyden, such a piece of country-fluff, you never set your eyes on—But the petticoats are soon thrown off; and if good luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss Malkin, the 'squire's sister, into your own dear captain.

*Are.* But when will they come?

*Bet.* Instantly, madam; he only stays to settle matters for our escape. He's in deep consultation with his privy-counsellor Robin, who is to attend him in the quality of a country put—They'll both be here in a moment; so let's in, and pack up the jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the saddle of liberty, and ride full speed to your desires.

*Are.* Dear Betty, let's make haste; I think every moment an age till I'm free from this bondage.

A I R.

When parents obstinate and cruel prove,  
 And force us to a man we cannot love,

'Tis



'Tis fit we disappoint the fordid elves,  
And wisely gets us husbands for ourselves.

*Bet.* There they are—in, in.

[*A knocking without.*

*Argus from above.*

*Arg.* You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that rate—This is certainly some courtier come to borrow money, I know it by the faucy rapping of the footman—Who's at the door?

*Rob. Tummos.*

[*Without doors.*

*Arg.* Tummos! who's Tummos? Who wou'd you speak with, friend?

*Rob.* With young master's vather-in-law that mun be, master *Hardguts*?

*Arg.* And what's your business with master *Hardguts*?

*Rob.* Why, young mistress is come out o'the country to see brother's wife that mun be, that's all.

*Arg.* Odso, the 'squire's sister; I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

[*Goes down and lets 'em in.*

SCENE, a chamber.

*Argus introducing Rovewell in woman's cloaths, followed by Robin as a clown.*

*Arg.* Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to town.  
[*Rovewell curtsseys.*]—A very modest maiden, truly.—How long have you been in town?

*Rob.* Why an hour and a bit or so; we just put up horses at King's Arms yonder, and staid a crum to zee poor things feed, for your London ostlers give little enough to poor beasts; an' you stond not by 'em your zell, and see 'em fed, as soon as your back's turn'd, adod they'll ckeat you afore your face.

*Arg.* Why how now, Clodpate? are you to speak before your mistress, and with your hat on too? Is that your country-breeding?

*Rob.* Why, an' 'tis on 'tis on, an' 'tis off 'tis off—what cares Tummos for your false-hearted London compliments? An' you'd have an answer from young mistress, you mun look to Tummos; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one word but her prayers, and thos'n so softly, that nobody can hear her.

*Arg.* I like her the better for that; silence is a heavenly virtue in a woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked place.

place.—Have you seen your brother, pretty lady, since you came to town? [*Rovewell curseys.*]—O noble and modesty!—would all women were thus!—Can't you speak, madam? [*Rovewell curseys.*]

*Rob.* An' you get a word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long miles; but young mistress will prate fast enough, an' you let her among your women folk.

*Arg.* Say'st thou so, honest fellow? I'll send her to those that have tongue enough, I'll warrant you. Here, Betty!

*Enter Betty.*

—Take this young lady to my daughter; 'tis squire Cuckoo's sifter; and, d'ye hear? make much of her, I charge you.

*Bet.* Yes, Sir—Please to follow me, madam.

*Rov.* Now, you rogue, for a lie an hour and a half long, to keep the old fellow in suspense.—[*Aside to Robin.*]

[*Exit with Betty.*]

*Rob.* Well, master! don't you think my mistress a dainty young woman?—She's wonderfully bewired in our country for her shapess.

*Arg.* Oh, she's a fine creature indeed!—But where's the 'squire, honest friend?

*Rob.* Why, one cannot find a man out in this same Londonshire, there are so many taverns and chocklin-houses; you may as well seek a needle in a hay fardel, as they say'n i' the country.—I was at squire's lodging yonder, and there was nobody but a prat apace worson of a foot-boy, and he told me maister was at chocklin-house, and all the while the vixen did nothing but taunt and laugh at me.—I'cod I could have found in my heart to have gi'n him a good wherrit in the chops. So I went to one chocklin-house, and t'other chocklin-house, till I was quite weary; and I could see nothing but a many people supping hot-fuppings, and reading your gazing papers: We had much ado to find out your worship's house; the vixen boys set us o'thick side, and that side, till we were quite almost lost; an' it were not for an honest fellow that know'd your worship, and set us i' the right way.

*Arg.* 'Tis pity they should use strangers so; but as to your young mistress, does she never speak?

*Rob.* Adod, Sir, never to a mon; why, she wo'not speak to her own father, she's so main bashful.

*Arg.*

*Arg.* That's strange, indeed ! But how does my friend, Roger ? he's well, I hope ?

*Rob.* Hearty still :—He has drunk down six foxhunters in last Lammass !—He holds his old course still ; twenty paces a day, a cup of mum in the morning, a tankard of ale at noon, and three bottles of stingo at night.—The same man now he was thirty years ago ; and young squire Edward is just come from varsity ; lawd, he's mainly grow'd as you saw him ; he's a fine, proper, tall gentleman now ; ay, he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

*Arg.* Good now ! good now ! But would'st drink, honest friend ?

*Rob.* I don't care an' I do, a bit or so ; for, to say truth, in mortal dry.

*Arg.* Here, John !

*Enter Servant.*

Take this honest fellow down, and make him welcome.—When your mistress is ready to go, we'll call you.

*Rob.* Ah ! pray take care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest fellow an' you did but know me.

*[Exit Robin with Servant.]*

*Arg.* These country fellows are very blunt, but very honest.—I would fain hear his mistress talk. He said she'd bid her tongue when she was amongst those of her own sex.—I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young tits have to say to one another.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Roxewell, Arethusa, and Betty.*

*Rox.* Dear Arethusa, delay not the time thus ; your father will certainly come in and surprize us.

*Bet.* Let us make hay while the sun shines, madam : I long to be out of this prison.

*Are.* So do I ; but not on the captain's conditions, to be his prisoner for life.

*Rox.* I shall run mad if you trifle thus : Name your conditions ; I sign my consent before-hand. *[Kisses her.]*

*Are.* Indeed, captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

A I R.

Cease to persuade,

Nor say you love sincerely ;

When you've betray'd,

You'll treat me most severely,

And fly what once you did pursue.

Happy

Happy the fair  
 Who ne'er believes you,  
 But gives despair,  
 Or else deceives you,  
 And learns inconstancy from you.

*Row.* Unkind Arethusa! I little expected this usage from you.

A I R.

When did you see  
 Any falsehood in me,  
 That thus you unkindly suspect me?  
 Speak, speak your mind;  
 For I fear you're inclin'd,  
 In spite of my truth, to reject me.  
 If it must be so,  
 To the wars I will go,  
 Where danger my passion shall smother;  
 I'd rather perish there,  
 Than linger in despair,  
 Or see you in the arms of another.

*Enter Argus behind.*

*Arg.* So, so, this is as it should be; they are as gracious as can be already—How the young tit smuggles her!—Adod, she kisses with a hearty good-will.

*Are.* I must confess, captain, I am half-inclin'd to believe you.

*Arg.* Captain! how's this! bless my eye-sight! I know the villain now; but I'll be even with him.

*Bet.* Dear madam, don't trifle so; the parson's at the very next door; you'll be tack'd together in an instant; and then I'll trust you to come back to your cage again, if you can do it with a safe conscience.

*Arg.* Here's a treacherous jade! but I'll do your business for you, Mrs Jezebel.

*Bet.* Consider, madam, what a life you lead here; what a jealous, ill-natur'd, watchful, covetous, barbarous old cuff of a father you have to deal with.—What a glorious opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad thing it is to die a maid!

A I R.

' Would you live a stale virgin for ever?  
 ' Sure you're out of your senses,  
 ' Or these are pretences;  
 ' Can you part with a person so clever?



' In troth you are highly to blame.

' And you, Mr Lover, to trifle;

' I thought that a soldier

' Was wiser and bolder!

' A warrior should plunder and rifle;

' A captain! Oh, fie for shame!

*Arg.* If that jade dies a maid, I'll die a martyr.

*Bet.* In short, madam, if you stay much longer, you may repent it every vein in your heart—The old hunks will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

*Arg.* You may go to the devil for ever, Mrs Impudence.

*Are.* Well, captain, if you should deceive me.

*Rev.* If I do, may heaven—

*Are.* Nay, no swearing, captain, for fear you should prove like the rest of your sex.

*Rev.* How can you doubt me, Arethusa, when you know how much I love you?

*Arg.* A wheedling dog! But I'll spoil his sport anon.

*Bet.* Come, come away, dear madam! I have the jewels; but stay, I'll go first, and see if the coast be clear.

[*Argus meets her.*]

*Arg.* Where are you a-going, pretty maiden?

*Bet.* Only do—do—do—down stairs, Sir.

*Arg.* And what hast thou got there, child?

*Bet.* Nothing but pi—pi—pi—pins, Sir.

*Arg.* Here, give me the pins, and do you go to hell, Mrs Minx. D'ye hear? out of my house this moment.—These are chamber-jades, forsooth—*O tempora! O mores!* What an age is this!—Get you in, forsooth, I'll talk with you anon. [*Exit Arethusa.*] So, captain, are those your regimental cloaths? I'll assure you they become you mightily. If you did but see yourself now, how much like a hero you look! *Ecce signum!* ha, ha, ha!

*Rev.* Blood and fury! stop your grinning, or I'll stretch your mouth with a vengeance.

*Arg.* Nay, nay, captain Belswagger, if you're so passionate, 'tis high time to call aid and assistance:—Here, Richard, Thomas, John! help me to lay hold on this fellow; you have no sword now, captain, no sword, d'ye mark me?

*Enter Servants and Robin.*

*Rev.* But I have a pistol, Sir, at your service.

[*Pulls out a pistol.*  
*Arg.*

*Arg.* O lord! O lord!

*Rob.* And I'll unload it in your breast, if you stir one step after me. [Exit.]

*Arg.* A bloody-minded dog! But lay hold on that rogue there, that country cheat.

*Rob.* See here, gentlemen, are two little bull-dogs of the same breed [*presenting two pistols*]; they are wonderful, scourers of the brain; so that if you offer to molest or follow me—you understand me, gentlemen; you understand me. [Exit.]

1 *Ser.* Yes, yes, we understand you, with a pox.

2 *Ser.* The devil go with 'em, I say.

*Arg.* Ay, ay, good-by to you, in the devil's name.—A terrible dog! what a fright he has put me in! I shan't be myself this month. And you, ye cowardly rascals, to stand by and see my life in danger; get out, ye slaves; out of my house, I say—I'll put an end to all this; for I'll not have a servant in the house—I'll carry all the keys in my pocket, and never sleep more. What a murdering son of a whore is this! But I'll prevent him; for to-morrow she shall be married certainly, and then my furious gentleman can have no hopes left.—A Jezebel, to have a red coat without any money! Had he but money, if he wanted sense, manners, or even manhood itself, it matter'd not a pin;—but to want money is the devil!—Well, I'll secure her under lock and key till to-morrow; and if her husband can't keep her from captain-hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh pair of horns ev'ry time she goes out upon the chace. [Exit.]

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Arethusa discovered sitting melancholy on a couch.*

A I R.

O leave me to complain

My loss of liberty;

I never more shall see my swain,

Nor ever more be free.

O cruel; cruel fate!

What joy can I receive,

When in the arms of one I hate,

I'm doom'd, alas! to live?

Ye pitying pow'rs above,

That see my soul's dismay,

O! bring me back the man I love,

Or take my life away.

*Enter*

*Enter Argus.*

*Arg.* So, lady! you're welcome home.—See how the pretty turtle sits moaning the loss of her mate!—What, not a word, Thufy? not a word, child?—Come, come, don't be in the dumps now, and I'll fetch the captain, or the squire's sister; perhaps they may make it prattle a bit—Ah, ungracious girl! is all my care come to this? Is this the gratitude you shew your uncle's memory, to throw away what he had bustled so hard for at so mad a rate? Did he leave you 12,000*l.* think you, to make you no better than a soldier's trull? to follow a camp? to carry a knapsack? This is what you'd have, mistress, is it not?

*Are.* This, and ten thousand times worse, were better with the man I love, than to be chain'd to the nauseous embraces of one I hate.

*Arg.* A very dutiful lady, indeed! I'll make you sing another song to-morrow; and till then, I'll leave you *in salva custodia* to consider.—B'ye, Thufy. [*Exit.*]

*Are.* How barbarous is the covetousness and caution of ill-natur'd parents! They toil for estates with a view to make posterity happy; and then, by mistaken prudence, they match us to our aversion. But I am resolved not to suffer tamely, however—They shall see, though my body's weak, my resolution's strong; and I may yet find spirit enough to plague them.

A I R.

Sooner than I'll my love forego,

And lose the man I prize,

I'll bravely combat every woe,

Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars, shall me controul,

I death and danger dare;

Restraint but fires the active soul,

And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,

I'll either fall or fly;

Before I live with him I hate,

For him I love I'll die.

[*Adieu.*]

SCENE, the Street.

• Hearty and Rovewell meeting.

• *Rov.* So, my dear friend, here already?—This is very kind.

• *Hear.* Sure, captain, this lady must have some extraordinary

- ‘ dinary merit for whom you undertake such difficulties!—  
 ‘ What are her particular charms besides her money?  
 ‘ *Rov.* I’ll tell you, Sir.

‘ *A I R.* *The words by another hand.*

- ‘ Without affectation, gay, youthful, and pretty;  
 ‘ Without pride or meanness, familiar and witty;  
 ‘ Without forms, obliging, good-natur’d, and free;  
 ‘ Without art, as lovely as lovely can be.  
 ‘ She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,  
 ‘ Regardless alike both of censure and praise;  
 ‘ Her thoughts, and her words, and her actions, are such,  
 ‘ That none can admire ’em, or praise her too much.  
 ‘ *Hear.* Well, success attend you——You know where  
 ‘ to find me when there’s occasion. [Exit

*Enter Rovewell and Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, Sir! I want to speak with you.

*Rov.* Is your mistress lock’d up, say you?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir, and Betty’s turn’d away, and all the men-servants; and there’s no living soul in the house but our old cook-maid, and I, and my master, and Mrs Thufy; and she cries, and cries her eyes out almost.

*Rov.* O the tormenting news! But if the garrison is so weak, the castle may be the sooner storm’d. How did you get out?

*Boy.* Through the kitchen window, Sir.

*Rov.* Shew me the window presently.

*Boy.* Alack-a-day, it won’t do, Sir!—That plot won’t take.

*Rov.* Why, firrah?

*Boy.* You are something too big, Sir.

*Rov.* I’ll try that, however.

*Boy.* Indeed, Sir, you can’t get your leg in; but I could put you in a way.

*Rov.* How, dear boy?

*Boy.* I can lend you the keys of Mrs Thufy’s chamber—If you can contrive to get into the house—But you must be sure to let my mistress out.

*Rov.* How couldst thou get it? This is almost a miracle.

*Boy.* I pick’d it out of my master’s coat-pocket this morning, Sir, as I was a-brushing him.

*Rov.* That’s my boy! there’s money for you: This  
 child will come to good in time. Boy.



THE CONTRIVANCES.

13

Boy. My master will miss me, Sir; I must go; but I wish you good luck. [Exit.]

A I R.

*Arethusa at the window above.*

*A dialogue between her and Rovewell.*

Rob. Make haste and away, my only dear;

Make haste, and away, away!

For all at the gate,

Your true lover does wait,

And I prithee make no delay.

Are. O how shall I steal away, my love?

O how shall I steal away?

My daddy is near,

And I dare not for fear;

Pray, come then another day.

Rob. O this is the only day, my life,

O this is the only day!

I'll draw him aside,

While you throw the gates wide,

And then you may steal away.

Are. Then prithee make no delay, my dear;

Then prithee make no delay:

We'll serve him a trick;

For I'll slip in the nick,

And with my true love away.

C H O R U S.

O Cupid, befriend a loving pair,

O Cupid, befriend us, we pray!

May our stratagems take,

For thine own sweet sake;

And, Amen! let all true lovers say.

[Arethusa withdraws.]

*Enter Robin as a lawyer, and soldiers.*

Rob. So, my hearts of oak, are you all ready?

Sold. Yes, an't please your honour.

Rob. You know your cue, then——to your post.

[They retire to a corner of the stage; he knocks smartly at the door.]

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the house, that you can't hear?

[Argus, holding the door in his hand.]

Arg. Sir, you are very hasty, methinks—

X 3

Rob.

*Rob.* Sir, my business requires haste.

*Arg.* Sir, you had better make haste about it, for I know no business you have here.

*Rob.* Sir, I am come to talk with you on an affair of consequence.

*Arg.* Sir, I don't love talking; I know you not, and consequently can have no affairs with you.

*Rob.* Sir, not know me!

*Arg.* Sir, 'tis enough for me to know myself.

*Rob.* A damn'd thwarting old dog this same. [*Aside.*]  
Sir, I live but just in the next street. [*To him.*]

*Arg.* Sir! if you liv'd at Jamaica, 'tis the same thing to me.

*Rob.* [*aside.*] I find coaxing won't do; I must change my note, or I shall never unkennel this old fox. — [*To him.*] Well, Mr Argus, there's no harm done, so take your leave of 3000*l.* You have enough of your own already. [*Going.*]

*Arg.* How, 3000*l.* I must enquire into this. [*Aside.*]  
Sir, a word with you.

*Rob.* Sir! I have nothing to say to you. I took you to be a prudent person, that knew the worth of money, and how to improve it; but I find I'm deceiv'd.

*Arg.* Sir, I hope you'll excuse my rudeness; but, you know, a man cannot be too cautious.

*Rob.* Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you; but I'd take such treatment from no man in England besides yourself.

*Arg.* Sir, I beg your pardon; but to the business.

*Rob.* Why thus it is: A spendthrift young fellow is galloping thro' a plentiful fortune: I have lent 2000*l.* upon it already; and if you'll advance an equivalent, we'll fore-close the whole estate, and share it between us; for I know he can never redeem it.

*Arg.* A very judicious man; I'm sorry I affronted him. [*Aside.*] But how is this to be done?

*Rob.* Very easily, Sir.—A word in your ear; a little more this way.

[*Draws him aside; the soldiers get between him and the door.*]

*Arg.* But the title, Sir, the title?

*Rob.* Do you doubt my veracity?

*Arg.* Not in the least, Sir; but one cannot be too sure:

*Rob.*

*Rob.* That's very true, Sir; and therefore I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[*Robin trips up his heels; the soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him, while Rovewell carries Arethusa off; after which they leave him, he making a great noise.*]

*Enter Mob.*

*All.* What's the matter, what's the matter?

[*They ungag him, &c.*]

*Arg.* O neighbours, I'm robb'd and murder'd, ruin'd and undone for ever.

*1 Mob.* Why, what's the matter, master?

*Arg.* There's a whole legion of thieves in my house; they gagg'd and blindfolded me, and offer'd forty naked swords at my breast—I beg of you assist me, or they'll strip the house in a minute.

*2 Mob.* Forty drawn swords, say you, Sir?

*Arg.* Ay, and more, I think, on my conscience.

*2 Mob.* Then look you, Sir, I'm a marry'd man, and have a large family, I wou'd not venture amongst such a parcel of blood-thirsty rogues for the world; but if you please, I'll run and call a constable.

*All.* Ay, ay, call a constable, call a constable.

*Arg.* I shan't have a penny left, if we stay for a constable—I am but one man; and, as old as I am, I'll lead the way, if you'll follow me.

[*Going in.*]

*All.* Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow; huzza!

*1 Mob.* Prithee, Jack, do you go in, if you come to that.

*4 Mob.* I go in! what shou'd I go in for? I have lost nothing.

*Wom.* What, nobody to help the poor old gentleman? odds hobs! if I was a man, I'd follow him myself.

*3 Mob.* Why don't you, then? What occasionableness have I to be kill'd for him or you either?

*Enter Robin as constable.*

*All.* Here's Mr Constable, here's Mr Constable.

*Rob.* Silence, in the King's name.

*All.* Ay, silence, silence!

*Rob.* What's the meaning of this riot? Who makes all this disturbance?

*1 Mob.* I'll tell you, Mr Constable.

*3 Mob.*

3 *Mob.* An't please your worship, let me speak.

*Rob.* Ay, this man talks like a man of parts—What's the matter, friend?

3 *Mob.* An't please your noble worship's honour and glory, we are his Majesty's liege subjects, and were terrify'd out of our habitations and dwelling-places by a cry from abroad; which your noble worship must understand was occasionable by the gentlemen of this house, who was so unfortunate as to be killed by thieves, who are now in his house to the numberation of above forty, an't please your worship, all completely arm'd with powder and ball, back-swords, pistols, bayonets, and blunderbusses.

*Rob.* But what is to be done in this case?

3 *Mob.* Why, an please your worship, knowing your noble honour to be the King's Majesty's noble officer of the peace, we thought 'twas best your honour shou'd come and terrify these rogues away with your noble authority.

*Rob.* Well said, very well said, indeed!—Gentlemen, I am the King's officer, and I command you in the King's name to aid and assist me to call those rogues out of the house—Who's within there? I charge you come out in the King's name, and submit yourselves to our royal authority.

*Argus from the house.*

2 *Mob.* This is the gentleman that was kill'd, an't please your worship.

*Arg.* O neighbours, I'm ruin'd and undone for ever! They have taken away all that's dear to me in the world.

1 *Mob.* That's his money; 'tis a sad covetous dog.

*Rob.* Why, what's the matter? What have they done?

*Arg.* O, they have taken my child from me, my 'Thusy!

*Rob.* Good lack!

3 *Mob.* Marry come up, what valuation can she be? —But have they taken nothing else?

*Arg.* Wou'd they had stript my house of every penny-worth, so they had left my child.

1 *Mob.* That's a lie, I believe; for he loves his money more than his soul, and wou'd sooner part with that than a groat.

*Arg.* This is the captain's doings; but I'll have him hang'd.

*Rob.* But where are the thieves?

*Arg.* Gone, gone, beyond all hopes of pursuit.

2 *Mob.*



2 *Mob.* What, are they gone? Then, come neighbours, let us go in, and kill every mother's child of 'em.

*Rob.* Hold, I charge you to commit no murder; follow me, and we'll apprehend them.

*Arg.* Go, villains, cowards, scoundrels, or I shall suspect you are the thieves that mean to rob me of what is yet left. How brave you are, now all the danger's over: Oh, firrah, you dog! [*looking at Robin*—you are that rogue Robin, the captain's man. Seize him, neighbours, seize him!

*Rob.* [*aside.*] I don't care what you do, for the job's over; I see my matter a-coming.

*Arg.* Why don't you seize him, I say?

1 *Mob.* Not we, we have lost too much time about an old fool already.

2 *Mob.* Ay, the next time you're bound and gagg'd, you shall lie and be damn'd for me.

3 *Mob.* Ay, and me too; come along, neighbours, come along. [*Exeunt Mob.*

*Enter* Rovewell, Hearty, Arethusa, Betty, and Robin.

*Arg.* Bless me! who have we got here? O Thusy! Thusy! I had rather never have seen thee again, than have found you in such company.

*Are.* Sir, I hope my husband's company is not criminal?

*Arg.* Your husband! who's your husband, housewife? that scoundrel! captain—Out of my sight, thou ungracious wretch!—I'll go make my will this instant—and you, you villain, how dare you to look me in the face after all this?—I'll have you hang'd, firrah; I will so.

*Hear.* O fie, brother Argus! moderate your passion. It ill becomes the friendship you owe Ned Worthy, to vilify and affront his only child, and for no other crime than improving that friendship which has ever been between us.

*Arg.* Ha! my dear friend alive! I heard thou wert dead in the Indies—And is that thy son? and my godson too, if I am not mistaken.

*Hear.* The very same—the last and best remains of our family; 'fore'd by my wife's cruelty, and my absence, to the army. My wife is since dead, and the son she had by her former husband, whom she intended to heir my estate; but fortune guided me by chance to my dear boy, who, after twenty year's absence, and changing my name, knew me not, till I just now discovered myself to him and your fair daughter, whom I will make him deserve by thirty thousand

thousand pounds, which I brought from India, besides what real estate I may leave him at my death.

*Arg.* And to match that, old boy, my daughter shall have every penny of mine, besides her uncle's legacy.—Ah, you young rogue, had I known you, I would not have used you so roughly—However, since you have won my girl so bravely, take her, and welcome—But you must excuse all faults—the old man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

*Rov.* Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your pardon for the many disquiets we have given you; and with your pardon, we crave your blessing. [*They kneel.*]

*Arg.* You have it, children, with all my heart. Adieu, I am so transported, I don't know whether I walk or fly.

*Are.* May your joy be everlasting!

*Rovewell and Arethusa, embracing.*

### D U E T T O.

Thus fondly caressing,  
My idol, my treasure,  
How great is the blessing!  
How sweet is the pleasure!  
With joy I behold thee,  
And doat on thy charms;  
Thus while I infold thee,  
I've heav'n in my arms.

# THE MUSICAL LADY.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Old Miste</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Miste</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Yates.
<i>Freeman</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr King.
<i>Rosin</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Packer.
<i>Servant</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr Fox.
					Mr Watkins.

### W O M E N.

<i>Sophy</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Pope.
<i>Lady Scrape</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs Bennet.
<i>Laundress</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs Bradshaw.

## PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUE.

*Written by Mr GARRICK.*

Spoken by Mr KING.

And 'egad, it will do for any other play as well as this.

BAYES.

**A**N old trite proverb let me quote,  
 "As is your cloth, so cut your coat."  
 To suit our author and his farce,  
 Short let me be! for wit is scarce.  
 Nor would I shew it, had I any;  
 The reasons why, are strong and many.  
 Should I have wit, the piece have none,  
 A flash in pan with empty gun,  
 The piece is sure to be undone.

3

A tavern with a gaudy sign,  
 Whose buih is better than the wine,  
 May cheat you once—Will that device,  
*Neat as imported*, cheat you twice;

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations;  
 Poets, be dull in dedications!

Dulness in these to wit prefer—  
 But there indeed you seldom err.

In prologues, prefaces, be flat!

A silver button spoils your hat.

A threadbare coat might jokes escape,

Did not the blockheads lace the cape.

A case in point to this before ye;

Allow me, pray, to tell a story.

To turn the penny, once a wit  
 Upon a curious fancy hit;

Hung out a board, on which he boasted,

"Dinner for *threepence*, boil'd and roasted!"

The hungry read, and in they trip,

With eager eye, and smacking lip:

"Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray!"

—Enter potatoes—drest each way.

All star'd and rose, the house forsook,

And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.

My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly.

There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason:

—Wit in a prologue's out of season.

Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,

Like Cocklane folks for Fanny's scatching.

And here my fimiie's so fit!

For prologues are but ghosts of wit;

Which mean to shew their art and skill,

And scratch you to their author's will.

In short, for reasons great and small,

'Tis better to have none at all.

Prologues and ghosts—a paltry trade!

So let 'em both at once be laid.

Say but the word—give your commands,

We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands.

Confine these culprits—bind 'em tight. [*holding up his hands*]

Nor girls can scratch, nor fools can write.



THE MUSICAL LADY.

3

ACT I.

SCENE, MASK's Chamber.

Enter MASK in a shabby dishabille, as coming from an inner room.

[Clock strikes eleven.]

MASK, as counting the hour.

EIGHT,—nine,—ten,—eleven.—Past eleven by the the Temple clock, and no news of Freeman yet!—And that old beldam of a laundress—I expected to have heard her great rusty key turning in the lock two hours ago.—To go to Sophy's in this trim is impossible; and if I break my appointment, I am out of her good graces for ever. [Knocking within.]—Hift!—Hark! somebody at the door.—[Knocking within.]—A sneaking single tap!—That can never be Freeman.—A dun, ten to one!—Shall I answer?—[Knocking.]—Again!—How should they find me out here? But perhaps it may be a message from Freeman.—I'll try.—[Going to the door, and assuming a feigned voice.]—Who's there?

Laundress [within.] Me, your honour!

Mask. Me! you old hag—[Letting her in]—Where the deuce have you been all morning? Where's your key?—Why did not you let yourself in?—Have you called at Nando's?

Laun. Yes, your honour.

Mask. Any letters?

Laun. Yes, Sir—here's one, they say, has lain in the ear these three days. [Giving a letter.]

Mask. Any message? or has any body been there to enquire for me?

Laun. O yes, your honour. A world of folks, to enquire for you.—There has been your taylor, and linen-draper, and shoemaker, and the stocking man in Broad-court, and the milliner at the Temple-gate, have all been at the coffehouse to ask after you.

Mask. What have we here? More plagues?

[Reading the letter.]

“S I R,

CLIFFORD'S INN.

“Mr William Rummer, master of the Mitre, has desired me to acquaint you, that if the inclosed bill, amounting to sixty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence halfpenny, is not paid within this week, he must endeavour to recover it by course of law; wherefore I

## THE MUSICAL LADY.

“ hope you will take care to satisfy his demands, in order  
 “ to prevent further trouble from

“ Your humble servant,

“ ANTONY CAPIAS.”

Well said, Master Capias.—Sixty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence halfpenny! a pretty sum!—and if the odd halfpenny would purchase the three kingdoms, I am not worth it.—A couple of scoundrels, with their bills and their letters!—So—so.—[*Tearing the bill and the letter.*] Are you sure there was no other message?—ne’er another letter left me at the coffeehouse?

*Laun.* Very sure, your honour.

*Mask.* Then my note was not carried to Mr Freeman’s, I am positive.

*Laun.* Indeed it was, Sir—I am fartin it was—for my husband told me, as how he had delivered it into the gentleman’s French gentleman’s own hand himself.

‘ *Mask.* Very strange I should hear nothing of him! Sure he would not neglect me. Was ever poor fellow in such a distress situation?—A woman of fortune ready to run into my arms—and without money, cloaths, or clean linen, to pay her a visit.

‘ *Laun.* Ah, heav’n bless your honour! if you had but some of those broider’d cloaths, and rings, and watches, and swords, and fine linen, that I have carried to the Three Blue Balls in Fetter-lane, for your honour, you might be dress’d out as fine as a lord—that you might; and we had but a trifle, as a body may say, upon them neither.

‘ *Mask.* Confound the Blue Balls!—I would pawn myself now to raise five guineas.—Every thing is at stake.

‘ *Laun.* Lack-a-day now, how unluckily matters fall out! I have known the time I could have contrived to have lent you ever so many cloaths and curious linens of some of my other masters—And, to be sure, there’s his honour, squire what-d’ye-call him, the West-India gentleman, has a power of fine cloaths, all over gold and silver: but then all his things have been carried to young madam’s lodgings in Hart-street, and he has not been near chambers these three weeks.—I have no other gentleman in town but ’squire Macgeorge, and he has no handsome cloaths—except the coat with silver button-holes, and he wears that every day himself.—As for my other master, Mr Barefield,—poor gentleman, I don’t reckon him;

him, for he has but one shirt in the world of his own, and that's marked W. M.'

*Masf.* 'Sdeath, what luck!—To forfeit my hopes when I am within an ace of success!—To be the very next ticket to the ten thousand pounds!—To screw her musical heart into right tune, and then to have the strings snap under one's fingers for want of a little Rosin!—What can I do?—[*Loud knocking without.*] Ha! here he is, I dare say—Go to the door;—but if it is any body but Mr Freeman, I am not at home—not in town—You know nothing of me, d'ye hear?\*

[*Retiring.*]

*Laun.* I warrant your honour.

[*Opens the door.*]

*Enter Freeman.*

*Masf.* [*coming forward.*]—O my dear Freeman! is it you?—I have been on thorns for fear you should not come.

[*Laundress retires into the inner chamber.*]

*Free.* Come, I have been in search of you this hour, and thought I should have been obliged to go back again without seeing you—I have been into every nook and corner of the Temple—ran through twenty windings and turnings—and courts, and lanes, and blind-alleys—and then up as many stairs as if I had been going to the top of the monument.

*Masf.* Why, I have changed the scene a little since I saw you last, to be sure.—Elegant chambers, Freeman—I have them ready furnished, you see.

*Free.* Won't the old gentleman be extremely surprised at the vast progress you have made in the law?

*Masf.* My father! prodigiously surprised—And I expect him in town every day—But no matter—for in all my distress, Freeman, I am happy, and even successful—My affair with Sophy goes on swimmingly.

*Free.* Psha, is that all?—A musical lady! I would as soon take the Savoyard girl for a wife, with no other portion than her cymbal.

*Masf.* Ay, but my mistress's lyre is strung with gold, you know. Thirty thousand in her own disposal! Besides, I dare say this passion for music is but one of the irregular appetites of virginity: You hardly ever knew a lady so devoted to her harpsicord, but she suffered it to go out of tune after matrimony.

*Free.* This is all mighty pretty in theory.—But even supposing that you can so easily reconcile yourself to all

her airs and crotchets, I see very little prospect of her being so enamoured of you.

*Mask.* To the very brink of desperation and matrimony.

*Free.* What! marry you! She never will, depend on it.

*Mask.* O, you're mistaken—you have too high an opinion of her understanding, and too mean a one of mine. Sophy is like one of her own instruments: It requires some skill to manage her, I confess. But I am a connoisseur in the art, and know every one of her stops.

*Free.* Her stops! ha, ha!—That would be a mighty pretty conceit, if you was to carry on your courtship in music.

*Mask.* And why not? Love, perhaps, may as well be sung as said, and is hardly more ridiculous one way than the other; not to mention, that it is the only way of succeeding with Sophy. It is true, indeed, that, notwithstanding her rage after the gamut, she knows little more of music than I do; yet I am so well convinced of the violence of her attachment to every thing that is musical and Italian, that I should hardly be surprised at her marriage with one of the Sopranas at the opera.

*Free.* Ay, but as I take it, Mask, you have no opera talents. You can neither sing, play, nor talk Italian.

*Mask.* No, but I can admire a fine finger, and be in raptures at an air or a chorus; and as for Italian, I have just gleaned enough of the language to sprinkle my conversation with it as readily as many a fashionable coxcomb who has made the tour of Italy.

*Free.* So your principal recommendations are necessity and the *bon front*—Hey, George!—Well, success attend you.

*Mask.* I tell you, I am sure of her. I have made some pretty intelligible overtures to her already, which have been received not unfavourably. I have played off the complete virtuoso upon her, and she supposes me to be very lately returned from Rome. I have been thrown into raptures and musical ecstasies—and cried out, *Bravo! divino!* and *ancora!* louder than herself. But that which, I plainly perceive, weighs most with her, is a ridiculous proposal I have made to carry her over to Italy directly after our marriage. In short, I have touched the principal string, the master-key of her soul. Nay, she has even declared, that I am a *bell' cavaliero*, and a person of infinite *gusto*—What do you think of that, Freeman?

*Free.* Why, I think the only thing you have to do, is to follow her up with spirit.

*Mask.*



# THE MUSICAL LADY.

*Mist.* And so I have—~~no~~, I have even gone so far, as to frighten her with the apprehensions of losing me.

*Free.* A dreadful sentence!—But how?

*Mist.* By a pretended match with a lady in the country, which, I have told her, my father is determined to force her into; and that I expect him in town every day to conclude the business with his counsel.

*Free.* Make haste then, and conclude your own business with her before he really arrives. Why don't you visit her?

*Mist.* Visit her! So I have, again and again. I am honoured with her particular commands for this very morning; and did not doubt of making this my last visit.—But some small impediments, I was afraid, would have prevented my waiting on her.—For this week past, my affairs have been, as you may perceive, in some little confusion.—I, you see, am rather in a disshabille.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! This is altogether as droll an amour, and as whimsical a piece of courtship, as ever I heard of.

*Mist.* So much the better. The oddity of it charms me. I hate your Strephons and Chloes, your sentimental lovers, sighing and languishing for two years together.

*Free.* Well—but your commands for me.—Tell me in two words,—What is it you want?

*Mist.* In two words—then, every thing.

*Free.* I'm glad on't.

*Mist.* How so?

*Free.* Because every thing in my power is entirely at your service.

*Mist.* My best Freeman!

*Free.* Come then—away with me this instant, or you'll be too late.—You shall dress for your part at my house; and see now that you play it with spirit.

*Mist.* Never doubt it—Ten thousand thanks, my dear Freeman. Some other circumstances of this affair, as well as my conjugal plan, I'll acquaint you with as we go along. I'll be with her in less than half an hour, and make love to some tune, I warrant you. [Exeunt,

*Enter* Landress *from the inner-room, with a paper and a bottle.*

*Laun.* Ah, the times are sadly changed with my poor master here!—I have known the day, I could have

‘carried things enow from chambers to keep my whole family. But now, if I was to take so much as an end of candle, poor gentleman! he must go to bed in the dark. The only things I can find, are these leavings of a quartern of Bohea, and the bottom of a bottle of rum.—Hard times for poor folks!—And yet, give him his due—he’s a noble gentleman, that I must say for him. When he has it, away it goes, and every body’s the better for it. Ah, blefs him, he is the noblest master I ever had in my life! But these confounded gaming-people cheat him of every thing. [*Exit with the paper and bottle.*]

SCENE, a room in Sophy’s house.

*Enter Sophy and Lady Scrape.*

*Sop.* O piano! My dear Lady Scrape, piano!—The opera is my darling amusement, ’tis true. I am infinitely concern’d at their discord.—But I can never think of endeavouring to bring Signor Staccato and the dear Ca-price to an accommodation on such mean conditions.

*L. Scr.* Mean conditions!—Surely, surely, Miss Sophy, a salary of a thousand pounds—with an agreement to provide her a house ready furnished—to keep her a coach—and a French cook—and a Romish chaplain into the bargain, are no such despicable offers for one season’s performance.—And as to Signor Staccato, the terms proposed are—

*Sop.* Nothing to what they have had abroad. Are not they the praise and admiration of all Europe?—Were they not loaded with presents by all the nobles at Venice!—universally carested at Naples—entertained in the most sumptuous manner by the prince of Wirtemberg—taken under the immediate protection of the Empress at Vienna, admired at Paris, adored at Brussels—and treated with the utmost respect in every country but our own!—O the Goths and Vandals!

*L. Scr.* Pardon me, Miss Sophy! these performers, I believe, have been nowhere better received, or met with more encouragement. Signor Ela, the director, my Lord and Lady Minum, myself, madam, and many other subscribers to the opera, think the conditions offered, at least equal to their merit.

*Sop.* Oh, their merit is above all recompence. They are a perfect treasure of taste and vertu! O the dear Ca-price!—Such cadences!—such sostenutos!—and her graces,

traces, shakes, flurs, and trilloes—ravishing beyond expression!—And then Signor Staccato's execution! What enchanting tones!—what a noble forte!—what a tender piano! and such amazing harpegiaturas! The very soul of harmony seems to breathe from the instrument.

*L. Scr.* Their merit ought indeed to be very extraordinary, to come in the least degree of comparison with their insolence.

*Sop.* Insolence! your Ladyship knows they are incapable of it.

*L. Scr.* I wish I did, madam. Has not the Caprice more than once affronted the whole town? Has not she disappointed them in the grossest manner—and refused to sing even on the opera nights?

*Sop.* Accident and indisposition.—*Voi amanti, &c.*

[*Humming a tune with affected indifference.*]

*L. Scr.* And has not Signor Staccato laid by the compositions of the best masters, for the sake of his own concertos?

*Sop.* Ravishing concertos!

*L. Scr.* And has not he at last thrown the whole orchestra into disorder and confusion?

*Sop.* Resentment, and great provocation!—La, la, la, a, &c.

[*Humming.*]

*L. Scr.* Nay, is it not notorious to the whole world, madam, that their insolence is owing merely to the great encouragement they have received, and that they depend entirely—

*Sop.* Moderato! moderato! madam. Your Ladyship's absolutely in alt.

*L. Scr.* In alt! madam?

*Sop.* Yes, in alt—Give me leave to tell your Ladyship, that you have raised your voice a full octave higher since you came into the room. But to no purpose—The director of the opera, and the opera itself, shall suffer for it.—Signor Staccato and the Caprice shall perform nowhere but in my house, and those of a few other persons of gusto—Nay, we'll have a concert every opera-night—every opera-night, madam—

*L. Scr.* Mighty well, madam—

*Sop.* Which will demolish his entertainment, and ruin his subscription.

*L. Scr.* O, you may find yourself deceived, madam—Signor Elia, and those of the nobility, who interest themselves

selves in this affair, are not without resources—A foreign minister's lady has sent over for hands and voices superior to your friends, madam.—Besides, madam, let me tell you, that Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold; yes, madam, Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold—and we don't doubt of providing a most exquisite opera, without the assistance of either Signor Staccato or the Caprice.

*Sop.* Oh the tramontane creature!—But I'll not suffer her to disconcert the harmony of my temper—Here, Signor Rosini—

*Enter Rosini.*

Give me the viol di gambo—a lesson on the bass will compose my mind—[*Tunes the instrument, and turns over several pieces of music.*]—Well, I declare now, this little Venetian ballad-tune, which Mr Mask has brought over with him, is set with an infinite deal of taste—and there is a most sprightly extravaganza in the words he has adapted to it—Signor Rosini, please to take the instrument—I'll go over this air—and do you accompany me on the viol di gambo.

### S O N G.

Love's a sweet and soft musician :  
Who derives his skill from thee,  
Plays on every disposition,  
Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep despair now thrums Adagio,  
Lively hope now sounds Corragio.  
—O the ravishing transition ?  
Tweedle dum and tweedle dee.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the man is below with the monica.

*Sop.* The what ?

*Ser.* I forgot the name, ma'am—but it is a set of musical glasses that you bespoke last week.

*Sop.* O, the armonica. I am ravished to hear it.—Bid the Monica come up.—Poor fellow!—And, d'ye hear?—tell him to get every thing ready for a concert in the hall this morning—And, d'ye hear? I am at home to nobody but Mr Mask—And bid them lay the guitar and the viol d'amour on the harpsichord—I shall make use of them both.—[*Exit Servant.*]—Signor Rosini—



Will you be so good as to look over the scores—and see that the instruments are in tune—and every thing in order—I expect a great virtuoso this morning—a complete edge of composition—and a perfect master of the contrabasso—So, pray be careful. [*Exit Rosin.*]—I am astonished Mr Mask is not come yet—Well, I swear he's a charming creature—he hits my unison to a miracle—If he did but sing, he would be a most complete virtuoso.—[*Sings.*]—I protest I am quite in a voice to-day.—[*Sings.*]—Lord, I wish he was here—I shall absolutely ravish him. [*Exit singing.*]

## A C T II.

SCENE, Sophy's House.

*Enter Sophy and Mask.*

*Sop.* **N**AY, now, I am sure you flatter me—Is my style so truly Italian? Have I quite got rid of the horrid English cadence?

*Mask.* Let me die, madam, if your whole conversation and behaviour do not make me fancy myself in Italy—Signora Lorenza at Florence was the very type of you.

*Sop.* Well, I swear now, you are almost the only creature one meets with in this barbarous country that has the least taste.—Our travelling gentry either return from the tour of Europe as mere English bores as they went—John Trot still—or come home at best mere French petit-maitres.

—But as to Italy, not one of them but Signor Masquali—*Masquali!*—how very soft and prettily that sounds now!

—You must give me leave to call you *Masquali*—instead of plain Mask—with a vile English *K* in it—O fie—it might as well have been an *X*—a person that has any ear can't endure it.

*Mask.* Masquali!—The most beautiful refinement in the world! But now I think of it, your name, madam, may admit of some improvement too. Sophy is, to be sure, the prettiest of English names:—Yet it is too near Molly, and Betsy, and Bridget, and Alice, to distinguish you. What d'ye think I would wish to call you?

*Sop.* I long to know—What?

*Mask.*

*Mask.* I would call you then—I am sure you'll like it—*The Sophini.*

*Sop.* The Sophini!—I am pleased with it prodigiously—the sweetest concerto!—The Sophini!—But pray, Signor (for I will call you Signor), was not you charmed at the concerto last week!—The Caprice was amazing, and great beyond expression in the song of Fonti Amiche.

*Mask.* The style of that air was excellent. *[Singing. The cromatico—I remember—But, pray now, tell me truly—[taking her tenderly by the hand] were there not some strokes of your composition in it?—I know all the virtuosi consult you on these occasions. I thought I could discern your manner.—Come, confess; I am sure it was so.*

*Sop.* Nay, now—psha—you know that I never—and yet—*[smiling and languishing]*—you have an infinite deal of taste—you have indeed.—I was always reckoned remarkable for the cromatico. *[Concededly.]*

*Mask.* That air was ravishing. But you must oblige me with it yourself,

*Sop.* What, after the Caprice?—not for the world.

*Mask.* I shall die if you refuse me. *[Tenderly.]*

*Sop.* Lard!—how can you be so troublesome?—*[languishing.]*—Stay!—la-la-la-la—*[as tuning.]* Lord, how hoarse I am!—I have a most terrible cold.—Come, begia—*[to the music]*—but pray be careful of the accompagnamenti. Adagio, ma non troppo. *[Sings an Italian air.]*

Fonti amiche,  
Aure leggiere,  
Mormorando,  
Sussurrando,  
Voi mi dite  
Che io godro.

*During the song, Mask exclaims,*

*Divino! squisito! bravissimo! &c.*

*Sop.* And you really think it is set so prettily. *[Concededly.]*

*Mask.* Delightfully!—*con amore*, madam, and sung—O heavens!

*Sop.* O, you're too good to me:—And yet, ha, ha!—and yet, I hope it is a little better than the horrid English ballad-singing.

*Mask.* English ballad-singing!—O, the ridiculous idea!

—To

—To hear a huge fellow, with a rough horrible voice, roaring out, “O the roast beef of Old England!” Or, a pale-fac’d chit of a girl, when some country neighbour asks her in company, Pray, ma’am, could you favour us with “Go rose!”—No, Sir, not that, but another, if you please; and then begins screaming, “If love’s a sweet passion,” squalling to the ancient British melody of the bagpipe, the Welch harp, and the dulcimer.

*Sop.* Horrible! ha, ha, ha!—horrible!—What a picture of English taste!—Oh, the people here are all downright Goths.

*Masf.* Absolute savages——An English catch, a Scotch jig, and an Irish howl, are all their ideas of harmony.—Their voices are a scale of discord——Music—Oh—music flourishes nowhere but in Italy.

*Sop.* O ravishing Italy!—I’d give the world to be there—’Tis a heaven upon earth—the land of gusto, virtù, and elicità.

*Masf.* Oh, what would I give to have the happiness of transporting so inestimable a treasure as the Sophisti to that region of taste!—Suffer me to renew the suit I have so often urged to you——Let me, nay, you must let me, attend you thither.

*Sop.* Nay—prithee now—

[*Languishing.*]

*Masf.* Such taste! such voice! such execution! Heavens, Adam! you wou’d be the admiration of all the cognocenti—Nay, though a lady, I make no doubt but you would receive honours from the academy della Crusca.

*Sop.* Lord! I protest now—you put me quite into confusion—For heaven’s sake—

*Masf.* O see me at your feet!—Take pity on me!—upon yourself!—Consider my risk of losing you, by that horrid country match I told you of!—Fly, O let us fly from this Gothic country, and take refuge in Italy—and permit your Masquali to attend you as your faithful Cicisbe.

*Sop.* Let me beg, Sir—

*Masf.* Take him for your humble Cicerone, to shew you the beauties of the place.

*Sop.* Pray now—

*Masf.* Your Nomenclatore, to introduce you to the virtuosi—

*Sop.* How can you be so?

*Masf.* Take him—I won’t thock your ear with the English

list

lish sound of husband : But, what is more soft and tender, take him for your sposo—your caro sposo.

*Sop.* Lord, this is so strange!—But stay, let me order Rosini to get the band in order. You have not had the music I promised you this morning.

*Mask.* Oh, I am too impatient to delay my supreme happiness on any consideration. We can have the music afterwards.

*Sop.* Afterwards, Signor?

[*Somewhat angrily.*]

*Mask.* Yes, my dear Sophini, afterwards. And then, you know, it may serve for a wedding concert. We may have it by way of concerto nuttiale—What d'ye think of that?

*Sop.* A concerto nuttiale! Oh heavens, I am transported with the thought!—To have the singular pleasure of celebrating my marriage with a pasticcio, made up of the choicest pieces of my own composition!—What could inspire you with so divine an imagination? The very idea absolutely overcomes me.

*Mask.* And you consent to make me happy—Come, then, my soul is on the wing.—Let us away this instant.

*Sop.* What can I do?—Well,—after all—there is something so tender—so affettuoso in your manner—O you wicked creature!—I wish I could refuse you.

*Mask.* O the music of that sound!—O cara, cara!

[*Kissing her hand.*]

*Sop.* But on condition that we go directly to Italy.

*Mask.* Immediately. The ceremony may be performed to-day—this hour—and we may leave England to-morrow. Oh, with what pleasure do I change my state, and leave this barbarous country, to attend the Sophini to Italy!

Farewel, Old England! liberty! et tutto!

Hail, foreign climes! and marriage, ben venuto!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Temple walks.

Enter Old Mask.

*O. M.* So—so—so!—tricked, cheated, imposed on;—fooled and bamboozled by an ungracious rogue of a son!—a young knave! with his letters about special arguments at Westminster, and trials at Guildhall—and his stories of circuits and sessions—and his jargon from Plowden and Coke.—Odd's my life! I am in such passion, I could knock down every man I meet with for very anger.

Enter



*Enter Freeman.*

*Free.* Bless me! is not that old Mr Mask?—Your servant, Sir; you're welcome to town.

*O. M.* O, your servant, Sir;—your most humble servant!—So your friend George is ruin'd, I find—George, Sir—your old crony and school-fellow—George is undone.

*Free.* Heaven forbid!

*O. M.* What! you know nothing of the matter, hey!—you're not acquainted with the pranks he has play'd—not you—to be sure!—Here have been rare doings!—fine studies at the Temple!—A new abridgement of the law!

*Free.* So all's out, I find.—Please to explain, Sir. Have you seen your son?—have you been at his chambers?

*O. M.* Chambers!—chambers d'ye call them!—Kennels, dog-holes—I purchased him a handsome set of chambers in King's-Bench Walks,—as handsome as any in the Temple—ay, and furnished them as handsomely.—But the young man is removed, I find;—and where?—why, into a blind alley—a dark corner of the Inns of Court, up four pair of stairs—into a couple of vile shelving garrets, where I could scarce stand upright, or find a chair to sit down—with a worse smell than the county-goal—and a beautiful prospect into White Friars—And then his study! A hundred and fifty pounds worth of law books, I gave him—all neatly bound in white calf-skin,—gone!—The deuce a law book has he in the world but Littleton's Tenures in duodecimo, and the Game-laws sewed in blue paper—which, with an odd volume of Tristram Shandy, some loose pamphlets and newspapers, and six or seven shelves of empty bottles, make up the whole of his library—An extravagant profligate!

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! I see, Sir, you have taken an exact inventory of his effects. But this is nothing. Almost every young fellow falls into distresses one time or other.—An over-provident father makes a prodigal son. You kept him too bare of money—you did indeed, Sir.

*O. M.* Money! did I not give him a profession? did not I put him to the law?—Odd's my life! the riches—that by pains and application he might have got by his profession.

*Free.* His profession! ha, ha, ha! that's incomparable—His profession!—Ah, my dear Sir, the profession and he

Vol. 3.

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will

will never be a whit the better for each other. The law is a noble study, it is true—followed by several learned and worthy men.

*O. M.* A sure road to wealth and preferment.

*Free.* Very true, Sir—but your son could as soon bring himself to take a purse upon the road, as follow the road to riches which you have chalked out for him.

*O. M.* Never tell me—I know, that, with his talents, he might have done what he pleased. George has lively parts—An abandon'd profligate!—to ruin himself! And was always a smart lad—a keen—shrewd young rogue!—A fool to throw himself away!—And might have got into practice and high reputation, and made a fortune by his profession.

*Free.* Never! take my word for it. It is not his turn, not in the least his talent: Diametrically opposite to his genius and disposition: Lively parts! a fine notion! as if, because he can distinguish black from white, he should be able to confound black and white with each other.

*O. M.* He has ruin'd himself by his idleness and extravagance. Ah, what a prospect has he lost! Had he stuck to his studies, and made a figure at the bar, we might have got him a seat in parliament, and then of course a silk gown, and then, by degrees, the solicitor-generalship, and then the attorney-generalship, and then judge, or a chief-justice, and then—odd's my life—he might have been as great a man as my Lord Coke himself.

*Free.* Oh rare! there's the true logic of every father in the kingdom! There is not a country farmer who sends his son a servitor to the university, but what promises himself the honour of lawn-sleeves in his family.

*O. M.* Well, well, it does not signify talking. I'll never acknowledge him as long as I live. Neglect his studies! his goods seized! over head an ears in debt! a wretch, a vagabond, a prodigal!

*Free.* Oh, moderate your anger! If he is in distress, you'll relieve him; if he has any debts, you'll pay them, and all's well again.

*O. M.* Me! I'll not advance a penny, let him go to goal, let him starve, I'll never see his face again.

*Free.* You will, I'm sure.

*O. M.* Never; I'll disinheret him; I won't leave him a groat; I'll cut him off with a shilling. He's ruin'd for ever.

*Free.* He'll make his fortune.

*O. M.* He's undone!

*Free.* He's made for ever!

*O. M.* He'll be hang'd.

*Free.* He's married.

*O. M.* Who! what! when! where! how! —

*Free.* He's married.

*O. M.* Married! to whom?

*Free.* To a lady of fortune; rich, young, and handsome.

A girl worth thirty thousand in hard money, Mr Mask.

*O. M.* What! George?

*Free.* Yes, George!

*O. M.* George married! when?

*Free.* Within this half-hour.

*O. M.* To thirty thousand?

*Free.* And better.

*O. M.* Indeed! Well said George, i'faith: He's a fine boy; I knew he would do: He was always an arch rogue — But how d'ye know?

*Free.* I am sure on't; he dispatch'd one of my own servants to me with the intelligence. My chariot carried them to church.

*O. M.* Excellent! He's a rare fellow; I'll leave him ev'ry farthing I have in the world; I'll settle — But who is this lady? Where does she live?

*Free.* If you please, Sir, I'll conduct you to the house; perhaps we may arrive there before their return, and he shall present you with your fair daughter-in-law as a peace-offering.

*O. M.* Come along then. It shall go hard but I'll dance at the young rogue's wedding. I'll settle five hundred a year on the first boy. Did not I tell you he was a smart lad, and would thrive in the world? — Odd's my life; strip him stark-naked, and throw him into the sea, he would rise again with a sword and a bag-wig. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Hall at Sophy's. — Musicians — music-stands, and every thing prepared for a concert.

*Ros.* Come, are the scores all right? are you all ready in your parts?

*Sing.* I'm afraid we're not quite perfect in this strange trio which Mr Mask has left with us.

*Ros.* Strange Trio, d'ye call it! — Let me see —

[Reads the letter.]

And,

And, also, nor, neither,

For, because, or either;

But, that, although, therefore,

If, yet, unless, wherefore.

Very pretty words, and extremely musical! Suppose you run them over, you'll have time enough.

*Singer.* With all my heart.

*The* T R I O.

*Words by* Dr Bushby.

*Music by* Mr Battishull.

And, also, nor, neither,

For, because, or either;

But that, although, therefore,

If, yet, unless, wherefore,

*Towards the end of the Song, enter Old Mask and Freeman.*

*O. M.* Odd's my life! a very handsome house. What a magnificent side-board of plate in the parlour we came through!

*Free.* O, Sir, you'll find every thing agreeable to your wishes and the account I have given you.

*O. M.* But is she so musical d'ye say?

*Free.* Hift! they're here. Let us retire a while.

*Enter Mask and Sophy.*

*Sop.* Di due belle alme amanti, &c. [*Singing.*

*Free.* [*advancing.*] How now, Mask? May we give you joy? You're married, I hope?

*Mask.* Ay, ay, fast enough, Freeman.

*Sop.* O yes, married in a filthy church without an organ in it: But, Signor Masquili, d'ye know that gentleman?

[*Seeing Old Mask, who advances.*

*Mask.* My father! I'll carry it through boldly, however—[*Aside.*]—You see, my dear, I told you he would be in town. [*To Sophy.*] This is a pleasure I had not flatter'd myself in the expectation of—Give me leave, Sir, to present you with this lady; whom I have just now had the happiness to make my wife, and your daughter.

*O. M.* Madam, I give you joy—and my son joy—and myself joy—I have heard of all your pranks, George; and if you had not overcome me with this agreeable surprise—odd's my life, I should have taken you soundly to talk, I can tell you.

[*Apart to Mask.*

*Sop.*



*Sop.* Well, I protest, I am glad to see so much good company.—I have a concerto ready—you will be ravished with it—all the airs are of my own composition.

*O. M.* A concert!—With submission, ma'am, a good country-dance would make us a thousand times merrier.—Odd's my-life! give me but a lively partner, and I'll cross over, and figure in, and right hand and left, till six in the morning—Toll de roll, de roll. [*Singing a dance-tune.*]

*Sop.* O monstrous!—Signor Masquali, d'ye hear? Is it possible this can be a father of yours, and have so little gusto?

*O. M.* His father! Yes, madam, and you'll find him his father's own son, I believe—A chip of the old block, I promise you.

*Sop.* Oh, he's the very abstract of virtù——

*O. M.* Yes, yes—George has virtue enough, for that matter.

*Sop.* Virtù—gusto—musical taste, Sir!

*O. M.* What, George?

*Sop.* A complete conofcente——

*O. M.* My son?

*Sop.* A most excellent judge of style and composition.—

*O. M.* He?

*Sop.* And a person of the nicest ear in the world.

*O. M.* O dear, O dear, O dear! What, has the young rogue made you believe that he understands music?

*Sop.* Oh, Sir, I am not easily deceived in those particulars. [*Conceitedly.*]

*O. M.* A sly dog!—He was always an arch rogue—ha, ha, ha, ha!—Why, this is all a bam, madam?

*Sop.* A bam, Sir!—What d'ye mean?

*O. M.* The young rogue has play'd on us both, ma'am. —Taste! he knows no more of virtù, as you call it, than I find he does of the law—A sly dog!—Music!—He!—Why he has no notion of a tune beyond Derry down, or the hundredth psalm.—As to singing, he has no more musical notes in his voice than a cuckow—And the ear is, I believe, the last part of the human frame by which he would choose to be distinguished.

*Sop.* Nay, now, Sir, you carry your raillery too far, I am too well acquainted with his accomplishments.

Don't I know that he mixt with all the virtuosi in Italy!

Does not he abominate filthy English, and idolize dear Italian?

' Italian?—And is not he just returned from being the object of public admiration at Rome?

' *O. M.* Rome! George been at Rome!—What, has he persuaded you into that too? ha, ha, ha, ha!—  
' An arch dog!—[*Laughing heartily.*]—Why, ma'am, he never was out of England in his life. He knows no more of Rome than the Pope does of my seat in Wiltshire.'

*Sop.* How!

*O. M.* And as to Italian, he's not acquainted with twenty words of the language.

' *Sop.* Impossible!

' *O. M.* I tell you, ma'am, again and again, 'tis all a bam upon you—George is an arch rogue, and has been too hard for us both—ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Mask winks, and makes signs to him.*]

' Ah, what signifies your winking and nodding to me! Isn't it all true, firrah?'

*Sop.* And do you confess this charge, Sir? [*to Mask.*]

*Mask.* Guilty, upon my honour!—Before marriage, as I saw it pleased you, I was content to seem an Italian; but now, my love, you shall find me a true Briton, I promise you.

*O. M.* Look ye there!—did not I tell you so?—ha, ha, ha!

*Sop.* Nay, now, Sir, I see you are in jest—for I'm convince'd that Signor Masquali—

*Mask.* Masquali!—Mask—Mask is my name, my dear!—and your name too—thanks to the parson.

*Sop.* Mask!—I shall never bear to be called Mask—Mrs Mask!—Such an unmusical appellation!—I shall never endure it.

*Mask.* Yes, yes, you will endure it very well, and a great deal more too, I warrant you.

*Sop.* Why, surely, Signor—

*Mask.* Signor!—I am no Signor.—Mr Mask—or, if you please, George Mask—an English gentleman—worth twenty marquises from France, or counts from Italy.

*O. M.* Odd's-my-life! he'll fret her guts to fiddle-strings.

*Sop.* And you are really no virtuoso! not a person of gusto?

*Mask.* In nothing, madam, but in my passion for you.

*Sop.* Astonishing!—I shall still have one consolation, however

however, and that a great one—I shall have the pleasure of forming your taste myself—and as a good lesson—I'll have the concerto performed immediately; Where are all my people? Here, Rosini! Caprice! Scrapelli! Squeak-  
alli!

[Calling the singers.]

*O. M.* Odd's my life, the whole kennel!—Silver and and Trueman! Sweetlips and Dido!

*Sop.* Ah, Tramontani! what horrible discord! nothing but the performance of my concerto—

*Mask.* Come, come, my dear Sophy, we'll have no concerto—nothing Italian—We'll celebrate our nuptials after the old English fashion—

*Sop.* What!

*Mask.* I'll give away five guineas to the bell-ringers.

*Sop.* Horrible!

*Mask.* All the servants shall go roaring drunk to-bed.

*Sop.* Monstrous!

*Mask.* And to-morrow morning, my love, you shall be roused with the drums, and the true British serenade of marrow-bones and cleavers.

*Sop.* Barbarous and horrible! Is this the Affettuoso Masquali? Is this the tender Sposo?

*Mask.* English, my dear Sophy; speak English, for Heaven's sake! I can converse in no other language.

*Sop.* How am I deceived and imposed on! And don't you intend to carry me to Italy?

*Mask.* To Italy! ridiculous! No, no, my love; we'll stay here, in the comfortable enjoyment of beef, liberty, and Old England.

*Sop.* Disappointed in every thing! deluded, cajoled! coaxed! wheedled into a marriage with a horrid English—

*Mask.* Have a care, Sophy; no hard words to your lord and husband.

*Sop.* Husband! I shall faint at the sound.

*Free.* Have patience, madam, and reconcile yourself to your situation. To be laugh'd out of one's follies, is the best and most agreeable method of being cured of them.

*O. M.* Odd's-my-life, daughter!—I have a right to call you daughter now—down on your knees, and thank heaven that you have had such an escape. Why, it was a thousand to one but what you had married a fiddler.—You have met with one of the archest young rogues in the world. I'll  
answer

answer for it, that his fortune shall be little inferior to your own—and I warrant, that he will make the best of husbands.

*Sop.* Best of husbands indeed! and deny me the enjoyment of music and virtù?

*Mask.* That, my dearest Sophy, shall be almost the only thing I will deny you. And you will thank me hereafter for opposing a foible, which eclipsed your good sense, and served only to make you ridiculous. Nay, more; to convince you that I can endure the sound of an instrument, do but defer your concert till the evening, you shall invite what company you please, and my father may be indulged with his country-dance afterwards into the bargain.

• *O. M.* Afterwards!—We'll have a dance now—  
• Away with your music-stands and big-bellied bassviols,  
• and let the fiddles strike up here, and call in your fingers  
• to go down the dance with us.

• *Mask.* With all my heart. But I have more wonders for you.

• *Sop.* What d'ye mean?

• *Mask.* I'll show you.—Rosini!

[*To Rosini, who advances.*

*Ros.* Signor!

*Mask.* Signor!—don't Signor me, puppy. Sophy, do you know this gentleman?

*Sop.* Nobody better;—it is Signor Rosini.

*Mask.* See now, how easy it is to impose on you. He is as great a cheat as myself. This is no Signor Rosini, but honest Jack Rosin, from Comus's court;—one of the choice spirits. The chief leader in all my concertos, and by my direction he crept into your pay as Signor Rosini.

*Sop.* Indeed! I must fairly own, that this last circumstance mortifies me, and makes me more ashamed of my musical attachment than all the rest.—To be duped by Mr Rosin, is too palpable a weakness not to be repented! But now, Sir, if I consent to lower my note, (to make use of a musical phrase once more) may I not hope that you will lower your note too?

*Mask.* In every particular that does not hurt your fortune, or injure your character, you shall find me the tenderest and most compliant of husbands.—And now, Sophy, do but cheerfully resign this one foible, we shall be the happiest couple in Great-Britain. And though there  
has



has been some little discord between us at first, we shall agree for the future as well as bass and treble. And give me leave to congratulate you, that instead of Signor MASQUALL, you have got honest GEORGE MASK.

THE  
**MOCK DOCTOR,**  
 OR THE  
**DUMB LADY CUR'D.**  
 IN TWO ACTS.  
 BY HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

CHARACTERS.

Henry Fielding, Esq.

Mr. Shroton  
 Mr. Stoper  
 Mr. Tibbitt  
 Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Martin  
 Mr. Kibbitt  
 Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Roberts

Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Stoper  
 Mr. Tibbitt  
 Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Martin  
 Mr. Kibbitt  
 Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Roberts

Mr. Kibbitt  
 Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Martin

Mr. Jones  
 Mr. Stoper  
 Mr. Tibbitt

Scene, Part of a Country Town, and a Wood.

ACT I.

Scene, a Wood.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY.

Tell you No, I won't comply; and it is my business to  
 I talk, and to command.

T H E  
**MOCK DOCTOR;**  
 OR, THE  
**DUMB LADY CUR'D.**

IN TWO ACTS.

. BY HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

*Drury-Lane, originally.*

<i>Sir Jasper</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Shepherd.
<i>Leander</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Stopelaer.
<i>Gregory</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Cibber, jun.
<i>Robert</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Jones.
<i>James</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Mullart.
<i>Harry</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Roberts.
<i>Davy</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Jones.
<i>Hellebore</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Roberts.

W O M E N.

<i>Dorcas</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Raftor.
<i>Charlotte</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Williams.
<i>Maid</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs Mears.

SCENE, partly in a Country Town, and partly in a Wood.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Wood.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY.

I Tell you No, I won't comply; and it is my business to talk, and to command.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill humours.

*Greg.* O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, *That a wife is worse than a devil.*

*Dor.* Hear the learn'd gentleman with his Aristotle.

*Greg.* And a learned man I am too:—Find me out a maker of faggots, that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

*Dor.* An education!

*Greg.* Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at a charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician for six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry Andrew, where I learnt physic.

*Dor.* O that thou hadst follow'd him still!—Curs'd be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson, *I will.*

*Greg.* And curs'd be the parson that ask'd me the question!

*Dor.* You have reason to complain of him indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself—I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserved such a wife as me.

*Greg.* No really, I don't think I do.

*Dorcas sings.*

When a lady, like me, condescends to agree

To let such a jackanapes taste her,

With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,

Who gives him—what's meat for his master?

His actions should still

Attend on her will:

Hear, firrah, and take it for warning;

To her he should be

Each night on his knee,

And so he should be on each morning.

*Greg.* Meat for my master!—You were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken; 'for, to one of our shames be 'it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you 'went to bed.' Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

*Dor.*



# THE MOCK DOCTOR.

5

*Dor.* Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

*Greg.* That happens to be a mistake; for I drink some part on't.

*Dor.* That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

*Greg.* You'll rise the earlier.

*Dor.* And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

*Greg.* It's genteel; the squire does the same.

*Dor.* Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

*Greg.* Whatever you please.

*Dor.* My four little children that are continually crying for bread?

*Greg.* Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

*Dor.* And do you imagine, sot——

*Greg.* Hark ye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

*Dor.* I laugh at your threats, poor beggerly insolent fellow!

*Greg.* Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

*Dor.* Touch me, if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

*Greg.* Oh ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[Beats her.]

*Dor.* O murder, murder!

*Enter Squire Robert.*

*Rob.* What's the matter here? Fie upon you, fie upon you neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner!

*Dor.* Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

*Rob.* O dear, madam, I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

*Dor.* What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of your's?

*Rob.* No certainly, madam.

*Dor.* Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

## THE MOCK DOCTOR.

AIR, *Winchester Wedding.*

Go thrash your own rib, Sir, at home,  
 Nor thus interfere with our strife;  
 May cuckoldom still be his doom,  
 Who strives to part husband and wife.  
 Suppose I've a mind he should drub,  
 Whose bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?  
 At whose expence is it, you scrub?  
 You are not to find him a stick.

*Rob.* Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife; beat as you ought to do.

*Greg.* No, Sir, I won't beat her.

*Rob.* O Sir, that's another thing.

*Greg.* I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not your's.

*Rob.* Certainly.

*Dor.* Give me the stick, dear husband.

*Rob.* Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself! [*Exit Sq. Rob.*]

*Greg.* Come, my dear, let us be friends.

*Dor.* What, after beating me so!

*Greg.* 'Twas but in jest.

*Dor.* I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not mine.

*Greg.* Pshaw! you know you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

*Dor.* Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

*Greg.* Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I'm sorry for't.

*Dor.* For once I pardon you—but you shall pay for it.

[*Aside.*]

*Greg.* Pshaw! Pshaw! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred faggots before I come home again. [*Exit.*]

*Dor.* If I am not reveng'd on those blows of your's!—Oh, that I could but think of some method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

A I R,

A I R, *Oh London is a fine town.*

- \* In ancient days, I've heard, with horns,
- \* The wife her spouse could fright,
- \* Which now the hero bravely scorns,
- \* So common is the sight.
- \* To city, country, camp, or court,
- \* Or wheresoe'er he go,
- \* No horned brother dares make sport ;
- \* They're cuckolds all a-row.'

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him well drubb'd !

*Enter Harry and James.*

*Har.* Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor !

*Ja.* Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him ; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

*Har.* Was ever such a cursed misfortune, to lose the letter ! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

*Dor.* Can I find no invention to be reveng'd !—Heyday ! who are these ?

*Ja.* Hark ye, mistress, do ye know where—where—where doctor What-d'ye-ye-call-him lives ?

*Dor.* Doctor who ?

*Ja.* Doctor—doctor—what's his name ?

*Dor.* Hey ! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me ?

*Har.* Is there no physician herabouts famous for curing dumbness ?

*Dor.* I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr Impertinence.

*Har.* Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you : We are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives herabouts ; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

*Dor.* There is one Dr Lacy lives just by, but he's off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand's patients.

*Ja.* Direct us but to him ; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

*Har.* Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

A a 2

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Ha! Heav'n has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hangdog! [*Aside.*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckon'd one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

*Har.* Pray tell us where he lives?

*Dor.* You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

*Har.* A physician cut wood!—

*Ja.* I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs you mean?

*Dor.* No; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: He goes dress'd like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

*Ja.* All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

*Dor.* Why, he will suffer himself to be beat before he will own himself to be a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel and thrash him into it; 't's what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

*Ja.* What a ridiculous whim is here!

*Dor.* Very true; and in so great a man.

*Ja.* And is he so very skilful a man?

*Dor.* Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little drop of something down her throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

*Both.* O prodigious!

*Dor.* 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its scull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than, having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

*Both.* Oh most wonderful!

*Har.*



## THE MOCK DOCTOR.

*Har.* Hey! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

*Ja.* But can he cure dumbness!

*Dor.* Dumbness! Why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb; and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue, till he set it a-going so, that in less than a month's time she out-talk'd her husband.

*Har.* This must be the very man we were sent after.

*Dor.* Yonder is the very man I speak of.

*Ja.* What, that he yonder!

*Dor.* The very same.—He has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

*Ja.* Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.—Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

*Dor.* Be sure you make good use of your sticks.

*Ja.* He shan't want that.

[*Exeunt*]

*SCENE, Another part of the Wood.*

*Gregory discover'd sitting on the ground with faggots about him.*

*Greg.* Poz on't, 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey, who have we here?

*Enter James and Harry.*

*Ja.* Sir, your most obedient humble servant—

*Greg.* Sir, your servant.

*Ja.* We are mighty happy in finding you here—

*Greg.* Ay, like enough—

*Ja.* 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour—We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

*Greg.* If it be in my power to give you any assistance, matters, I am very ready to do it.

*Ja.* Sir, you are extremely obliging—But, dear Sir, let me beg you be cover'd, the sun will hurt your complexion.

*Har.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

*Greg.* These should be footmen by their dress, but courtiers by their ceremony.

[*Aside.*]

*Ja.* You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

*Greg.* Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

*Ja.* O dear, Sir!

*Greg.* You may perhaps buy faggots cheaper otherwise; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

*Ja.* Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

*Greg.* I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

*Ja.* Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

*Greg.* Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

*Ja.* O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

*Greg.* The fellow's a fool.

*Ja.* Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

*Har.* It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

*Greg.* Know what you are! what do you know of me?

*Ja.* Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

*Greg.* Physician in your teeth: I a physician!

*Ja.* The fit is on him—Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

*Greg.* Devil take me if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

*Ja.* We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find—And so you are no physician?

*Greg.* No.

*Ja.* You are no physician?

*Greg.* No, I tell you.

*Ja.* Well, if we must, we must.

[Beat him.]

*Greg.* Oh, oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

*Ja.* Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

*Har.* Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

*Ja.* I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

*Greg.* I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

*Ja.* What! do you deny your being a physician again?

*Greg.*

# THE MOCK DOCTOR.

9

*Greg.* And the devil take me if I am.

*Har.* You are no physician?

*Greg.* May I be pox'd if I am. [*They beat him.*]—Oh, oh!—Dear gentlemen; oh! for Heaven's sake! I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me: I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the head.

*Ja.* Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forc'd us to.

*Greg.* Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

*Ja.* Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

*Greg.* Indeed!

*Har.* A physician that has cur'd all sorts of distempers.

*Greg.* The devil I have!

*Ja.* That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

*Har.* That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

*Ja.* That made the curate's wife, who was dumb talk faster than her husband.

*Har.* Look ye, Sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

*Greg.* Shall I have whatever I will demand?

*Ja.* You may depend upon it.

*Greg.* I am a physician, without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

*Ja.* My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue.

*Greg.* The devil take me if I have found it.—But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Dorcas.*

*Dor.* I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while.—Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head, is more dangerous than is imagin'd. Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market

' market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap  
' as a crack'd china-cup.

' A I R,      *Pinks and Lillies.*

' A woman's ware, like china,  
' Now cheap, now dear is bought ;  
' When whole, though worth a guinea,  
' When broke's not worth a groat.  
' A woman at St James's,  
' With hundreds you obtain ;  
' But stay till loſt her fame is,  
' She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.

## ACT II.

SCENE *Sir Jasper's Houſe.*

*Enter Sir JASPER and JAMES.*

*Sir Jaf.* **W**HERE is he? Where is he?

*Jas.* Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

*Sir Jaf.* 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.

*Jas.* 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself—Here he is.

*Enter Gregory.*

*Har.* Sir, this is the Doctor.

*Sir Jaf.* Dear Sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

*Greg.* Hippocrates says, we should both be cover'd.

*Sir Jaf.* Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

*Greg.* In his chapter of Hats.

*Sir Jaf.* Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

*Greg.* Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters—

*Sir Jaf.* Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

*Greg.*



*Greg.* To you, doctor.

*Sir Jas.* Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the King's grace for it; but no doctor.

*Greg.* What, you're no doctor?

*Sir Jas.* No, upon my word.

*Greg.* You're no doctor?

*Sir Jas.* Doctor! no.

*Greg.* There—'tis done. [Beats him.

*Sir Jas.* Done, in the devil's name! What's done?

*Greg.* Why now you are made a doctor of physic—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

*Sir Jas.* What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

*Jas.* I told you, Sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

*Sir Jas.* Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

*Greg.* Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

*Sir Jas.* Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

*Greg.* I am sorry for those blows.

*Sir Jas.* Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

*Greg.* Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

*Sir Jas.* Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir—My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

*Greg.* Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it: And I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me, as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

*Sir Jas.* Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

*Greg.* I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

*Sir Jas.* I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

*Greg.* What is your daughter's name?

*Sir Jas.* My daughter's name is Charlot.

*Greg.* Are you sure she was christen'd Charlot?

*Sir Jas.* No, Sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

*Greg.* Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient, as the physician is.

*Sir Jas.* Sir, my daughter's here.

*Enter.*

*Enter Charlotte and Maid.*

*Greg.* Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

*Sir Jas.* You make her smile, doctor.

*Greg.* So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say. Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

*Char.* Han, hi, hon, han.

*Greg.* What do you say?

*Char.* Han, hi, han, hon.

*Greg.* What, what, what?

*Char.* Han, hi, hon.

*Greg.* Han! Hon! Hon in ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! Hi! Hon! What the devil of a language is this?

*Sir Jas.* Why, that's her distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

*Greg.* Kept back her marriage! Why so?

*Sir Jas.* Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

*Greg.* O lud! Was ever such a fool, that wou'd not have his wife dumb!—Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her. Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

*Sir Jas.* Yes, Sir.

*Greg.* So much the better. Has she any great pains?

*Sir Jas.* Very great.

*Greg.* That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

*Sir Jas.* You have guess'd her distemper.

*Greg.* Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the *boree*, or the *crupie*, or the *funk*, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb. So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her. If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

*Sir Jas.* But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

*Greg.* Nothing so easily accounted for. Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

*Sir Jas.* But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

*Greg.* All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

*Sir Jas.* But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

*Greg.* Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

*Sir Jas.* I believe it, doctor.

*Greg.* Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed a very great man—A man, who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—Humours—Humours—Ah! you understand Latin.

*Sir Jas.* Not in the least.

*Greg.* What, not understand Latin?

*Sir Jas.* No, indeed, doctor.

*Greg.* *Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom.* Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo & adjectivum concordat in generi numerum & casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.

*Sir Jas.* Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

*Har.* What a prodigious man is this!

*Greg.* Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left-side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, *whiskerus*, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, *jackbootos*, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew *periwigus*, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the omotaplasms; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? and because the said humours have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you.

*Sir Jas.* I do.

*Greg.* Have a certain malignity that is caused—be attentive, if you please.

*Sir Jas.* I am.

*Greg.* That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuntur*, mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,

Apollo, virorum. This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

*Har.* O that I had but his tongue!

*Sir Jas.* It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear, Sir, there is one thing—I always thought 'till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

*Greg.* Ay, Sir, so they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that. The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

*Sir Jas.* I ask your pardon, Sir.

*Greg.* Oh Sir! there's no harm—you're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

*Sir Jas.* Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

*Greg.* What would I have done with her! Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan: Cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double refin'd sugar.

*Sir Jas.* Why, this is punch, doctor.

*Greg.* Punch, Sir! ay, Sir;—and what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your Juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time. I love to do a business all at once.

*Sir Jas.* Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obey'd.

[Gives money.]

*Greg.* I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

*Maid.* Who me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

*Greg.* So much the worse, madam, so much the worse. 'Tis very dangerous to be very well; for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physick and bleed away.

*Sir Jas.* Oh strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

*Greg.* It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it; or, as we say in Greek, Distemperum

bestum



bestum est curare ante habestum. What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take every six hours one of these boluses.

*Maid.* Ha, ha, ha! Why doctor these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

*Greg.* Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Holland's geneva.

*Sir Jas.* Sure you are in jest, doctor! This wench does not show any symptom of a distemper.

*Greg.* Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic; I shall prepare something for you.

*Sir Jas.* Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor; I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

*Greg.* Say you so, Sir? Why then if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

[Exit Gregory.]

*Sir Jas.* Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Leander solus.*

Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own. Oh how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

A I R, *set by Mr Seedo.*

- ‘ O cursed power of gold,
- ‘ For which all honour’s sold,
- ‘ And honesty’s no more!
- ‘ For thee, we often find
- ‘ The great in leagues combin’d
- ‘ To trick and rob the poor.
- ‘ By thee the fool and knave
- ‘ Transcend the wise and brave,
- ‘ So absolute thy reign:
- ‘ Without some help of thine,
- ‘ The greatest beauties shine,
- ‘ And lovers plead, in vain.

To him, Gregory.

*Greg.* Upon my word, this is a good beginning, and since—

*Lean.* I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

*Greg.* Ay, you have need of assistance indeed! What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed?

[*Feels his pulse.*]

*Lean.* Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

*Greg.* How, Sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a man is sick, better than he does himself?

*Lean.* Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady your patient, from whom you just now came, and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

*Greg.* Do you take me for a pimp, Sir, a physician for a pimp?

*Lean.* Dear Sir, make no noise.

*Greg.* Sir, I will make a noise; you're an impertinent fellow.

*Lean.* Softly good Sir!

*Greg.* I shall show you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—[*Leander gives a purse.*—]I'm not speaking to you, Sir, but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not—which always puts me Sir, into such a passion, that—

*Lean.* I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

*Greg.* O dear, Sir; no offence in the least.—Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

*Lean.* This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The physicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlotte's, to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

*Greg.* Hum! Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

*Lean.* I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

*Greg.*

Greg. O, begar! me vill shew you, me vill teacha you what you sal doe; you must come kissa me now, you must come kissa me.

Dor. [*Kisses him.*] As I live my very hang-dog! I've discovered him in good time, or he had discover'd me.—  
[*Aside.*—Well, doctor, and are you cured now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently,—[*Aside.*]  
—Dis is not a propre place, dis is too public; for lud any one pass by while I taka dis phylic, it vill preventa de operation.

Dor. What phylic, doctor?

Greg. In your ear, dat—

[*Whispers.*

Dor. And in your ear dat, sirrah. [*Hitting him a box.*]  
Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain! D'ye think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue! There, take your purse again.

Greg. But where's the gold?

Dor. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. O what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman when I least expected it! Oh my injur'd dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband!

Dor. Ha!

Greg. O me, I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of men, as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dor. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred; for the strangest accident has happened to me!

Dor. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you whom you are oblig'd to for that accident; had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

Greg. Oh, ho! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing.

Dor. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence.

Greg. How infinitely I am oblig'd to thee!—But hush!

*To them enter Hellebore.*

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to the town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor; I am, myself, Sir, a

brother of the faculty, what the world calls a *mad-doctor*. I have at present under my care a patient, whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

*Greg.* I shall make him speak, Sir.

*Hel.* It will add, Sir, to the great reputation you have already acquir'd; and I am happy in finding you.

*Greg.* Sir, I am as happy in finding you.—[*Taking him aside.*]—You see that woman there; she is possessed with a most strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your house—

*Hel.* Most willingly, Sir.

*Greg.* The first thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, Sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, Sir; after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a-day; and take a particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

*Hel.* Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

*Greg.* [*to his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodgings.—Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

*Hel.* You may depend on't, Sir, nothing in my power shall be wanting; you have only to enquire for Dr Hellebore.

*Dor.* 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

*Hel.* Husband! this is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [Exit with Dorcas.

*Enter Leander.*

*Greg.* I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my dear.—So Sir,

*Lean.* I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

*Greg.* Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

*Lean.* If I did but know a few physical hard words—

*Greg.* A few physical hard words! why, in a few hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? Come along, come along.—Hold; the doctor must always go before the apothecary.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE,



*Greg.* Go then, disguise yourself immediately ; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit Leander.*]

*Enter James and Davy.*

*Greg.* Gad! matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

*Ja.* [*Speaking to Davy.*] Fear not, if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

*Da.* My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*Greg. holds out his hand.*] If your worship would find out some means to cure her—

*Greg.* What's the matter with her?

*Da.* Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropfy; another, 'tis the what d'ye call it, the tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rumatiz; a fifth—

*Greg.* What are the symptoms?

*Da.* Symptoms, Sir!

*Greg.* Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

*Da.* Why, she is always craving and craving for drink, eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

*Greg.* Come to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend, [*Holding out his hand,*

*Da.* The purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

*Greg.* Psha, psha, psha! I don't understand one word what you mean.

*Ja.* His wife is sick, doctor, and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend.

[*Davy gives the guinea.*]

*Greg.* Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropfy?

*Da.* Yes, an't please your worship.

*Greg.* Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a dislemper. You say your wife is always calling for drink? let her have as much as she desires; she can't drink too much; and d'ye hear, give her this piece of cheese.

*Da.* Cheese, Sir!

*Greg.* Ay, cheese, Sir. The cheese, of which this a is part, has cur'd more people of a dropfy than ever had it.

*Da.* I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [Exit.]

*Greg.* Go; and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

*Enter Dorcas.*

*Dor.* I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

*Greg.* O physic and matrimony! my wife!

*Dor.* For though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was a good workman as any in five miles of his head.

A I R, *Thomas I cannot.*

' A fig for the dainty civil spouse

' Who's bred at the court or France;

' He treats his wife with smiles and bows,

' And minds not the good main-chance.

' Be Gregory

' The man for me,

' Though given to many a ragot.

' For he would work

' Like any Turk;

' None like him e'er handled a faggot, a faggot,

' None like him e'er handled a faggot.'

*Greg.* What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose. Come hider, child, let me feel your pulse.

*Dor.* What have you to do with my pulse?

*Greg.* I am de French physician, my dear, and I am to feel de pulse of de pation.

*Dor.* Yes, but I am no pation, Sir, nor want no physician, good doctor Ragou.

*Greg.* Begar, you must be puta to-bed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distemp're den evere were hered off.

*Dor.* What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

*Greg.* Begar, you must taka de peel.

*Dor.* Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

*Greg.* I'll take this opportunity of trying her.—[*Aside.*]—Maye dear, if you will not leta me cura you, you sala cura me; you sall be my physician, and I will give you de fee.

[*Holds out a purse.*]

*Dor.* Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills; and what must I do for your fee?

*Greg.*

*Greg.* There, Sir, there; I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

*Sir Jas.* Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue.—Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

*Greg.* That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

*Sir Jas.* And do you think——

*Char.* All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

*Sir Jas.* You shall marry Mr Dapper this evening.

*Char.* I'll be buried first.

*Greg.* Stay, Sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

*Sir Jas.* Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

*Greg.* Sir, I can cure any thing. Hark ye, Mr Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary. For my part, I know of but one; which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixt with two drams of pills matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of the *ambrosia*. Perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success. Go, make her walk in the garden; be sure lose no time; to the remedy, quick; to the remedy specific.

[*Exeunt Leander and Charlotte.*]

*Sir Jas.* What drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

*Greg.* They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

*Sir Jas.* Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

*Greg.* Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too headstrong.

*Sir Jas.* You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

*Greg.* The heat of blood, Sir, causes that in young minds.

*Sir Jas.* For my part, the moment I discover'd the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

*Greg.*

*Greg.* You have done very wisely.

*Sir Jas.* And I have prevented them from having the least communication together: For who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him?

*Greg.* Very true.

*Sir Jas.* Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shown the world that I understand a little of women, I think I have: And let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art requir'd. If this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

*Greg.* No certainly, Sir.

*Enter Dorcas.*

*Dor.* Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

*Sir Jas.* Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

*Dor.* Oh, firrah, firrah!—would you have destroyed your wife, you villain? Would you have been guilty of murder, dog!

*Greg.* Hoity toity;—What madwoman is this?

*Sir Jas.* Poor wretch!—For pity's sake cure her, doctor.

*Greg.* Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee—If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

*Dor.* I'll see you, you villain—Cure me!

*A I R, set by Mr Seedo.*

- ‘ If you hope by your skill
- ‘ To give Dorcas a pill,
- ‘ You are not a deep politician :
- ‘ Cou'd wives but be brought
- ‘ To swallow the draught,
- ‘ Each husband would be a physician.

*Enter James.*

*Ja.* O Sir, undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary—and this is the rogue of a physician who has contriv'd all the affair.

*Sir Jas.* How! am I abus'd in this manner! Here, who



SCENE, *Sir Jasper's house.*

*Sir Jasper, Charlotte, Maid.*

*Sir Jas.* Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

*Maid.* Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

*Sir Jas.* [*looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return—Oh, he is here.—Doctor, your servant.

*Enter Gregory and Leander.*

*Greg.* Well, Sir, how does my patient?

*Sir Jas.* Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

*Greg.* So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

*Sir Jas.* Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

*Greg.* An apothecary, Sir. Mr Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescrib'd.

*Sir Jas.* A song, doctor! prescribe a song?

*Greg.* Prescribe a song, Sir!—Yes, Sir, prescribe a song, Sir. Is there any thing so strange in that? Did you never hear tell of *pills to purge melancholy*? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me?—'Sbud, Sir, this song would make a stone speak.—But if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance, during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

A I R.

*Lean.* Thus, lovely patient, Charlotte fees

Her dying patient kneel:

Soon cur'd will be your feign'd disease;

But what physicians e'er can ease

The torments which I feel?

Think, charming nymph, while I complain,

Ah, think what I endure!

All other remedies are vain;

The lovely cause of all my pain

Can only cause my cure.

*Greg.* It is, Sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, Whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please—Some say, No; others say, Yes: And for my part, I say both Yes and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque

opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible——One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds——

*Char.* No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

*Sir Jas.* My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

*Greg.* This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble.

*[Traversing the Stage in a great heat the apothecary following.]*

*Char.* Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander.

*[Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the Stage.]*

*Sir Jas.* But——

*Char.* Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

*Sir Jas.* What!

*Char.* Your rhetoric is in vain; all your discourses signify nothing.

*Sir Jas.* I——

*Char.* I am determin'd; and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

*Sir Jas.* I have——

*Char.* I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

*Sir Jas.* You shall have Mr Dapper——

*Char.* No; not in any manner; not in the least, not at all: You throw away your breath; you lose your time: You may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me; do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent. So far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand: For he is my aversion; I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad: You may make me miserable any other way; but with him you shan't, that I'm resolv'd.

*Greg.*

who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

*Ja.* Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hang'd for stealing an heiress.

*Greg.* Yes indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

*Dor.* And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

*Greg.* You see, my dear wife.

*Dor.* Had you finish'd the faggots, it had been some consolation.

*Greg.* Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

*Dor.* No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death—nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hang'd.

*To them Leander and Charlotte.*

*Lean.* Behold, Sir, that Leander whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your hands.—I have received letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

*Sir Jas.* Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates; and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

*Lean.* Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dearest Charlotte.—And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

*Greg.* If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

*Lean.* Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

*Dor.* So, so; our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, firrah, that you have been a physician at all?

*Sir Jas.* May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

*Greg.* I think, Sir, after the miraculous cure you have seem me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

*Dor.* Why, thou puff'd up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

A I R,

A I R,     *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,  
You may fend for a dozen great doctors in vain:  
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;  
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;

Powders, drops,

Juleps, fops,

A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,  
What's that to the doctor.—since he must be paid?

Would you know how you may manage her right?

Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night,

Can never vary,

Nor miscarry,

If the lover be but the apothecary.

CHORUS.

Can never vary, &c.



# THE Englishman in Paris.

IN TWO ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Mr Subtle,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Classic,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Collins.</i>
<i>Buck,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Anderfon.</i>
<i>Sir John Buck,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Macklin.</i>
<i>Marquis,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Bransby.</i>
<i>Roger,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Uther.</i>
<i>Dauphine,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Dunstall.</i>
<i>Peruke-maker,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr Stoppelaer.</i>
<i>Gamut, Music-master,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	
<i>Kitteau, Dancing-master,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	

### W O M E N.

<i>Mrs Subtle,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mrs Macklin.</i>
<i>Lucinda,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Miss Macklin.</i>

*Servants, &c.*

## A C T I.

*Enter Mr SUBTLE and Mr CLASSIC.*

Mr SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman—

*Class.* Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace and their politeness, pride.

VOL. 3.

C c

Mr Sub.

*Mr Sub.* Hey-day! Why, what the dence brings you to Paris then?

*Claff.* A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here, a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

*Mr Sub.* Where's the use?

*Claff.* In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their national liberties; a contempt for adulation; and an honour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

*Mr Sub.* Why there, indeed, you have the preference, *Mr Claff*: The traders here are a sharp-set couzening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—ay! ay! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling; devilish dear, *Master Claff*, devilish dear.

*Claff.* To avoid their exactions, we are *Mr Subtle*, recommended to your protection.

*Mr Sub.* Ay! and wisely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was *Mr Buck* last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward *Lucinda* is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

*Claff.* I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusements of ours will diminish of course.

*Mr Sub.* All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; taylors, perukeurs, hatters, hosiers,—Is not that *Mr Buck's* English servant?

*Enter Roger.*

*Claff.* Oh! ay, honest *Roger*. So the old doings, *Roger*; what time did your master come home?

*Rog.* Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly: Here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'nnight.

*Claff.* Comrades, who?

*Rog.* *Dick Daylight* and *Bob Breadbasket* the bruisers; they all went to the show together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been sent to *Bridewell*, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell; do, *Master Claff*, step up and talk to un; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

*Claff.*

*Claff.* I attend him. Mr Subtle, you won't be out of the way. [*Exit Claffie.*]

*Mr Sub.* I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoky fellow this Claffie; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter: Contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck—A tolerable expedition this, if it succeeds—Fleece the younker!—'Psha, that's a thing of course!—but by his means get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony; ay! that indeed—

*Enter Mrs Subtle.*

Oh! wife! Have you open'd the plot! Does the girl come into it greedily, hey?

*Mrs Sub.* A little squeamish at first; but I have open'd her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or latter women will attend to their interest.

*Mrs Sub.* Their interest! ay, that's true; but consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concern'd, and let that quicken our zeal.

*Mrs Sub.* D'ye thiuk I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withall so decent and modest: I wonder where the deuce she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

*Mr Sub.* How does she like Buck's person?

*Mrs Sub.* Well enough! But prithee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. 'Here is the Marquis de Soliel' to meet Madam de Farde to-night—And where to 'put 'em, unless we can have Buck's apartment.' Oh! by the bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr Puntwell's losings a Thursday?

*Mr Sub.* I intend calling on him this morning.

*Mrs Sub.* Don't fail! He's a slippery chap, you know.

*Mr Sub.* There's no fear. Well, but our pretty country-women lays about her handsomely; ha!—Hearts by hundreds! hum!

*Mrs Sub.* Ay! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

*Mr Sub.* Then strike whilst the iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in, prithee.

[*Exit Mrs Subtle.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Tradesmen.*

So, gentlemen. Oh! hush! we are interrupted: If they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

*Enter Buck, Clastic, and Roger.*

*Buck.* Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

*Mr Sub.* What has been the matter, squire? Your face seems a little in deshabille.

*Buck.* A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down, tho', a set of cowardly sons of—there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

*Mr Sub.* But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

*Buck.* Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! ecod, we had the whole house upon us at last.

*Mr Sub.* But what had you done?

*Buck.* Done! why nothing at all. But, wounds, how the powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd!

*Mr Sub.* But what offence had either they or you committed.

*Buck.* Why I was telling domine. Last night, Dick, Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I were walking through one of their rues, I think they call them here, they are streets in London; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and comedy pasted over the door; in we troop'd with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me: Ecod, what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so when 'twas her turn to figure out, fouse she flapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar. One whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *bete*: Ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him; but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them;



I was knocked down in a trice; and what happen'd after, I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

*Claff.* Oh fy! Ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony: Mr Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

*Buck.* Wounds! all these? What, Mr Subtle, these are Mounseecies too, I suppose?

*Mr Sub.* No, squire, they are Englishmen: Fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

*Claff.* It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

*Buck.* Look you, Sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover. The men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: The women are a parcel of painted dolls; their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

*Barb.* Yes, Sir.

*Buck.* Domine! Look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself? Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling—the rascal looks as if he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue han't been fed on frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

*Claff.* Mr Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our religion or morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourselves.

*Mr Sub.* Besides, 'squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

*Buck.* Why not?

*Mr Sub.* You'd be mobb'd.

*Buck.* Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that—No! no! they han't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr Sub. Mr Dauphine, come produce;—upon my word, in an elegant taste, Sir; this gentleman has had the honour to——

Dauph. To work for all the beaux esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la duchess Rambouillet, and totally established the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw, and dispatch.

Mr Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr Sub. Oh fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey!

Barb. *Je suis peruquier, Monsieur.*

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What, are you aham'd of your mother-tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy-work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a peruque is a different *ouvrage*, another sort of a thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights: A little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why, you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. *Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur*, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comm' il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! Would you resemble some of your countrymen, who, at the first importation, with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's

een's head! Or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear, for all the world, like a lark in a soup-dish!

Mr Sub. Come, 'squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do?

[Places him in a chair.

Barb. To the right, Sir—now to the left—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your business.

Mr Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasion'd in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes, a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds in this trim, for all that.

Mr Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr Classic.

Clasf. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little time Mr Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I? I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr Subtle. What must I do now?

Mr Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr Subtle, I'll out of my trammels when I hunt with the king.

Mr Sub. Well, well.

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack-boots for me.

Mr Sub. No, no.

Buck. I'll show them the odds on't, old Silver-tail! I will. Hey?

Mr Sub. Ay, ay.

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile, over we go!

Mr Sub. Ay; but Mr Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr Sub. Oh no! impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas eve? We unkennell'd at——

Mr Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Mr Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two Whippers-in, and little Joey the groom, comes with them.

Damme,

8 THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

Damme, what a strange place they'll think this? But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in? [Exit.]

Mr Sub. In ten minutes—An impertinent jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentleman; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 *per cent.* Out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr Subtle, I can't.

Mr Sub. Why, I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New, Sir! Why, as I hope to be—

Mr Sub. Come, don't lie: don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue: Did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own; but for the body and lining—may I never see—

Mr Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five and-thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must. [Exit Dauph.]

Mr Sub. Oh, Solitaire! I can't pay that draft of

Mr—these six weeks; I want money.

Soli. *Je suis dans le même cas—Je—*

Mr Sub. What, d'ye mutiny, rascal? About your business, or— [Exit.]

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs Subtle.

Mrs Sub. The Calais letters, my dear.

Mr Sub. (reads.) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows: Six taylors, ditto barbers; five milleners, bound to Paris to study fashions; four citizens come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country; ditto, their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case; twelve dogs, ditto bitches, with two monkeys, and a litter of puppies from Mother Midnight's in the Hay-market. A precious cargo! *Postscript.* One of the coasters is just put in, with his grace the duke of—my lord, and an old gentleman whose name I can't learn! Gadso! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these customers; there's no time to be lost. [Exit.]

Mean while—

Enter



*Enter Claffic.*

*Mrs Sub.* So, Mr Claffic, what, have you left the young couple together?

*Claff.* They want your ladyship's presence, madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters, which I must answer immediately.

*Mrs Sub.* Oh! well, well; no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Anon!

*Claff.* I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal'd from his son; for which purpose you must wait at the Picardy Gate, and deliver a letter I shall give you into his own hand.

*Rog.* I'll warrant you.

*Claff.* But, Roger, be secret.

*Rog.* Oh lud! never you fear. [*Exit Rog.*]

*Claff.* So, Mr Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commodé, and the master a—But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr Buck's father is arriv'd, or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous, an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastick court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,  
Their native plainness and their honest hearts;  
Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,  
'Twas arm'd with bearded dart and pointed lance.

'No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,  
'No charms for them had fops or flattery;  
'Paris they knew, their streamers way'd around,  
'There Britons saw a British Harry crowned.

Far other views attract our modern race,  
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocade, and lace;  
A flaunting form and a fictitious face.

Rouse! reassume! refuse a Gallic reign,  
Nor let their arts win that their arms could never gain.

A C T.

## A C T II.

*Enter Mr CLASSIC and ROGER.*

ROGER.

**O**LD master's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

*Clasf.* Bye-and-bye; in the dusk, bring him up the back-stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

*Rog.* I warrant you.

*Clasf.* Let Sir John know that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house in an instant.

*Rog.* Ay, ay.

*Clasf.* I suppose by this time matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to——Oh! Mr Subtle and his lady. [Exit.]

*Enter Mr and Mrs Subtle.*

*Mrs Sub.* Oh, delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

*Mr Sub.* Never, never: How the baggage leer'd!

*Mrs Sub.* And the booby gap'd!

*Mr Sub.* So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh, she has him!

*Mrs Sub.* Ay, ay; the fish is hook'd; but then safely to land him.—Is Classic suspicious?

*Mr Sub.* Not that I observe; but the secret must soon be blaz'd.

*Mrs Sub.* Therefore dispatch; I have laid a trap to inflame his affection.

*Mr Sub.* How?

*Mrs Sub.* He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing and dancing.

*Mr Sub.* Psha! her singing and dancing!

*Mrs Sub.* Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

*Mr Sub.* I doubt her execution.

*Mrs Sub.* You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool, especially with love for her second; besides, I have a coup de maitre, a sure card.

*Mr Sub.* What's that?

*Mrs Sub.* A rival.

*Mr Sub.* Who?

Mrs Sub.

Mrs Sub. The language master: He may be easily equipt for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe.

*Enter Buck.*

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since I was born: In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush!

[*Aside.*

Mr Sub. D'ye think so?

Mrs Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd sprightly fellow; and, for the time, such an improvement! Why, he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs Sub. Why, he has had but three lessons from Mar-til, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months may here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr Sub. Gadso! No wonder then with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs Sub. Oh, dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary; besides, Mr Buck is too much a man of honour to—

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me if I an't.

Mrs Sub. Bless me, Sir, you here! I did not expect—

Buck. I beg pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, madam, in private.

Mr Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you with my wife.

Buck. So you may safely; I have other game in view. I want, Mr Subtle.

Mrs Sub. Now for a puzzling scene; I long to know he'll begin.—[*Aside.*—Well, Mr Buck, your commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, madam—I ah—I ah—but let's shut the door:

door: I was, madam—ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

*Mrs Sub.* Not I, indeed, Sir.

*Buck.* Well, but try; upon my soul, I'll tell you if you're right.

*Mrs Sub.* It will be impossible for me to divine: But come, open a little.

*Buck.* Why, have you observ'd nothing?

*Mrs Sub.* About who?

*Buck.* Why, about me.

*Mrs Sub.* Yes; you are new-dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

*Buck.* Pretty well; but it an't that.

*Mrs Sub.* What is it?

*Buck.* Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

*Mrs Sub.* Nay, then 'tis to no purpose to wait: Write your mind.

*Buck.* No, no; stop a moment, and I will tell.

*Mrs Sub.* Be expeditious, then.

*Buck.* Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

*Mrs Sub.* What of her?

*Buck.* She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be glad to——

*Mrs Sub.* To——Bless me! What, Mr Buck, and in my house? Oh, Mr Buck, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to——

*Buck.* Upon my soul, you're mistaken.

*Mrs Sub.* A poor orphan too! depriv'd in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence and a mother's care.

*Buck.* Why, I tell you——

*Mrs Sub.* So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

*Buck.* Hey-day!

*Mrs Sub.* And me, Sir; where had you your thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

*Buck.* The woman is bewitch'd.

*Mrs Sub.* I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unreprouch'd; and now to——

*Buck.* Odd's fury! She's in heroics.

*Mr Sub.*



*Mrs Sub.* And this from you too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay myself too, singly, with you.

*Buck.* Upon my soul, and so you might safely.

*Mrs Sub.* Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

*Buck.* Oh, oh! What, are you got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

*Mrs Sub.* Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

*Buck.* Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me—

*Mrs Sub.* Willing! Sir? What Demon—

*Buck.* If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

*Mrs Sub.* I am calm; go on.

*Buck.* Why, that if she lik'd me as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

*Mrs Sub.* Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the laws of the land—

*Buck.* What laws?

*Mrs Sub.* All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

*Buck.* Damn the country: In London now, a footman may drive to May-fair, and in five minuets be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

*Mrs Sub.* Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to Protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

*Buck.* Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

*Mrs Sub.* Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

*Buck.* Does she, by—

*Mrs Sub.* Calm your transports.

*Buck.* Well! but how? She did not, did she? Hey! Come now, tell—

*Mrs Sub.* I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

*Buck.* Could I not have a peep?

*Mrs Sub.* Withdraw to this corner.

*Enter Lucinda, with Gamut.*

*Luc.* The news, the news, Monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the court to Marli? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of Voltaire's duke de Foix? Answer me all in a breath.

*Buck.* A brave-spirited girl! She'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

*Gam.* The conversation of the court, your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your appearance.

*Luc.* Oh you flatterer! have I? Well! and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

*Gam.* What injustice to your own charms and our discernment!

*Luc.* Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conquests.

*Mrs Sub.* Meaning you.

*Buck.* Indeed!

*Mrs Sub.* Certain!

*Buck.* Hush!

*Luc.* But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day. Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly: But come, for your last lesson.

*Gam.* D'ye like the words?

*Luc.* Oh, charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d'essai*.

*Gam.* Take care of your expression; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

*Luc.* But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

*Gam.* *Alors, commences.*

[*Lucinda sings.*

[*An occasional Song is here introduced by Lucinda.*]

*Gam.* Bravo! bravo!

*Buck.* Bravo! bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about? [*Aside to my lady.*

*Mrs Sub.* Love; 'tis her own composing.

*Buck.* What, does she make verses then?

*Mrs Sub.* Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

*Buck.* Ah! d'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her oggling, 'twas the music-man himself.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Well, Mr Gamut ; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

*Gam.* Inimitably, madam ! Your ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

*Enter* Servant.

*Luc.* Your servant, Sir.

*Ser.* Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

*Luc.* Admit him.

*Enter* Kitteau.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy, but ; if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise. *[A minuet here introduced.]*

*Enter* a Servant.

*Ser.* Monsieur le marquis de——

*Luc.* Admit him this instant.

*Mrs Sub.* A lover of Lucinda ! a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

*Buck.* Never heed ; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

*Enter* Marquis.

*Luc.* My dear marquis !

*Mar.* *Ma chere adorable !* 'Tis an age since I saw you.

*Luc.* Oh ! an eternity ! But 'tis your own fault, though.

*Mar.* My misfortune, *ma princesse !* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

*Buck.* I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

*Luc.* You can't conceive how your absence has distressed me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

*Mar.* But now that I'm arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the—Ha ! Monsieur Kitteau ? have you practised this morning ?

*Luc.* I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

*Mar.* I was in hopes that honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me ?

*Enter* Buck *briskly.* *Takes her hand.*

*Buck.* Not that you know of, Monsieur.

*Mar.* Hey ! *Diable ! Quelle bete !*

*Buck.* Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that

word *bete*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

*Mar. Quel savage!*

*Buck.* And another word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

*Mar.* Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he to be interested? Some relation, I suppose?

*Buck.* No; I'm a lover.

*Mar.* Oh! oh! a rival! *Eh mar! leu!* a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *a-la-mode d' Angleterre*; Hey! Monsieur Roast-beef!

*Buck.* No; but I intend that lady for my wife; consider her as such; and don't choose to have her soil'd by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *a-la-mode de Paris*, Monsieur Fricaffy!

*Mar.* Fricaffy!

*Buck.* We.

*Luc.* A truce, a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen: It seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries. Begin, marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

*Mar.* Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible, a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions; hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *Ma chere!* There are pleasures for you.

*Luc.* Bravo! Marquis! these are allurements for a woman of spirit; but don't let us conclude hastily; hear the other side: What have you to offer, Mr Buck, in favour of England?

*Buck.* Why, madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages at London as at Paris, with a pri-



privilege forgot by the marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards, in spite of detection.

*Mar.* Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

*Buck.* You give up nothing, I find: But to tell you my blunt thoughts in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me if I'm a husband fit for her humour; that's all.

*Mar.* I told you, Mademoiselle!

*Luc.* But, stay; what have you to offer as a counter-balance for these pleasures?

*Buck.* Why, I have, madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useles, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

*Mar. Bagatella!*

*Luc.* Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, marquis, my natural prejudice, here's my hand, Mr Buck.

*Buck.* Servant, Monsieur.

*Mar. Serviteur.*

*Buck.* No offence?

*Mar.* Not in the least; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little; and to show her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which if bestow'd on me would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring, so that favour which would probably have provok'd my fate, is now your protection. *Voila la politesse Française*, madam; I have the honour to be—*Bon jour, Monsieur.* Tol de rol. [*Exit Mar.*]

*Buck.* The fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr Subtle.

*Luc.* 'Tis now my duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Roger, peeping about.*

*Rog.* The coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Master Classic.

*Enter Classic and Sir John Buck.*

*Class.* Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome: But we have no

time to lose in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

*Sir John.* How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserv'd my son; you have sav'd—

*Class.* I have done my duty; but of that—

*Reg.* Maister and the young woman's coming.

*Class.* Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

*Enter Buck and Lucinda.*

*Buck.* Psha! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me we could never be married here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post-chaise directly.

*Luc.* Stay, Mr Buck, let me have a moment's reflection—What am I about? Contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt; contempt even from him, when his passions cool—I have resolv'd, Sir—

*Buck.* Madam!

*Luc.* As the expedition we are upon the point of taking, is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our resolution.

*Buck.* Psha! Stuff! When a thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

*Luc.* But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

*Buck.* Make haste then.

*Luc.* What are your thoughts of me?

*Buck.* Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why, that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

*Luc.* But of my rank and fortune?

*Buck.* Mr Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine, I was determin'd to marry for love.

*Luc.* Generously said! My birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend Mr Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

*Buck.* Much good may it do him; I have enough for both: But we lose time, and may be prevented.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* By whom?

*Buck.* By domine; or perhaps father may come.

*Luc.* Your father!—You think he would prevent you then?

*Buck.* Perhaps he would.

*Luc.* And why?

*Buck.* Nay, I don't know: But pssha! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

*Luc.* But don't you think your father's consent necessary?

*Buck.* No: Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along: Old fellows love to be obstinate; but 'ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more——

*Enter Sir John Buck and Claffie.*

*Sir John.* Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandoned libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

*Buck.* I told you what would happen if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

*Sir John.* Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

*Buck.* Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young women, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

*Sir John.* A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, Sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

*Luc.* What secrets?

*Buck.*

*Euck.* Be quiet, I tell you ; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by-and-by.

*Luc.* Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, Sir ?

*Sir John.* Oh, perhaps a thousand. But I am to blame to call them secrets ; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice ; and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

*Luc.* Modesty !—You suspect my virtue then ?

*Sir John.* You are a lady ; but the fears of a father may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness ; therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions—of what nature ask yourself.

*Luc.* Sir, you have reason ; appearances are against me, I confess ; but when you have heard my melancholy story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

*Sir John.* Madam, 'you misemploy your time ; there 'tell your story, there it will be believ'd ;' I am too knowing in the wiles of women to be soften'd by a syren-tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

*Luc.* But hear me, Sir ; on my knee I beg it, nay I demand it ; you have wrong'd me, and must do me justice.

*Cliff.* I am sure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false ; but you can't blame him.

*Luc.* I don't, Sir ; and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France ; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of his shatter'd fortune, to the directions of this rapacious pair ; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

*Sir John.* Go on.

*Luc.* But when you know, that, plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot ; forced to comply, under the penalty of deepest want ; without one hospitable roof to shelter me ; without one friend to comfort or relieve me ; you must, you can't but pity me.

*Sir John.* Proceed.

*Luc.*



*Luc.* To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

*Sir John.* Madam, your tale is plausible and moving; I hope it is true. Here comes the explainer of this riddle.

*Enter Mr and Mrs Subtle.*

*Mr Sub.* Buck's father!

*Sir John.* I'll take some other time, Sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the partner of my son.

*Mr Sub.* Mr Buck's partner—I chose—I——

*Sir John.* No equivocation or reserve; your plot's revealed, known to the bottom. Who is the lady?

*Mr Sub.* Lady Sir! the lady's a gentlewoman, Sir.

*Sir John.* By what means?

*Mr Sub.* By her father and mother.

*Sir John.* Who were they Sir?

*Mr Sub.* Her mother was of—I forget her maiden name.

*Sir John.* You han't forgot her fathers?

*Mr Sub.* No, no, no.

*Sir John.* Tell it then.

*Mr Sub.* She has told it you, I suppose.

*Sir John.* No matter, I must have it, Sir, from you. Here's some mystery.

*Mr Sub.* 'Twas Worthy.

*Sir John.* Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert?

*Mr Sub.* You have it.

*Sir John.* My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you. And pray, Sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? But I guess your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect.

*[Exit Mr and Mrs Subtle.]*

*Luc.* Am I then justified?

*Sir John.* You are; your father was my first and firmest friend; I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* Pray han't I some merit in finding her? she's mine by the custom of the manor.

*Sir John.* Your's!—First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir; I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure, and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

*Buck.* What would you have me do, Sir?

*Sir John.* Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

## E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by LUCINDA.

**E**SCAP'D from my guardian's tyrannical sway,

By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day,  
I am landed in *England*; and now must endeavour,  
By some means or other, to curry your favour.

Of what use to be freed from a *Gallie* subjection,  
Unless I am secure of a *British* protection?

Without cash—but one friend—and he too just made;

Egad, I've a mind to set up some trade;

Of what sort? In the papers I'll publish a puff,

Which won't fail to procure me custom enough;

"That a lady from *Paris* is lately arriv'd,

Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd

"The best paint for the face—the best paste for the hands;

"A water for freckles, for flushings, and tans.

"She can teach you the melior coiffeure for the head,

"To lift—amble—and simmer—and put on the red.

"To rival to rally, to backbite, and sneer,

Um—no; that they already know pretty well here;

"The beaux the instructs to bow with a grace,

"The happiest drug—the newest grimace;

"To *parler, Francois*—sib, flatter, and dance;

"Which is very near all that they teach ye in *France*,

"Not a buck nor a blood, through the whole *English* nation,

"But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll fashion.

"The

"The merriest John Trot in a week you shall see

"*Bien poli, bien frisé, tout-à-fait un marquis.*"

What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your gout?

May I hope for disciples in any of you?

Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without art?

Though abroad I've been bred, I have *Britain* at heart.

Then take this advice, which I give for your sake,

You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make:

In a country of commerce, too great the expence,

For their baubles and bows, to give your good sense.

# ENGLISHMAN

RECEIVED OF THE

BY TWO ACTS

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

MR. JOHNSON

MR. JOHNSON

MR. JOHNSON

MR. JOHNSON

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MR. JOHNSON

MR. JOHNSON



T H E  
ENGLISHMAN  
Return'd from PARIS.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Back,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Crab,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Foote.
<i>Lord John,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Sparks.
<i>Macruthen,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr White.
<i>Racket,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Shuter.
<i>Tallyho,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Cushin.
<i>Latitat,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Costello.
<i>Surgeon,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr Wignel.
								Mr Duustall.

W O M A N.

<i>Lucinda,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs Bellamy.
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*La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.*

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr FOOTE.

OF all the passions that possess mankind,  
The love of novelty rules most the mind;  
In search of this from realm to realm we roam,  
Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.  
From Lybia's desert hostile brutes advance,  
And dancing-dogs in droves skip here from France;  
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,  
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,  
As once the Lilliputians—Gulliver.  
Not only objects that affect the sight,  
In foreign arts and artists we delight.

}

Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,  
 (In humble prose) the place is Charing-Cross,  
 Close by the margin of a kennel's side,  
 A dirty dismal entry opens wide:  
 There, with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous hand,  
 Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,  
 Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,  
 And rustic Roger falls an easy prize:  
 Here's China, porcelain that Chelsea yields,  
 And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields;  
 With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,  
 And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.  
 Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,  
 And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.

The rude to polish, and the fair to please,  
 The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas:  
 'Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,  
 He's manufactur'd in another clime.  
 'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,  
 The little subject of a former story:  
 How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or bean,  
 We trust the following scenes will fully show.  
 For them and him we your indulgence crave;  
 'Tis ours still to sin, and yours to save.

## ACT I.

*CRAB discovered reading.*

"AND I do constitute my very good friend Giles  
 " Crab, Esq; of St Martin's in the Fields, ex-  
 " ecutor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to  
 " my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction the  
 " management of all my affairs till the return of my son  
 " from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor,  
 " in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to  
 " counsel, &c. &c. JOHN BUCK."

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see; I find myself heir, by  
 this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions  
 at common law, nine suits in chancery; the conduct of a  
 boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad;  
 together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore  
 an unmanageable, wench; and all this to an old fellow of  
 sixty-six, who heartily hates bus'ness, is tired of the world,  
 and

and despises every thing in it. Why, how the devil came I to merit——

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr Latitat of Staple's Inn.

*Crab.* So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

*Enter Latitat with a bag, &c.*

*Lat.* I wou'd, Mr Crab, have attended your summons immediately: But I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the common-pleas; sue out of the exchequer a writ of *que minus*; and surrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

*Crab.* Pr'ythee, man, none of thy unintelligible law-jargon to me; but tell me, in the language of common sense and thy country, what I am to do.

*Lat.* Why, Mr Crab, as you are already possess'd of *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue or be sued. I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts without a receipt upon record: This can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, Sir, are of various kinds: There are special actions; actions on the case, 'or *assumpsits*;' actions of trover; 'actions of *clausum fregit*;' actions of battery; actions of——

*Crab.* Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now? —But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law-proceedings were directed to be in English.

*Lat.* True, Mr Crab.

*Crab.* And what do you call all this stuff, ha?

*Lat.* English.

*Crab.* The devil you do.

*Lat.* Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr Crab. For as Lord Coke describes the common law to be the perfection.

*Crab.* So, here's a fresh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

*Lat.* Mr Brief, Sir, and translate, Sir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in Westminster-hall gives clearer——

*Crab.* Sir, I believe it; for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster-hall.

‘ *Lat.* A bad proof of his practice, Mr Crab.

‘ *Crab.* A good one of his principles, Mr Latitat.’

*Lat.* Why, Sir, do you think that a lawyer—

*Crab.* Zounds, Sir, I never thought about a lawyer—  
The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor shou’d any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause than contest it. And had not this old doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagu’d me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, bedlam shou’d sooner have had me than the bar.

*Lat.* Bedlam, the bar! Since, Sir, I am provok’d, I don’t know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain ami*: But I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*—

*Crab.* Mercy, good fix-and-eight-pence.

‘ *Lat.* The defence, and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary; or, as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, ’tis

‘ *Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus.*

‘ *Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.*

‘ *Crab.* Zounds, Sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house!

‘ *Lat.* Sir, a man’s house is his *castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandestinely, or *vi & armis*, is not only deem’d *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a burglary may be committed, either upon the dwelling, or the out-house.

‘ *Crab.* O lud! O lud!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Your clerk, Sir—The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

*Lat.* I come. I will but just explain to Mr Crab the nature of a burglary, as it has been describ’d by a late statute.

*Crab.* Zounds, Sir, I have not the least curiosity.

*Lat.*



# RETURN'D FROM PARIS.

5

*Lat.* Sir, but every gentleman should know——

*Crab.* I won't know. Besides, your clients——

*Lat.* O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, Sir——A burglary——

*Crab.* Not an instant.

*Lat.* By the common law——

*Crab.* I'll not hear a word.

*Lat.* It was but a *claustrum fregit*?

*Crab.* Dear Sir, be gone.

*Lat.* But by the late acts of par——

*Crab.* Help, you dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my house.

*Ser.* Your clients, Sir——

*Crab.* Push him out. [*The lawyer talking all the while.*]  
So ho! Harkee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very next minute. (*Exit Ser.*) This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad every instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the kingdom at once.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My young master's travelling tutor, Sir, just arrived.

*Crab.* Oh, then I suppose the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's parish-church; or some needy Highlander, the outcast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give out heir-apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

*Enter Macruthen.*

*Mac.* Maister Crab, I am your devoted servant.

*Crab.* 'Oh, a British child, by the mess.'——Well, where's your charge?

*Mac.* O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'rta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stop't and robb'd by a highwayman.

*Crab.* Robb'd! What the devil cou'd he rob you of?

*Mac.* In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dry'd Glasgow.

*Crab.* A good travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

*Mac.* Main you Sir Charles? I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maister Crab? In gude troth, there's a meeghty alteration.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; I have a shrewd guess at his improvements.

*Mac.* He's quite a phænomenon.

*Crab.* Oh, a comet, I dare swear; but not an unusual one at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St Germain's swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

*Mac.* Oh, the French were meeghty fond of him.

*Crab.* But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that?

*Mac.* He can caw for aught that he need; but he is na quite maister of the accent.

*Crab.* A most astonishing progress!

*Mac.* Suspend your judgment a while, and you'll find him all ye wish, allowing for the fallies of juvenility; and I must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

*Crab.* Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finish'd piece.

*Mac.* You are pleased to complement.

*Crab.* Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—What's your name?

*Mac.* Macruthen, at your service.

*Crab.* Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

*Mac.* Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

*Crab.* Oh, ay; and it would be wrong to sour his temper. You know your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

*Mac.* It was na for me, Maister Crab.

*Crab.* Oh, by no means, Mr Macruthen; all your business was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they shou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

*Mac.* Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

*Crab.* To suppose the contrary would be the affront,  
Mr

Mr Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a-year?

Mac. Why, to be sure, great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister Crab, you know mankind. You are Sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a hond o' the young baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o' the cash; and I caw make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ, and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha' hit it.

Crab. Why, what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof and in the presence of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-bestowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child? And from what part of my life didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

Mac. Maister Crab, I am of a nation—

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure—

Crab. And one happiness it is, that tho' national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maister Crab, I—

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my

my sight; vanish. [*Exit Mac.*] A fine fellow this to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! 'But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person, whose wants, perhaps, more than his abilities, make desirous of it, shou'd consider the youth as a kind of property, and not study what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present prevailing passions? But vice and folly rule the world—Without, there. [*Enter Ser.*] Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation, of mankind. 'This turn may be term'd misanthropy, and imputed to chagrin and disappointment; but it can only be by those fools who, thro' softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, thro' the wrong end of the prespective.'

*Enter Lucinda.*

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all afloat? You have heard your fellow's coming.

*Luc.* If you had your usual discernment, Sir, you wou'd distinguish in my countenance an expression very different from that of joy.

*Crab.* Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot dy'd in moulting.

*Luc.* A person less censorious than Mr Crab might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

*Crab.* Distress! A pretty poetical phrase! What motive can'st thou have for distress? Has not Sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou——

*Luc.* By that very means a helpless, unprotected orphan.

*Crab.* Poh! pr'ythee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex; the objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for her's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

*Luc.* It wou'd appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you,

*Crab.* Your information was needless; I knew it.

*Luc.* Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that

the



the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend  
wou'd have abated a little of that rigour.

*Crab.* No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have  
long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation.  
You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your  
purpose.

*Luc.* What then, in a word, is your advice with regard  
to my marrying, Sir Charles Buck?

*Crab.* And do you seriously want my advice?

*Luc.* Most sincerely.

*Crab.* Then you are a blockhead. Why, where could  
you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in  
love?—Look'ee, girl—[*Enter Ser.*—Who sent for you,  
Sir?

*Ser.* Sir, my young master's post chaise is broke down  
at the corner of the street, by a coal-cart. His cloaths are  
all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

*Crab.* Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-  
makers, his coat to a scower's, and him before a justice—  
Pr'ythee why dost trouble me? I suppose you would not  
meet your gallant.

*Luc.* Do you think I should?

*Crab.* No, retire. And if this application for my ad-  
vice is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are  
obedient, I may set you right.

*Luc.* I shall with pleasure follow your directions.

[*Exit.*

*Crab.* 'Yes, so long as they correspond with your own  
'inclination.' Now we shall see what Paris has done for  
this puppy. But here he comes, light as the cork in his  
heels, or the feather in his hat.

*Enter* Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnois, and  
Macruthen.

*Buck.* Not a word, mi Lor; *jernie*, it is not to be sup-  
ported!—after being *rompu tout vis*, disjointed by that exe-  
crable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel by a filthy *char-*  
*bonnier*, a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *marbleu*!

*L. John.* An accident that might have happen'd any-  
where, Sir Charles.

*Buck.* And then the hideous hootings of that detestable  
*canaille*, that murderous mob, with the barbarous, "Mon-  
" fleur in the mud, *buzza*!" Ah, *païs sauvage, barbare*,  
*inhospitable*! Ah, ah, *qu'est ce que nous avons*? Who?

*Mac.*

*Mac.* That is Maister Crab, your father's executor.

*Buck.* Ha, ha, *Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur.* *Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac, mi Lor, mort de ma vie,* the veritable Jack-roast-beef of the French comedy. Ha, ha! How do you do, Monsieur Jack-roast-beef? Ha, ha!

*Crab.* Pr'ythee take a turn or two about the room.

*Buck.* A turn or two! *Volontiers.* *Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, Ha, ha, hey!

*Crab.* Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

*Buck.* *Pourquoi?* Why so?

*Crab.* Because I would not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange sights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

*Buck.* I don't know my dear, what my person would produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha!

*L. John.* The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries I own, never appeared to me as proper objects of ridicule.

*Buck.* Why so?

*L. John.* Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and customs which climate, constitution; and government, have given to one kingdom, can never be transplanted with advantage to another founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

*Crab.* Why, there are some glimmerings of common-sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you fall upon this blockhead? [*To Buck.*] I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

*Buck.* My dear! [*Gapes.*]

*Crab.* I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

*Buck.* Who I? Damn your premisses and conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that,

in

in the arts of living; they do or ought to give laws to the whole world; and that whosoever would either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to Paris to learn it. This is my creed.

*Crab.* And these precious principles you are come here to propagate?

*Buck.* *C'est vrai*, Monsieur Crab; and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

*Crab.* And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

*Buck.* This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez vous droit,*

*Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

*Crab.* What, do you suppose that we have no porters?

*Buck.* Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for politeness in introducing a mistress; acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

*Crab.* Astonishing qualities!

*Buck.* *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire.* Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?

*La Loire.* Très bien.

*Buck.* Very well. Civil creature! This, Monsieur Crab, is my cook La Loire; and for *hors d'œuvres*, *entre rois*, *vagoût*, *entremets*, and the disposition of a dessert, Paris never saw his parallel.

*Crab.* His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

*Buck.* A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

*Crab.* You could do no less.

*Buck.* And now, Sir, to complete my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first valet de chambre, excellent in every thing; but *pour l'accomodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, La Jonquil shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tie, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any garçon perruquier, from the Land's-end to the Orkneys.

*Crab.* Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you

you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen!

*Buck.* Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason of returning.

*Crab.* Ay, what can that be?

*Buck.* Why, I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear agreeable creatures for a trifle.

*Crab.* They have your affections then?

*Buck.* *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shewn to us in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

*Crab.* Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

*Buck.* Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen. November-frogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live. *'Vive l'amour!*

*'Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.'*

*Crab.* Now, would not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

*Buck.* A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

*Crab.* Foppery and affectation all.

*Buck.* And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

*Crab.* To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

*Buck.* Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. My Lord, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

*Mac.* Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maister Crab has met with his match.

*Buck.* And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure



sure of the table: Ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *precisage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire!* Oh what delicious moments have I pass'd chez *Madame la Duchesse de Barbonliac!*

*Crab.* Your mistress, I suppose?

*Buck.* Who I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, Mac!

*Mac.* Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

*Crab.* A precious fellow this!

*Buck.* *Taisez vous*, Mac. But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first: The melancholy mistress is fixed in her chair, where, by-the-bye, she is condemn'd to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master to marshal the guests; in which as much caution is necessary as at a coronation; with, My "lady, sit here," and, "Sir Thomas, sit there;" till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroy'd all apprehensions of the meat's burning your mouths.

*Mac.* Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir Charles was a phenomenon?

*Crab.* Peace, puppy.

*Buck.* Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with perhaps an occasional interruption of, "Here's to you, friends;" "Hob or nob;" "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings. The cloth is remov'd. Madam, drench'd with a bumper, drops a curtsy, and departs; leaving the jovial host with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *'Voilà un repas à la mode d' Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.'*

*Crab.* It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

*Buck.* *C'est vrai.* But, *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are—

*Crab.* Against my inclination, his executor.

*Buck.* *Petit-être*; well, and—

*Crab.* Oh, my trust will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoin'd to see perform'd; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

*Buck.* Ha, ha, *la petite Lucinde!* & comment—

*Crab.* Pry'thee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd

conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

*Buck.* Reject me! Very propable, hey, Mac? But could not we have an *entrevue*?

*Crab.* Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

*Mac.* Had na'ye better, Sir Charles, equip yourself in a more suitable garb upon a first visit to your mistress?

*Crab.* Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

*Buck. Serviteur.* But, however, Mac's hint may not be so *mal à propos*. *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais-m'habiller.* Mi Lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilette is but a work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics *à leur aise*, and then attend me with my port feuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in last voyage from Fontainebleau to compeigne. *Serviteur, Mes-*

*sieurs. Car le bon vin*

*Du matin,*

*Sortant du tonneau,*

*Vaut bien mieux que*

*Le Latin*

*De tout la Serbonne.* [Exit.

*Crab.* This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence an importation of every foreign folly: And thus the plain persons and principles of old England are so confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions, a piece of patch-work, a mere harlequin's coat.

*L. John.* Do you suppose then, Sir, that no good may be obtain'd—

*Crab.* Why, pray thee, what have you gain'd?

*L. John.* I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, Sir, the making off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

*Crab.* You show the favourable side, young man: But how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural pre-

prejudices!—'Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable law of nature; he is a traitor to the community where Providence has placed him, and thou'd be deny'd those social benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake.' But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

*L. John.* I differ from you here, Mr Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice cannot be too soon receiv'd: I sincerely thank you, Sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

*Crab.* You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employ'd.

*Enter Lucinda.*

*Crab.* This young man waits here till your puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* I am afraid, Sir, you have had but a disagreeable tête à tête.

*L. John.* Just the contrary, madam. By good-sense, ting'd with singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr Crab's manners are rather too rough.

*Luc.* Not a jot; I am familiarized to them. I know his integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his sincerity.

*L. John.* This declaration is a little particular from a lady, who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good-sense can conquer even early habits.

*Luc.* This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess was taught me by a very severe mistress, adversity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck not to have known my situation.

*L. John.* I have heard your story, madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting: You'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

*Luc.* Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

*L. John.* Could I hope, madam, your present critical conditions wou'd acquit me of temerity, I shou'd take the liberty to perfume, if the suit of Sir Charles be rejected—

*Enter Crab.*

*Crab.* So, youngster! what, I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes in a modern morality. But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller. [*Exit L. John.*] I wou'd speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* I shall attend you, Sir. Never was so unhappy an interruption. What cou'd my lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot, concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl; obedience in thy province.

Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove,  
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

## ACT II.

*BUCK at his toilet, attended by three Valets de chambre and*  
*MACRUTHEN.*

*MACRUTHEN.*

*NOTWITHSTANDING* aw his plain-dealing, I doubt whether Maister Crab is so honest a man.

*Buck.* Pr'ythee, Mac, name not the monster. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets.

*Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.*

Did ever mortal see such *mirroirs*, such looking-glasses, as they have here too? One might as well address one's self for information to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil*, mettez vous le rouge assez. *Hé bien, Mac, miserable!* Hey!

*Mac.* 'Tis very becoming.

*Buck.* Ay, it will do for this place; I really cou'd have



‘ Have forgiven my father’s living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this. [*Enter L. John.*] Mi dear Lor, *je demande mille pardons*; but the terrible fracas in my chaise had so gateed and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

‘ *L. John.* No apology, Sir Charles, I have been entertained very agreeably.

‘ *Buck.* Who have you had, mi dear Lor, to entertain you?

‘ *L. John.* The very individual lady that’s soon to make you a happy husband.

‘ *Buck.* A happy who? Husband? What two very opposite ideas have you confounded *ensemble*! In my conscience, I believe there’s contagion in the clime, and mi Lor is infected. But pray, mi dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered that I was upon the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un mari! Diable!*

‘ *L. John.* The lady’s beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father’s injunctions, made me conjecture that.

‘ *Buck.* And can’t you suppose that the lady’s beauty may be possess’d, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratify’d, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

‘ *L. John.* It does not occur to me.

‘ *Buck.* No, I believe not, mi Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

*Enter Servant.*

‘ *Ser.* Young squire Racket and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your Honour’s old acquaintances.

‘ *Buck.* Oh the brutes! By what accident cou’d they discover my arrival? Mi dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this embarrass.

‘ *Racket and Tallyhoe without.*

‘ Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

‘ *Buck.* Let me die if I do not believe the Hottentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But, they say, forms keep fools at a distance. I’ll receive them *en cérémonie*.

‘ *Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.*

‘ *Tally.* Hey boy; hoics, my little Buck.

• *Buck.* *Monsieur le Chevalier, votre tres humble serviteur.*

• *Tally.* Hey!

• *Buck.* *Monsieur Rack-t, je suis charmé de vous voir.*

• *Rack.* Anon, what!

• *Buck.* *Ne m'entendez vous ? Don't you know French?*

• *Rack.* Know French! No, nor you neither, I think.

• Sir Toby, 'fore gad, I believe the Papistes ha' bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

• *Tally.* Bewitch'd, and transform'd him too. Let me perish, Racket, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid's *Metamorphis*; that they have turned him into a beast.

• *Rack.* A beast! No; a bird, you fool. Lookee, Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

• *Tally.* Hey! ecod, and so they are, ha, ha! I reckon, Racket, he came over with the woodcocks.

• *Buck.* *Voilà des véritables Anglois.* The rustic, rude ruffians!

• *Rack.* Let us see what the devil he has got upon his pole, Sir Toby.

• *Tally.* Ay.

• *Buck.* Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

• *Tally.* Nay, 'fore George, we will have a scrutiny.

• *Rack.* Ay, ay, a scrutiny,

• *Buck.* *En grace, la Jonquil, mi Lor, protect me from these pirates.*

• *L. John.* A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen. Consider, Sir Charles is upon a visit to his bride.

• *Tally.* Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a band-box; Racket, hocks the heels.

• *Rack.* I have 'em, knight. 'Fore gad, he is the very reverse of a bantam cock: His comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here? What are these three fellows? Pastry-cooks?

• *Enter Crab.*

• *Crab.* And is this one of your newly-acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a—but you have company, I see.

• *Buck.* O yes; I have been inexpressibly happy. These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what, I believe, they call in this country a rout—  
• Mi dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight—But see if the toads an't tumbling my toilette.

• *L. John.*

' *L. John.* Now's your time, it's all off; I'll cover your retreat.

' *Buck.* Mac, let La Jonquill follow to resettle my *cheveux*.

' — *Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher mi Lor.*

' *Rack.* Hola, Sir Toby, stole away!

' *Buck.* O mon Dieu!

' *Tally.* Poh, rot him; let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a riot to-night at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

' *L. John.* Pray, Sir, what is your cause of contention?

' *Tally.* Cause of contention! Hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. Racket, what is it we are angry about?

' *Rack.* Angry about! Why, you know we are to demolish the dancers.

' *Tally.* True, true; I had forgot. Will you make one?

' *L. John.* I beg to be excused.

' *Rack.* Mayhap you are a friend to the French.

' *L. John.* Not I, indeed, Sir. But, if the occasion will permit me a pun, tho, I am far from being a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

' *Tally.* Ay! Why then, if you'll come to-night, you'll split your sides with laughing; for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the battle of Blenheim. Come along, Racket. [Exit.

' *L. John.* Was there ever such a contrast?

' *Crab.* Not so remote as you imagine; they are scions from the same stock, set in different soils. The first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but matures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [Exit.

*Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.\**

' *Luc.* When Mr Crab or Sir Charles inquire for me, you will conduct them hither. [Exit Serv.] How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectation from the issue; but still, in my circumstances,

\* ACT II. usually begins here.

stances, a state of suspense is of all situations most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

*Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Lord John, and Crab.*

*Buck.* Mac, announce me.

*Mac.* Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour of kissing your hand.

*Buck.* *Tres humble serviteur. Et comment sa porte, mademoiselle?* I am ravish'd to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde*—*Eh bien, ma reine!* Why, you look divinely, child. But *mon enfant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a *coiffure* must you have! and *oh mon Dieu!* a total absence of *rouge*. But perhaps you are out. I had a cargo from Deesireny the day of my departure: Shall I have the honour to supply you?

*Luc.* You are obliging, Sir; but I confess myself a convert to the chaste customs of this country; and, with a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all artifice—

*Buck.* Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere*. A proper proportion of red is an indispensable part of your dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear in public without powder or a petticoat.

*Crab.* And, in my private opinion, a woman who puts on the first would make very little difficulty in pulling off the last.

*Buck.* Oh, Monsieur Crab's judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

*Luc.* Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

*Buck.* *Italian*, I suppose; *pitiable*, stocking, *effomant!* Oh, their is no supporting their *bi, bi, bi, bi.* *Ah mon Dieu!* *Ab, chasse brilliant soleil,*

*Brilliant soleil.*

*A-t-on jamais vu ton pureil?*

There's music and melody.

*Luc.* What a fop!

*Buck.* But proceed, *ma princesse.*

*Luc.* Oh, then we have plays.

*Buck.* That I deny, child.

*Luc.* No plays!

*Buck.* No.

*Luc.*



\* *Luc.* The assertion is a little whimsical.

\* *Buck.* Ay, that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

\* *Luc.* Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but surely Shakespeare—My lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

\* *Crab.* I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the *Chinese Orphan*, in the preface to which Mr Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakespeare, monstrous farces.

\* *L. John* Mr Crab is right, madam. Mr Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation, the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

\* *Luc.* What could it be, my lord?

\* *L. John.* The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author, that he might be at liberty to pelfer from him with the greater security.

\* *Luc.* Ungenerous, indeed!

\* *Buck.* Palpable defamation.

\* *Luc.* And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a spirited expression, no people upon earth—

\* *Buck.* You are impos'd upon, child; the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have myself wrote a tragedy in French.

\* *Luc.* Indeed!

\* *Buck.* *En vérité*, upon Voltaire's plan.

\* *Crab.* That must be a precious piece of work.

\* *Buck.* It is now in repitition at the French comedy.—*Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal parts. Oh, what an éclat! What a burst will it make in the parterre, when the king of *Ananamaboe* refuses the person of the princess of *Cochineal*!

\* *Luc.* Do you remember the passage?

\* *Buck.* Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

\* *Luc.* That will be delightful.

\* *Buck.* And first the king.

\* *Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;*

\* *De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.*

\* *Ma*

‘ *Mais ce ne’est pas bonéte pour un homme tel que moi,  
 ‘ De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

‘ *Luc.* Inimitable.

‘ *Buck.* Now the princefs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in  
 ‘ extreme diſtreſs.

‘ *Luc.* No doubt.

‘ *Buck.* *Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,*

‘ *Ayez pitié de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.*

‘ [Then he turns his back upon her, at which ſhe in a  
 ‘ fury,]

‘ *Monſtre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeſte,*

‘ *Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!*

‘ [Then he,]

‘ *Penſez vous, Madame, à me donner la loi?*

‘ *Vôtre haine, votre amour, ſont les mêmes choſes à moi.*

‘ *Luc.* Bravo!

‘ *L. John.* Bravo, bravo!

‘ *Buck.* Ay, there’s paſſion and poetry, and reaſon and  
 ‘ rhyme. ‘Oh how I deteſt blood and blank verſe! There  
 ‘ is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural, in the  
 ‘ rich rhymes of the *theatre François!*

‘ *L. John.* I did not know Sir Charles was ſo totally  
 ‘ devoted to the belles lettres.

‘ *Buck.* Oh, entirely. ‘Tis the ton, the taſte. I am every  
 ‘ night at the *Caffe \* Procope*; and had not I had the miſ-  
 ‘ fortune to be born in this curſt country, I make no doubt  
 ‘ but you would have ſeen my name among the foremoſt  
 ‘ of the French academy.

‘ *Crab.* I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that  
 ‘ difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging as publicly to  
 ‘ renounce us. I dare engage not one of your country-  
 ‘ men ſhall contradict or claim you.

‘ *Buck.* No!—Impossible. From the barbarity of my  
 ‘ education, I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

‘ *Crab.* Never.

‘ *Buck.* *En verité?*

‘ *Crab.* *En verité.*

‘ *Buck.* You flatter me.

‘ *Crab.* But common juſtice.

‘ *Mac.* Nay, Maſter Crab is in the right; for I have  
 ‘ often heard the French themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that  
 ‘ gentleman can be Britiſh?

‘ *Buck.*  
 ‘ A coffee-houſe oppoſite the French comedy, where the wits aſſem-  
 ‘ ble every evening.

\* *Buck.* Obliging creatures! And you all concur with them?

\* *Crab.* Entirely.

\* *Luc.* Entirely.

\* *L. John.* Entirely.

\* *Buck.* How happy you make me!

*Crab.* Engregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will?

*Buck.* No; I read no English. When Mac has turn'd it into French, I may run over the items.

*Crab.* I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *éclaircissement*. Come, my Lord.

*Buck.* Nay, but Monsieur Crab, mi Lor, Mac.

*Crab.* Along with us.

[Exit Crab and L. John.]

*Buck.* A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

*Luc.* I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

*Buck.* A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, How do you like my lord?

*Luc.* He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

*Buck.* *Pas trop*. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

*Luc.* Foreign!

*Buck.* Ay, something so English in his manner?

*Luc.* Foreign and English! I don't comprehend you.

*Buck.* Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

*Luc.* Not in the least.

*Buck.* Ah, I thought so. He is to be pity'd, poor devil; he can't help it. But, *entre nous ma chère*, the fellow has a fortune.

*Luc.* How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

*Buck.* Why, *je pense, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

*Luc.* My eyes execution!

*Buck.* Ay, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summon'd the garrison to surrender.

*Luc.* To carry on the allusion, I believe my Lord is too good

good a commander to commence a fruitless siege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

*Buck.* Condition! Explain, *ma chere*.

*Luc.* I was in hopes your interview with Mr Crab had made that unnecessary.

*Buck.* Oh, ay, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for entailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

*Luc.* Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that, in my presence at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

*Buck.* Hey-day! What, in heroics, *ma reine*?

*Luc.* Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, the greatest load of whose fond heart, in his last hour, were his fears for thy future welfare.

*Buck.* *Ma foi, elle est folle*, she is mad, *sans doute*.

*Luc.* But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to condemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?—Impossible.

*Buck.* Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

*Luc.* Contemptible! But I am cool.

*Buck.* I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

*Luc.* We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

*Buck.* *Vous allez trop vite*; You are too quick, *ma chere*. If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

*Luc.* True.

*Buck.* Now, that have not I the least inclination to do.

*Luc.* No, Sir! Why you own that marriage—

*Buck.* Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the Louis.

*Luc.* Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law—

*Buck.* But, hold, *ma reine*. I don't find that my pro-

vident



vident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

*Luc.* Sir!

*Buck.* I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid than my living a batchelor.

*Luc.* O, Sir, I shall find a remedy.

*Buck.* But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand?

*Luc.* As how? Name one.

*Buck.* I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant*, tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your—

*Luc.* Grant me patience!

*Buck.* Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

*Luc.* Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

*Buck.* I grant not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cicisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

*Luc.* Thou mean abject, mercenary thing. Thy mistress! Gracious heaven! Universal empire should not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse, could a woman of the least sense or spirit make for so unnatural a connection!

*Buck.* *Fort bien!*

*Luc.* Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy frippery dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

*Buck.* *Très bien!*

*Luc.* And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber; for thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

*Buck.* *Extrêmement bien!*

*Luc.* Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

*Buck.* I am obliged to you for that; and a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole not unentertaining; tho' by-the-bye, you have forgot in your catalogue one of my foreign acquisitions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle*; and when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card. [Exit Buck.]

*Luc.* Be gone for ever.

*Buck.* *Pour jamais!* Foregad, she would make an admirable *astrice*. If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [Exit Buck.]

*Luc.* I am ashamed this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Desire Mr Crab—

*Enter Lord John and Crab.*

*L. John.* We have been unwillingly, madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, should be in his morals so much below—

*Crab.* Pr'ythee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

*L. John.* If I might be permitted, madam, to conclude what I intend saying, when interrupted by Mr Crab—

*Luc.* My lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe I guess at your generous design; but my temper is really so ruffled; besides, I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

*L. John.* Dear madam, can I assist?

*Luc.* Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea. My lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

*L. John.* No apology. You honour me, madam. [Exit.]

*Crab.* And pr'ythee, wench, what is thy scheme?

*Luc.* Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

*Crab.* Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punish'd, methinks.

*Luc.* Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

*Crab.* I'll bring him.

*Luc.* No, I wish to have him alone.

*Crab.* Why then I'll send him. [Exit.]

*Enter*

*Enter Lettice.*

*Luc.* Place these things on the table, a chair on each side; very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice. [*Exit Lettice.*]

*Enter Buck.*

*Buck.* So, so, I thought she would come to; but, I confess, not altogether so soon, *Eh bien, ma belle*, see me ready to receive your commands.

*Luc.* Pray be seated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurry'd me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

*Buck.* Ah, *bagatelle*. Name it not.

*Luc.* Will you drink tea, Sir?

*Buck. Volontiers.* This tea is a pretty innocent kind of beverage; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

*Luc.* That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water, you know.

*Buck.* True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit into conversation, that—

*Luc.* *En voulez-vous encore?*

*Buck. Je vous rends mille graces.* But what has occasioned me, *ma reine*, the honour of your message by Mr Crab?

*Luc.* The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent and ceremonious adieu than our last interview wou'd admit of.

*Buck.* Is that all, *ma chere*? I thought your flinty heart had at last relented. Well, *ma reine*, adieu.

*Luc.* Can you then leave me?

*Buck.* The fates will have it so.

*Luc.* Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

*Buck.* Hey! how! what!

*Luc.* And tho' the pleasure of living with you is deny'd me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

*Buck.* Soon be united in death! When, child?

*Luc.* Within this hour.

*Buck.* Which way?

*Luc.* The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs, unutterable! The tea we drank, urg'd by despair and love—Oh!

*Buck.* Well.

*Luc.* I poison'd.

*Buck.* The devil!

*Luc.* And as my generous heart wou'd have shar'd 'all with you, I gave you half.

*Buck.* Oh, curse your generosity!

*Luc.* Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

*Buck.* Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be too late. Macruthen, Jonquil, physician, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs, je meurs! Ah, la diable!*

[*Exit Buck.*]

*Enter Lord John and Crab.*

*Crab.* A brave wench. I cou'd kiss thee for this contrivance.

*L. John.* He really deserves it all.

*Crab.* Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible repentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a farther use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

*Luc.* Most securely.

*Crab.* And this young thing here has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care my girl shan't go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

*L. John.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be—

*Crab.* Psha, don't scorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room whilst I go plague the puppy.

[*Exit Crab one way, Lucy and Lord John another.*]

SCENE changes, and discovers Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Surgeon. Buck in a cap and night-gown.

*Sur.* This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation; and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

*Buck.* Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a shoot. And now again, I freeze.

*Mac.* Ay, they are aw symptoms of a strong poison.

*Buck.* Oh, I am on the rack.

*Mac.* Oh, if it be got to the victuals, a fig for aw antidotes

*Enter*



*Enter Crab.*

*Crab.* Where is this miserable devil? What, is he alive still?

*Mac.* In gude troth, and that's aw.

*Buck.* Oh!

*Crab.* So, you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

*Buck.* O what cou'd provoke me to return from Paris!

*Crab.* Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

*Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.*

*Rack.* Where is he?—He's a dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

*Buck.* Oh!

*Tally.* Who poison'd him, Racket?

*Rack.* Gad I don't know. His French cook, I reckon.

*Crab.* Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

*Buck.* Oh give it, give it!

*Crab.* Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

*Buck.* Name 'em. Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

*Crab.* First, then, renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee, and in which she is an unhappy partaker.

*Buck.* I renounce her from my soul.

*Crab.* To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

*Buck.* What, all?

*Crab.* All; not a rag shall be reserv'd. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assign'd to your old friends here.

*Buck.* Well, take 'em.

*Tally.* Huzzah! come Racket, let's rummage.

*Crab.* And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these pandars to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

*Buck.* Spare me but La Jonquil.

*Crab.* Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends the French;

French; unable to resist you whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first by unmanly means, sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

*Buck.* Since then it must be so, adieu La Jonquil.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Crab.* And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

*Enter Lucinda and Lord John.*

*Buck.* Hey, why did she not swallow the poison?

*Crab.* No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

*Buck.* Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

*Luc.* Ay, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent *attrice*.

*Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.*

*Buck.* Oh, curse your talents!

*Crab.* This fellow's 'public' renunciation has put your person and fortune in your own power: And if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

*Luc.* As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

*L. John.* With more transport than Sir Charles the news of his safety.

*Luc. to Buck.* You are not at present in a condition to take possession of your post.

*Buck.* What!

*Luc.* Oh, you recollect; my lord's private friend; his assistant, you know.

*Buck.* Oh, oh!

*Mac.* But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw and tack off your blisters?

*Crab.* No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or condemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find  
That poison for your punishment design'd  
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs BELLAMY.

**A**MONG the arts to make a piece go down,  
And fix the fickle favour of the town,  
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way  
To atone for all the errors of the play.  
Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,  
In trips the comic muse, and wipes your eye.  
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,  
Melpomene should send you sniveling off;  
But our bard, unequal to the task,  
Rejects the dagger, and retains the masque:  
Fain would he send you cheerful home to-night,  
And harmless mirth by honest means excite;  
Scorning, with luscious phrase or double sense,  
To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.  
What method shall we choose your taste to hit?  
Will no one lend our bard a little wit?  
Thaw ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.  
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,  
Up starts that fatal phalanx call'd The Town;  
In full assembly weighs our author's fate;  
And Surly thus commences the debate:  
"Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene  
The sacred rights of tragedy profane?  
If farce may mimic thus her awful bowl;  
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!"  
Then Buck cries, "Billy, can it be in nature?  
Not the least likeness in a single feature,"  
My Lord, Lord love him, "'Tis a precious piece;  
Let's come on Friday night and have a hiss:"  
'To this a perruquier assents with joy,  
*Parcequ'il affronte les Francois, oui, ma foi.*  
In such distress what can the poet do?  
Where seek for shelter when these foes pursue?  
He dares demand protection, Sirs, from you.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

